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GASPÉ BASIN, CANADA EAST.

ALTHOUGH the salmon is the acknowledged king of fishes, and the taking of it the most royal of sports, yet comparatively few indulge in the pastime. There are most certainly many, and those too among the foremost men of our country, who concede fully the benefits to be derived, not only from open air life and exercise, but from having some pursuit or specialty outside of business and profession,—call it hobby if you will,—which, while it gives rest to certain faculties of the mind, equally exercises and strengthens others. They realize truly that life is better than fame, and sound lungs and good diges-

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tion than a fat purse, but the difficulties in the way of taking salmon turn most of these in a different direction for their recreation.

The three principal hinderances to salmon-fishing in this country are: the great trouble in obtaining either a lease of a stream or a permit for the best part of the season; the great distances to be traveled, and consequent loss of valuable time; and the large expense as compared with other sorts of out-door amusements.

The region where salmon can at the present day be taken in sufficient numbers to reward one for the attendant trouble and ex-

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pense, is a circumscribed one. Beginning at Quebec and following down the river St. Lawrence, the salmon-streams are very numerous upon the northern shore, and extend far away to the Labrador coast. Among them are the well-known Laval, Godbout, Trinity, St. Margaret, Moisie, St. John's, Magpie, Mingan, Great and Little Romaine and Grand Natashquan Rivers. In the last named, the Governor General of Canada and party killed, some years since, 202 salmon in seven days. On the Godbout, Comeau, the river guardian, is said to have done the best fishing on record in this or any country,—killing between July 8th and 31st, 365 fish, weighing 3873 lbs. This was but an average weight of about 10½ lbs., so that the fish were "mere sticklebacks."

The range of mountains on the north shore runs within a few miles of the St. Lawrence, and hence the rivers upon that side are very short and rapid, giving but few good pools, and are, as a general thing, very difficult to fish. Only a few good streams are found on the south shore, among which are the Rimouski, Grand Metis and Matane. Passing down the Gulf of St. Lawrence we come to the Basin of Gaspé, into which flow three admirable streams, and farther on upon the north shore of the Bay of Chaleur, and at its western end, are some of the best, including the famous Restigouche, fished yearly by Englishmen who cross the Atlantic for that express purpose; also the Cascapedia, made more noted through Mr. Dawson's most charming letters written from there, where, at a good ripe age, he had taken his first salmon. The Nipissighuit on the south shore of the Bay of Chaleur and the Mirimichi on the eastern coast of New Brunswick are the last salmon-streams of any account until we come to Nova Scotia, where there are a few upon its south-east coast below Halifax. Mr. Hallock of the "Forest and Stream" seems to be the only one who has been favored with much sport in the Nova Scotia rivers.

Some years ago while searching for good salmon-fishing, I was advised by a noted angler who is somewhat of a wag, to apply to a certain lawyer whom we will call Brown. The angling wag said that Brown had spent a year or so near the streams just mentioned above, and could fully post me on those matters. Presuming upon the spirit of good-fellowship which pervades all salmon-anglers, I, although a stranger, addressed Brown upon that topic, telling him that I was informed that he spent some time formerly in the vicinity of Halifax. Brown replied that

while in Nova Scotia he was so *closely confined* that he had neither time nor inclination for angling. My waggish friend informed me soon after, that lawyer Brown, for some violation of the letter of the local laws, *without any wrong intent*, had been in jail for nearly a year in the region about which I had questioned him.

In Cape Breton there is a single good river, the Margarie. Here and there small streams are found in other parts of New Brunswick and in the Island of Anticosti, but practically, salmon-angling is confined to the rivers of Canada East and those of the northern part of New Brunswick, which includes the Mirimichi.

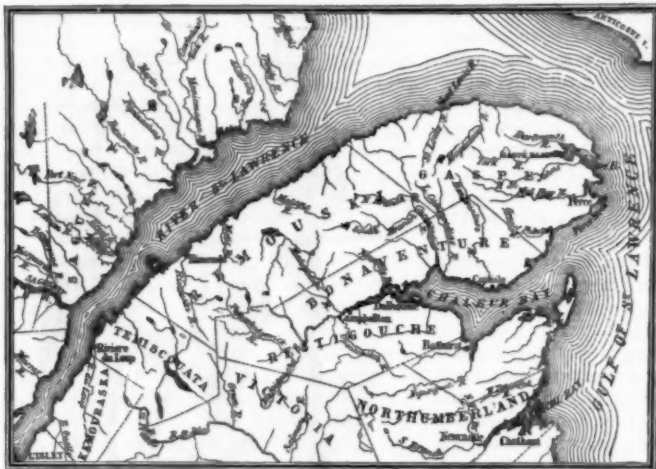
But few of the rivers we have mentioned debouch near a steamer landing, and all others are difficult of access. To reach these latter the angler must manage in some way to get transportation for many miles over a rough country where it is difficult to find horses, wagons, or roads; or he must charter a small sailing-vessel and run along a most dangerous coast, carrying with him both canoes and mén. The Restigouche and Matapedia are reached with comparative ease from Dalhousie, a landing-place of the Gulf Port steamers. This line of steamers also touches at Gaspé Basin, leaving one just at the mouths of the three streams flowing into it. These are the York, St. John, and Dartmouth, called by the natives the South-west, Douglasstown, and North-west. These rivers are among the best stocked in Canada. The scenery about them is most varied, and in this respect unlike most other parts of Canada, where one tires of the monotony of mere grandeur and longs for the picturesque. They flow chiefly through deep gorges, or cañons, and between mountains, which occasionally rise to the height of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. Beautiful lakes, filled to repletion with brook-trout, are found on the high land between the rivers, which for quite a distance flow within a few miles of one another. These streams are very rapid, and in early spring are almost torrents, and yet they have very few falls around which a "carry" must be made. Comfortable houses have been erected at some trouble and expense every ten or twelve miles on those parts of the York and St. John which abound in good pools.

The Canadian Government exercises complete control of the principal salmon-streams, both in their tidal and fluvial parts. Leases are commonly given for several years, but occasionally a schedule of vacant rivers is



published, giving "upset" or minimum prices at which season permits will be granted. These vary from \$20 to \$500 in gold. The one giving the largest advance upon these prices gets the permit. The very fact that such advertisement is made indicates of it-

While the Canadians are so tenacious of their leases, and naturally desirous of keeping the best streams for themselves, yet they are most generous and kind to their "States" friends. Often, one is not only accorded a permit to fish, but receives an invitation to



MAP, SHOWING SALMON-RIVERS AND GASPE BASIN.

self that the rivers are not, for some reason, very desirable. The best rivers are leased for eight or ten years, and upon the likelihood of a vacancy, numerous applicants bring influences of all sorts to bear to secure the chance at once.

It is understood that as a general thing leases of the better class of streams are not to be given to the "States" people, as they call us of the United States. Our political anglers often remark that it is more difficult to lease a good salmon-stream than to secure an election to Congress. A thousand dollars has been paid for the use of the fluvial part only of a first-class stream for a single season, this including, of course, all the fittings and canoes, etc. Add to the cost of a "permit," the traveling and camping expenses, and the price of good salmon tackle, which is always of the most expensive sort, and you swell the sum total of a summer trip to quite an amount.\*

Indian would wish him, in the happy hunting grounds, the exclusive right of the best stream. We can only express our heartfelt wish that for a score of years to come he may continue yearly to take his 47-pound salmon in his favorite stream.

To the cost of stream and tackle must be added the great uncertainty of getting fish. One may secure the best stream, purchase the best tackle, and travel thousand miles to no purpose, for *salmo salar* is a very uncertain fish, and the worst sort of a conundrum. Sometimes he comes early and sometimes late; sometimes he goes leisurely up the rivers, lingering accommodately at the pools, and seemingly in good mood for sporting with flies, and sometimes, as last season, when kept back by the ice of a late spring, he goes for head-waters at once, only stopping when compelled by fatigue, and then having no time to waste upon flies. Last year with scores of salmon, by actual count, in the different pools, often not more than one in a pool could be tempted to rise to our flies. All these combined causes make the number of salmon-anglers small.

A stream being secured, the selection of tackle is an easy matter. A water-proofed American-made silk line of about three hun-

\* From the report for 1875 of W. F. Whitcher, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, we learn that the total sum accruing as rents under leases of angling privileges for the year was \$4,685.00, and that the salmon caught by anglers with artificial flies number 2,780. The outlay of the anglers upon thirty-four leased rivers was estimated at about \$37,200.00.

dred feet, tapering gradually at each end, so that it may, when worn, be changed end for end, is the only one much used in this country, except, perhaps, a new sort of oiled silk introduced by Bradford & Anthony, and just coming into favor. A simple reel with click is the only one worth taking, and it may be of hard rubber or metal, as preferred. If of metal, it is usually nickel or silver-plated. In olden times the Scotch salmon-angler strapped around his waist a roughly made wooden reel of large size, called a *pirn*. It was entirely unconnected with the rod, along which the line was carried by rings, beginning quite a distance above the hand, as is shown on the poacher in the cut. In old Scotch works upon angling, we read of the gaffer singing out to his laird, "*Pirn in! pirn in! you'll be drowned and coot*" (drowned and cut), by which he meant, "*Reel in, or your line will bag and be cut off by getting around the sharp edges of rocks.*"

The Scotch poaching angler suspends by straps under his outer garments a capacious bag of coarse linen for concealing his salmon, while he carries in his hand quite innocently a string of trout. Lord Scrope once caught a poacher with a salmon in his bag, and demanded how it got there. The reply was, "*How the beast got there I dinna ken. He must ha' louped intil ma pocket as I war wading.*" His clever answers so amused Lord Scrope that he let him go scot-free.

The leader, of seven or eight feet nearest the hook, is of the best selected silk-worm gut, which should stand a test of four or five pounds strain. This gut is made by taking the silk-worm just before it begins to spin its cocoon, and soaking it in vinegar some hours. The secreting glands of the worm are, at that time, filled with the mass of glutinous matter from which the silk of the cocoon is to be spun. One end of the worm after it is thus soaked, is pinned to a board, and the other stretched out some eight or ten inches and secured. When this is hardened it becomes the beautiful white round gut of commerce, which, when stained water color, and dropped lightly in the pool, will not attract the fish as having any connection with the gaudy fly displayed before him.

In the matter of rods, the conservative man still clings to a well-made wooden one of greenheart or other approved wood, of which the taper and strength are so accurately proportioned that the addition of but a few ounces at the end of the line carries the main bend or arch nearer the butt end. Those not so conservative, and who are

fond of lessening in every practicable way the somewhat tedious labor of casting the fly, choose a rod of split bamboo, which weighs about two pounds. My own weighs but twenty-seven ounces, although nearly sixteen feet long. No one will risk himself



"HE MUST HA' LOUPED INTIL MA POCKET."

upon a stream without extra rod, reels, and lines, and if he takes a greenheart and split bamboo he has two as good rods as are made. One who has long used a heavy wooden rod has at first a feeling of insecurity and a distrust of the slender bamboo, which can, if necessary, be wielded by a single strong arm. It is said an old Scotchman handling one of these rods for the first time, exclaimed: "*Do ye ca' that a tute to kie a saumont wi'? I wad na gie it to my bairnies to kie a grilsie wi'.*" It should be explained, that a *grilsie* is a young salmon just returned from a first trip to the sea. After its second trip, it returns a salmon proper, with all the characteristic markings. It often happens that a *grilsie* (called by the Scotch "*gilsie*," or salmon-peel) is larger than a salmon one or two years older, the varieties differ so in size. The young of the salmon are first called *parrs*, and have peculiar spots and dark bars, or "*finger marks*," as they are called. At eighteen months, they are some six inches long, and the following spring silver scales grow over the bars and spots, when they are called *smolt*, retaining that name until they go

to sea. For a long time the parr was held to be a species of trout and entirely distinct from salmon. Lord Scrope, the author of "Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing," a work now extremely rare, held long and animated discussions with James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," upon this subject, which was settled practically by a Mr. Shaw, of Drumlanrig, who tagged a parr and identified it again as a full grown salmon in 1836. In 1839, Sir David Brewster announced that the fibers of the crystalline lens of the parr were arranged like those of the salmon, while trout of all sorts showed an entirely different arrangement. Figures 1 and 2 show front and rear view of the lens of a salmon, and Figure 3 the arrangement of the



Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.  
CRYSTALLINE LENSES OF SALMON AND TROUT.

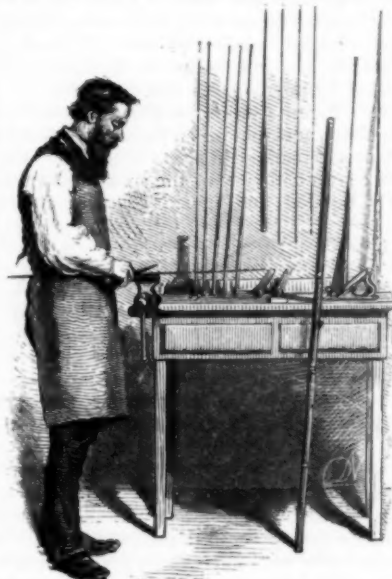
fibers in the lens of a trout, according to Brewster.

The manufacture of a fine rod of split bamboo is a work requiring great skill and judgment, not unlike that required to make the far-famed Cremona violin. The rods are made usually from Calcutta bamboo, as it has a larger proportion of enamel with tough fiber and long growth between joints. In the Japanese bamboo the fibers follow the joints too closely, and so must be cut into in straightening the pieces. Our American cane is lighter, and the enamel is very hard and elastic, but the inner woody fiber is soft as well as brittle. Sometimes several invoices of Calcutta cane will not contain one suitable piece for rod-making. The canes mildew on the passage, and this injures the fibers. Sometimes they are injured in being straightened over a fire, and often a single worm-hole ruins the entire piece. Just as our forest trees have the thickest and roughest bark on the north side, so the bamboo has thicker and harder enamel upon whichever side was exposed to storms. In making fine rods not only the best cane is selected, but the best side of this selected cane is preferred.

The split-bamboo rod is an instance in which nature is successfully improved. The cane in its natural growth has great strength as a hollow cylinder, but it lacks the required elasticity. The outer surface or enamel is

the hardest of vegetable growth and is made up largely of silica. The rod-maker, by using all of the enamel possible, and by his peculiar construction avoiding the central open space, secures great strength with lightness, and nearly the elasticity of steel itself.

In making a rod, some ten or twelve feet of the butt of the cane is sawed off and split into thin pieces or strands. These pieces are then beveled on each side so that when fitted together they form a solid rod, of say half the diameter or less of the original hollow cane. This beveling is done with a saw or a plane if preferred, but more expeditiously by having two rotary saws or cutters set at an angle of  $60^\circ$  to each other, in case the rod is to be of six strands. The strip is fed to the cutters by means of a pattern which, as the small end of the strip approaches, raises it into the apex of the angle formed by the cutters. This preserves a uniform bevel and still narrows each strand toward its tip end so as to produce the regular decrease in size of rod as it approaches the extreme end. These strips can also if desired be filed to a bevel by placing them in triangular grooves of varying depths in a block of lignum-vitæ. The



MAKING SPLIT-BAMBOO RODS.

pieces are then filed down to the level of the block which is held in a vise during the operation. In the accompanying illustra-

tion, some pieces are being thus worked out by hand, while others are tied ready for gluing, and still others glued and ready for the ferrules. For this sketch I am indebted to Mr. Leonard, to whom every angler in America owes thanks for what he did as the pioneer in this art and for what he is constantly doing in perfecting these excellent rods.

The six or twelve strips as required, being worked out, and each part carefully tested throughout its entire length by a gauge, are ready for gluing together, a process requiring great care and skill. The parts should be so selected and joined that the knots of the cane "break joints." The parts being tied together in position at two or three points, the ends are opened out and hot glue well rubbed in among the pieces for a short distance with a stiff brush. A stout cord is then wound around the strands from the end glued toward the other portions, which are opened and glued in turn, say eight or ten inches at a time. A short length only is glued at one time so that slight crooks in the pieces can be straightened, and this is done by bending the rod and sliding the pieces past each other. During the gluing all inequalities and want of symmetry must be corrected or not at all, and so the calipers are constantly applied to every side at short intervals, and any excess of thickness corrected by pressing the parts together in a vise. Figure 1 shows a section of a length of bamboo cane from which the strips indicated by spaces marked off are to be sawed. Figure 2 is an end view of the six strands properly beveled and glued together. This

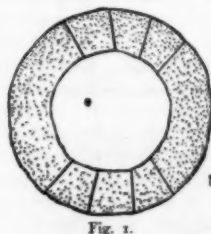


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

SPLIT BAMBOO SECTIONS.

length or joint of the rod is made up of six sectors of a circle whose diameter is greater than that of the rod, and hence it is necessarily what in common parlance might be called six-cornered. It must now be filed round, taking off as little of the enamel as possible in so doing. Figure 3 is an end view, natural size, of a six-stranded salmon-rod tip at its larger end; and Figure

4 is a longitudinal view of a piece of a Leonard trout-rod tip of *twelve strands* now lying before me. This figure gives the size as accurately as the calipers can determine it, and shows what vast amount of skill, patience, and untiring industry is required in the art we have been describing.

It is at once evident that the larger the number of strands the less the amount of enamel to be filed off. The ferrules are water-tight and expose no wood in either the socket or the tenon part. Bamboo is so filled with capillary tubes that water would be carried through the lengths and unglue them, if it could once reach the ends where the joints of the rod are coupled together, and hence the necessity of careful protection at this place. The entire rod when finished is covered with the best copal coach varnish. By taking care to renew the varnish from time to time, no water need ever get to the seams.

In spite of the prejudice against what has been called a gentleman's parlor rod, they have steadily gained in favor, and although it is but five or six years since a perfect rod of this sort was made, yet this year Leonard sends out over two hundred. Twenty years ago, Alfred & Sons, of London, made split-bamboo rods, putting the enamel inside. They were imported and sold in limited numbers by Bradford & Anthony of Boston. Naturally enough, with the soft part of the cane exposed to wear and weather, and nearly all the enamel sacrificed, they did not find favor in the eyes of thoughtful or scientific anglers, at least. Mr. Phillippi, living at Easton, Pa., conceived the idea, in 1866, of putting the enamel upon the outside, where it would do the most good.

Next, Mr. Green and Mr. Murphy put their heads together, and made rods of this sort of four strands, and finally the old well-known firm of A. Clerk & Co., New York, introduced into the market the Leonard rod of six and twelve strands, and have since been supplying Europeans with all

they get of this article.

I have taken not a little pains to get, as far as possible, a correct history of this somewhat remarkable invention. My own rod of this kind has been used in both rain and shine for two seasons, and is now in perfect order, in spite of all the warnings of conservative angling friends, who pronounced such things a delusion and a snare. In careful

tests, I have never yet seen a rod of its weight, or of its length and any weight, that could throw a fly quite as far; and, light as it is, it brought last year to gaff in twenty minutes a thirty-five pound fish, which my friend Curtis gaffed for me, off the high rock at the "Big Salmon Hole" of the York. Any rod with which one has killed many and large fish is, naturally, held to be perfection upon the stream; but the rod we have been describing is beautiful as an *objet de vertu*, and in the library becomes a source of joy to every admirer of skilled workmanship, though he be not familiar with its use.

The cut on page 776 shows the angler who has kept just strain enough on the rod to prevent the hook from dropping out of the mouth of the fish,—which measured forty-eight inches in length,—while his friend, after having skillfully hooked him with a prodigiously long gaff, is drawing him forward so as to use both hands in lifting him upon the rock. As skillful surgeons, like Nélaton, of Paris, performed even the delicate operation for a cataract equally well with either hand, so must the successful salmon-angler become ambidextrous. In casting he must be able, of course, to use either hand forward at will, and when one arm has become lamed by holding the rod, as it rests against the waist in playing a fish, and takes nearly all the strain while the other manipulates the reel, he must be able to change the position of the reel upon the rod, and work it with his left hand while his right manages the rod. This left-handed arrangement is shown in the figure with the reel on top in its proper position, and the right hand taking all the strain.

Conservative anglers still play the fish with the line and reel upon the under side of the rod just as in casting; and, beside constantly fraying the line and pulling off the rings, only get a bearing upon the rod at the ring attachments. The scientific angler, as soon as the fish is hooked, turns his rod over and brings his line uppermost, so that it hugs and strains the rod equally at every inch of its length, leaving to the rings their proper function of simply guiding the line. It may be noticed, too, that the conservative man still "gives the butt," as it is called, when he wishes to exert the greatest possible power of the rod upon the fish; that is to say, he extends the butt in nearly a direct line from himself and toward the fish, throwing the bend of the rod over his shoulder or at one side, while Young Amer-

ica tests the matter accurately with his scales, and finds that with the butt toward himself and the main part of the rod extending toward the fish at an elevation of about forty-five degrees, and his thumb pressing the line firmly against the rod just above the reel, he utilizes all the elasticity of his rod, and, with less danger to it, pulls fully a half-pound more.

Having, through Mr. Curtis's kindness, received an invitation from Mr. Reynolds, as already mentioned, to fish his river, the York, accompanied by any friend whom I might select, I provided myself with a Norris greenheart and a Leonard bamboo in the way of rods, and with an assortment of proper flies made by Forest & Son, of Kelso, Scotland. Not but that excellent flies are made in our own country, but the composition of an artificial fly is an art like that of making a bonnet, and as ladies have their favorite milliners, so anglers have their favorite fly-makers. Forest's flies, moreover, are tied by the deft fingers of Scotch lassies, and that gives them an additional charm.

It is, however, in the selection of friends to accompany us that we find the greatest difficulty connected with a projected excursion for salmon. One may have plenty of friends who would make camp-life delightful, and whose presence at the festive board "would make a feast of a red herring;" but they cannot be ordered for a trip, like tackle. For various reasons of their own, they may not wish to go; and, too, they may not have the capacity to enjoy such recreation. Your choice must, as a matter of course, be very much restricted. You will never trust yourself in camp with your best friend unless you have seen him under fire; that is to say, unless you know how he will stand the thousand and one annoyances incident to long journeys with poor conveyances and still poorer hotels; with black flies, sand-flies, mosquitoes, fleas, and worse. The best companion of the library, the drawing-room and the watering-place, although possessed of the most kindly attributes, oftentimes becomes absolutely unendurable when quartered for a day or two in a Canadian forest, with limited cuisine, unlimited numbers of insects and poor luck at angling. Never go with one who is painfully precise and who wishes to have everything his own way and at once. Such a man might as well stay away from Gaspé, where the natives always have their own way, and never, under any circumstances, hurry. Never go with one who is over-excitable or enthusiastic, for it isn't just



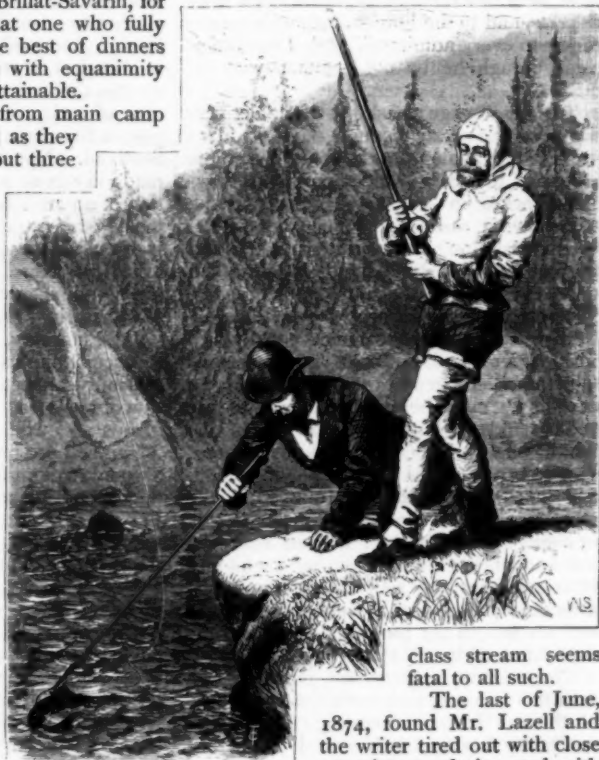
the thing to have a man standing on his head in a birch-bark canoe every time he gets "a rise," or the canoe takes a little water running down rapids. The experienced angler chooses a friend who is deliberate, and takes all ills philosophically, and, if possible, one with that fortunate disposition which permits him to keep both his head and his temper under all circumstances. Other things being equal, he selects an admirer and follower of Brillat-Savarin, for he has ever remarked that one who fully enjoys and appreciates the best of dinners is just the one to endure with equanimity the worst, if no better is attainable.

To be eighteen miles from main camp when fish are rising as fast as they can be killed, and to have but three

pieces of pilot bread for the angler and his two men, and be forced to go without supper and breakfast or else give up the sport and return, will bring the bad out of a man if it is in him. Apropos of this: In June of 1874, Mr. Monk, of Montreal, fished after food and drink were both out; didn't even scold his head man for not packing more supplies, but killed his eighteen heavy fish at "The Narrows," or upper falls of the York; floated them down on an extemporized catamaran, and came into camp half starved, and yet was happy.

Your companionable angler need not always take things quite as coolly as did a well known editor who once upon a time, while engaged in pulling in a blue-fish, after sawing his fingers with a hundred or two feet of line, was seized with hunger and fatigue, and taking a hitch about a cleat, satisfied his inner man with sardines and crackers. To the surprise of all his companions, after finishing his lunch and resting his fingers, he pulled in the fish, which had swallowed the hook so far down that it had to be cut out. Of course the first few feet of the line was wired so that it could not be bitten off.

A little farther on we show a sketch of a jolly English gentleman, whose peculiarity consists in getting thoroughly disgusted every time he loses a fish. He then, without saying a word, quits the business, puts his back against a smooth tree, and takes a short nap, leaving others to thrash the pools. It is worthy of note that one need never fear meeting snobs, swells or disagreeable people fishing for salmon. The air of a first



GAFFING AT BIG SALMON HOLE.

class stream seems fatal to all such.

The last of June, 1874, found Mr. Lazell and the writer tired out with close attention to duties, and with barely frame-work enough left "to veneer a decent man upon," rendezvousing at the office of Fred. Curtis, Esq., in Boston, preparatory to setting out for Gaspé Basin, Canada East. An idler cannot appreciate fully the enjoyment we felt in anticipation of several weeks entire freedom from business of any sort. To get so far from civilization that no irascible inventor can find you and argue his case until your head seems ready to burst; no client bore you for hours without giving a single important fact in his case; and where you will hear of no impecunious creditor's

paper going to protest,—is worth a large amount of preliminary toil.

After having, as Lazell asserted, taken an outfit sufficient for a whaling voyage, we devoted still a day to getting little odds and ends which Curtis's experience had taught him to provide—things which seemed superfluous, and in fact almost absurd, and yet worth their weight in gold when one is thirty miles from a settlement. Lazell finally, getting a little out of patience, sarcastically insisted upon our taking a crutch, in case any one should lose a leg. Six weeks later, when my unfortunate friend, after cooling off too suddenly from a twelve-mile walk on a hot day, found himself unable to use one leg, and hence deprived of his turn at the distant best pool, we turned back the laugh by suggesting the crutch which we had failed to bring. The only desirable thing we did forget was a box of Bermuda onions. These could not be procured in Canada, and were ordered thither from Boston by telegraph. They only reached us ten days after our arrival upon the stream, and if a tippler longs for his drams as we did for the onions after a diet of fish and salt meats, we pity him.

To one about to make a trip to Canada East we would say: Start in all cases from New York, even though you live in Boston. Take express trains direct from New York to Montreal without change, and then the Grand Trunk Railway or night steamer to Quebec. We started twice from Boston, going once by Portland and the Grand Trunk, and once by the Passumpsic Railroad. One can on these routes endure waiting from six or seven P. M. until ten P. M., and then, after two hours' additional travel, waiting from midnight until three A. M. at Newport, Richmond or Island Pond; and at Richmond being crammed in a small room packed with French-Canadian laborers who never heard of a bath—I say one *can*, but he doesn't wish a second experience of the same sort. The Frenchman's remark, that all roads are good which lead to victory,

didn't console us when we arrived in Quebec on time.

A day in the quiet, quaint old city of Quebec is not without pleasure and profit. One goes away feeling that, after all, heavy taxes with progress and improvement are



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not such objectionable things. The quiet of Quebec is broken but once each day—upon the departure of the steamer for Montreal.

In Quebec salmon-anglers get their supplies, usually from Waters of John street, Upper City, who from long experience needs only to be told the size of your party, the time of your stay, and approximately, the limit as to expense. When you go aboard your steamer, everything will be found there admirably packed, with not an article wanting,—not even extra corks for stopping opened and partially used bottles,—and the genial old countryman himself, with bill of lading in hand, awaiting your coming to wish you good-bye and galore of sport and salmon.

Tuesday, the last day of June, 1874, at two o'clock P. M. we set sail in the "Secret," formerly the fastest of the Southern blockade runners. The officers of this line are unusually courteous and accommodating. The steward—quite an intelligent Frenchman—wrote his bills of fare correctly in his native tongue, but as a compliment to his "States" guests, he prepared one or two copies in English. It is quite easy to manufacture bad spelling,

and so, to avoid exaggeration, I copy *literatim* from the bills now before me: "Frechs Salmon—Curned Beef and Tung—Bold Mutton—Chickine Pie—Potatos Rost and Bold—Mach Torneps—Plum Pouding—Almens and Raisin—Crakrs and Chees."

We were due in Gaspé Basin at four A. M. Thursday, but were delayed by storm, and did not arrive off the Cliffs until one P. M. For quite a distance before reaching Gaspé Head, which is at the immediate entrance of the Bay, we sailed past long lines of small boats anchored at intervals of a few hundred feet. Into these boats we could with a glass see the cod-fish pulled at rapid rates. This cod-fish is a small variety, of fine and sweet meat, rarely exceeding five or six pounds weight, and sent principally to the Mediterranean. Very few of them reach the United States. Although caught in immense numbers near the rocky shores where they come to spawn and feed, yet the quantity seems not to be appreciably diminished from year to year.

The last few miles of sea-coast is a rugged, nearly perpendicular cliff, in some places over eight hundred feet in height, and resembling somewhat the Dover Cliffs, but more remarkable in appearance. As we



THE DISGUSTED ANGLER.

turned Gaspé Head the sun shone out warm and bright, the water became more quiet, and our lady passengers were able to get on deck, and, for the first time since leaving Quebec, have an enjoyable hour.

Until the establishment, a few years since, of the Gulf Port Line of steamers, Gaspé was almost a *terra incognita*, from which intelligence came only at intervals by small trading vessels, or the long and tedious overland mail route. The Gaspé rivers, perhaps taking all things into account as good as any in the country, were put down in Norris's "American Angler" in 1865 as "untried with the fly." As we sailed up the Basin, we could see here and there among the mountains little silver threads in relief against the beautiful green. These were the streams upon which we were to take our first salmon.

So well had our kind friend Reynolds arranged matters that all our men, with horses for taking us with our luggage up the stream, were awaiting us at the wharf. Old William Patterson, Mr. Reynolds's head-man, who had for several years managed the river, took entire charge of everything, even to provisioning the men. Young Miller, who had most satisfactorily served Earl and Countess Dufferin earlier in the season, was to be our cook; and for courier we had the ubiquitous George Coffin, who had more Young America in him than a dozen of the ordinary *habitans*.

We delayed a little to receive the honest welcomes of a score or more of the inhabitants, who, having learned that friends of Mr. Curtis had arrived, lost no time in paying their respects. Our friend Curtis has a way of going around the world, dispensing favors right and left, and but few prominent persons in Gaspé had not at some time received the much coveted permit for a day's fishing, accompanied with flies and leaders, or something else equally desired. We were now to reap the reward of his thoughtfulness about little matters. It was known also that we were the intimate friends of Earl and Countess Dufferin's friends; and so universally popular and truly beloved are they in all parts of the Dominion by both the highest and the lowest, that even *friends of their friends* are favored.\*

\* All Canada seems to feel that no such worthy and intelligent Governor has been sent them for a long time. The French-Canadians think that he is partial to them because he is cultivated and is a lover of the arts, while all lovers of out-of-door life and sport (and this class comprises nearly all well-to-do English, Irish and Scotch) claim him as especially their own. All seem grateful to the Mother Country for sending them such a man in place of foisting upon them some favorite who needs a good place. He spends annually, in entertaining and amusing Canadians, a sum equal to, or larger than his salary. The Countess Dufferin shares with the Governor the universal affection and admiration of the people.

One can be made uncomfortable by a thousand little annoyances, and he will be, if in any way he gets the ill-will of the people near his stream. If he acquires a reputation for bargaining and paying small prices for services rendered, he had better at once give up his stream and seek another as far from it as possible. Accompanied with the honest hand-shake of some of the hardy fishermen was their assurance that they should as usual expect all our worn-out flies and frayed leaders upon our return from the river, and also any spare fish we thought not worth sending home. Their universal "so long" in place of good-bye amused us not a little, but why they use it or whence it is derived we could not conjecture.

In the next cut we have shown one of the native youngsters using one of our worn-out flies; he is dressed as Mrs. General Giffory might say, "in the costume of the *pie-ese*" (*coutume de pays*).

Half a mile from the landing we stopped upon high ground near the residence of Mr. Holt (our efficient Consul at Gaspé), to enjoy our surroundings.

At our feet was the Bay, by common consent scarcely less beautiful than the Bay of Naples, which it resembles when seen from a certain point. In the hazy distance was the indistinct line of the Gaspé Cliffs, and our steamer rapidly making her way to the Gulf. The sun lighted up most beautifully the intense green of the forests which were broken here and there by neat white cottages and their surrounding patches of still brighter green. Although the very last of June, the foliage was not yet burned by the summer's sun, and the grass was but just greening.

Six miles from the settlement the road became a mere path, and we took to our saddles, which the thoughtful George had stowed in our two-horse wagon. Two miles farther and we were at the first pool of the river called the High Bank Pool. We determined at once to try it and throw our virgin fly for salmon. Setting up our rods, we scrambled down the steep gravel bank with the enthusiasm of school-boys. Insects of various sorts were there long before us, and soon we were compelled to send Coffin up the bank for our veils. The veils used are of the thinnest silk *barège* in form of a bolster-case open at both ends, which are gathered upon rubber cords. One cord goes around the hat-crown and the other around the neck under the collar. These veils perfectly protect the face from insects, but do not allow smoking, and interfere slightly with the vis-

ion; I therefore discarded them and now use a brown linen hood with cape buttoning under the chin. The pests were so persistent that we were glad to put on linen mitts which tie around the elbow and leave only the finger-tips exposed. Finally, the little brutes drove us to anointing our finger-tips with tar and sweet oil, a bottle of which usually hangs by a cord from a button of the angler's coat. A philosophical friend



"THE COSTUME OF THE PIE-EE."

once insisted that it only required the exercise of strong will to endure the pests, and that protection was effeminate. The second day he looked much the worse for wear, his handsome face disfigured with swellings, and his eyes almost closed from the poison of the bites.

We now worked away in comparative comfort until I saw Lazell, who was a few hundred feet distant, suddenly dash off his hat and commence slapping his head with both hands as if determined to beat out his brains. I concluded that he must have had a rise, and that contrary to his custom he had become excited. Going to him, I found that the black flies, baffled at all other points, had found the ventilating eyelet-hole upon each side of his hat-crown, and had poured in through them in hordes upon the top of his unprotected head. Getting no rise, I climbed up the bank to await my more persevering friend. (It may be noted in passing that we

learned a few days later that we had not cast within several hundred feet of that part of this pool where salmon usually lie.) Soon my friend's head appeared over the bank with apparently a good stout stick thrust completely through it, hat and all, as if some stray Micmac had shot him with a roughly made arrow. "The times have been, that, when the brains were out, the man would die;" but remembering Alexis St. Martin who, with a cannon-ball hole in his stomach, had lived in Canada so many years for the benefit of medical science, we concluded that in the clear bracing air of that country people had a way of going about with seeming mortal wounds. The solution of this conundrum was that Lazell had plugged up the holes in his hat with two pieces of a broken rod, and thus cut off the flies from their favorite foraging grounds. The moment I fully comprehended the true situation my anxiety was allayed.

It is a fact not generally known that the farther north you go, the larger and more venomous are the mosquitoes. According to the late lamented Captain Hall of Arctic fame, one knows little of the annoyance of these insects who has not been in Greenland during the summer months. After a summer upon the Gaspé streams, a person of even large inquisitiveness doesn't long for any more information upon that branch of natural history. They are so troublesome there that, to fish comfortably, it is necessary to protect the face and neck, and cover the finger-tips with a mixture of tar, sweet oil and pennyroyal. Gaspé insects seem fond of new-comers and our blood afforded them a favorite tippie. Many a time have I seen one stand up to his knees in culexifuge and bore away until he first struck oil and then blood. Seriously, however, we were not much inconvenienced, as we took every known precaution against them, and not only had our rooms thoroughly smoked with smudges, but kept large smoldering fires around the houses the greater part of the time. When ladies fish, a smudge is kept burning upon a flat stone in the canoe. One night, an insect of some sort raised so large

a lump upon one side of Lazell's forehead that the only way he could make his hat keep a dignified perpendicular was by putting a champagne cork under the side opposite the swelling to preserve symmetry.

We reached our comfortable quarters at House No. 1 at nine P. M. while it was still light. We found our house clapboarded, and



A STRATEGIC ANGLER.

with two comfortable rooms; one contained berths like a steamer's which were furnished with hair mattresses and mosquito bars; the other served as sitting and dining room, and had a large bar suspended over the table to enable us while eating, reading, writing and smoking to be free from flies. A large log house adjoined and was furnished with a good cooking-stove, while a tent was already pitched to serve as quarters for our men—five in number. Stoves and furniture are permanent fixtures of the houses at the different stations, as are the heavier cooking-utensils, so that in moving up the stream one has merely to carry crockery, provisions, blankets and mosquito-bars,—which latter are of strong thin jute canvas. Above the first house, the men make your beds of piles of little twigs of the fragrant fir-balsam, whose beauties have been recorded by every writer upon angling. Near each house is a snow-house dug into the hill-side and thickly covered with fir-boughs and planks. The snow is packed in them in winter by the men who go up for that purpose and to hunt the caribou that frequent the hills adjoining the river. The snow lasts through the season and is more convenient than ice. If one drinks champagne, he has but to open a basket upon his arrival and imbed the



bottles in the snow, and he has at any moment a *frappé* equal to Delmonico's best. No salmon-angler would commit the indiscretion of thus cooling his claret. The fish as soon as killed are packed in the snow, as are the butter, milk, and eggs when brought up every two or three days by the courier, who remains at the Basin ready to start for you at any moment that letters or telegrams arrive. Our courier delighted in surprises for us like baskets of native strawberries and cream for our dessert. Ten cents at Gaspé buys quite a large basket of this exquisitely flavored wild berry.

I have been thus minute in describing our surroundings because I believe more comfortable and complete arrangements are found on no other stream. It is all very well to camp out under an open "lean-to" or tent, and exceedingly healthful and enjoyable, but we had long ago outgrown the sentimentality of roughing it, and rather enjoyed this comfortable way of living. Standing for six hours or more daily while throwing a fly or killing a fish is hard work for one of sedentary habits, and gives enough exercise and oxygen to entitle to good living and quarters; and with this open-air life one may indulge his appetite with impunity if he can get the food, for his digestion and assimilation are at their best.

The cut on page 783, while not absolutely true to nature in every minute detail, yet gives, quite faithfully, a scene upon the St. John River in July, 1873, when the Governor General of Canada and Countess Dufferin, together with Colonel and Mrs. Fletcher and the Countess's brother, were guests of Mr. Curtis, the then lessee. Lady Dufferin here killed her first fish, which weighed 26 pounds and was gaffed by Mr. Curtis.

The difference between the temperature at midday and midnight in the mountainous regions along the Gaspé salmon-streams is notable. One day last season the air at nine A. M. was 74°, at two P. M. 84°, and at half-past seven P. M. 51°. We were anxious to get approximately the temperature of the water of these northern streams to compare with the water of streams farther south, which had been stocked with young salmon by Professor Baird—United States Fish Commissioner—and so made the best observations possible with a couple of ordinary thermometers. At the bottom of one pool in the York, near the mouth of the Mississippi Creek, which is a roaring little branch of the York coming down from the snow of the neighboring mountains, the water at mid-

day was but 40½° Fahrenheit, while the air was 78°. In other pools on this river we found the temperature at noon to be 44° at the bottom, and 44½° at the surface, with the air at 60°. This was well up among the mountains, thirty-five miles above the mouth of the river. Lower down the stream, 48° bottom, 48½° surface; and sometimes after a very warm day, 47½° to 48½° at eight o'clock P. M. Ten or fifteen miles distant, upon the Dartmouth, which flows through a less mountainous country and has longer and more quiet pools and less shaded banks, we found the pools varying from 55° to 59° when the air was 60° to 70°. The first time our thermometers were sunk in the pool our men indulged in their only pleasantries by asking if we took fish in the States with a ground bait of thermometers, and assuring us that it wouldn't work at all in Canada. Of course, with our temperature of pools we always took that of the air simultaneously and made a record of the weather.

Upon the first morning of our arrival we *did not* get up at three A. M., when the day was just dawning, and order up our men to get breakfast. We had been in northern latitudes before, and took the precaution to hang our rubber overcoats over the windows to darken them, thus keeping out the early morning light and securing a long night's sleep. Our first day opened with a drizzling rain which forbade fishing. After coming a thousand miles and with but six days' "permit" upon our stream, a rainy day seemed like a misfortune.

About ten o'clock, the sun came out for a time, and a Mr. Eden, son of the Gaspé harbor-master, rode up and told us in apparent seriousness, that a fish had followed him all the way up the stream, and was waiting in the pool directly in front of the house, where he intended to gaff him for me, and in fact that he had come over to our camp from where he was at work, expressly to help me kill my first salmon. Our men all laughed at him, for just in sight of the house and where the canoes were constantly disturbing the water was not the place to expect a salmon; certainly not, when for years none had been taken there. I concluded to humor the good fellow and practice casting with both hands as well as get used to standing in a cranky canoe. Soon a fish rose and hooked himself, only making it known by spinning off a few feet of line as he dropped back to position at bottom of pool. A fish will thus hook himself nine times in ten if the fly comes slowly over

him, with a taut or at least straight line behind it. More fish are lost by too quick striking them, than by other bad management. The steel-like tip of the rod upon the slightest pull at the fly springs forcibly back and fixes the hook at once. I had resolutely determined never to strike and have never done so. I may have lost a fish by it, but am sure more would have been lost by striking. Of course, a strong, quick pull is given after the fish is hooked and has started the reel, in order to imbed the hook more firmly. Soon my reel was furiously whirling. I had read about the "music of the reel" and all that sort of thing *ad nauseam* as I had often expressed it; but somehow, after hearing a salmon in his first fierce run upon a reel with a stiff click, the wonder was that people had not written more about it.

One cannot afford entirely to ignore book teaching. Having read and re-read every standard author on salmon-angling, my rod-tip was at once, and without thought lowered when this lively little fellow made his first leap in the air, showing the beautiful silver of his sides. It was done just as the fingers strike the proper key upon a musical instrument, when the player's mind is too far away perhaps to name the tune he has unconsciously run into. Of course, if you do not lower your rod-tip, the fish, falling upon a taut line, will break himself loose. This fish showed no disposition to leave the pool for the rapids below, but went first to one side, and then to the other, sweeping around by the farther shore, and jumping clean from the water each time he turned. It was impossible to keep below him, so rapidly did he change place. In spite of all the strain which could be safely put upon him, he would now and then get a hundred feet below the rod and rest there in comparative ease, with the force of the current balancing my strain upon him in an opposite direction. When you can keep abreast of your fish, or a little below him, the current, weight of line, and your strain of two or three pounds all in the same direction will soon tire him out.

Most anglers greatly miscalculate the force exerted by the rod and will speak of using many pounds strain. An actual test with scales upon various rods showed that rarely is a strain of three pounds put upon the fish, and, in fact, few rods can raise a four-pound weight at the end of a line.

As my fish became tired and slowly passed Eden, he tried to gaff and missed. This goaded the fish to more desperate running and plunging in the direction of a pro-

jecting tree-trunk lying upon the water. If he could have reached it he would have run under and then jumped back over it, leaving the line fast while he broke himself free. Soon his runs were shorter and his jumps less frequent, and finally, from very weakness, he would turn upon his side. I swung him gently toward Eden, who in his eagerness had waded nearly waist-deep into the pool. In an instant the fish was struggling at the end of the cruel gaff, making hard work for even Eden's brawny arms, and in a moment more he was laid upon the shore, where old William Patterson gave him the *coup de grâce* with a stout short stick carried for that purpose in every canoe. Just at the moment of gaffing many fish are lost; for if more strain is exerted than usual the hook breaks out of the well-worn hole in the jaw, and if the strain is relaxed a moment before the gaff is in, the slack line lets the hook drop out of the enlarged opening.

My trip and trouble had not been in vain, as my first salmon had been hooked and played to gaff without the slightest assistance. Before putting him in the snow, I lighted my pipe and sat quietly down to admire and talk to him. It seemed wonderful that the little thread of silk-worm gut could have conquered so brave a fish. There was no need to sing, "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child again, just for to-night:"

I was a child again as far as delight and enthusiasm could make me.

Finding but few fish in the lower pools, we broke camp on Monday and set out for House No. 2 at what is called the Big Salmon Hole. The men assured us that it would be impossible to pole the canoes with ourselves and provisions over the shoal rapids, and that in several places they would have to unload and make a "carry." In order then to favor our men, Mr. Lazell and I set out to walk the distance, with the cook to show the way and carry our tackle. We could risk the wetting of our extra clothing and provisions, but did not care to have our rods floated down the stream, in case of an overturn. Of itself, a twelve-mile walk is not objectionable, but when one must climb over a dozen fallen trees at every hundred yards, it becomes tirefully monotonous. Six miles from camp we came to the North Fork, a roaring brook of perhaps eighteen inches in depth. Lazell, with his wading-boots, stalked triumphantly across, while the cook and I went down a quarter of a mile to cross upon a tree which some years ago had fallen and formed a natural bridge. There was no path along this wind-swept gorge,

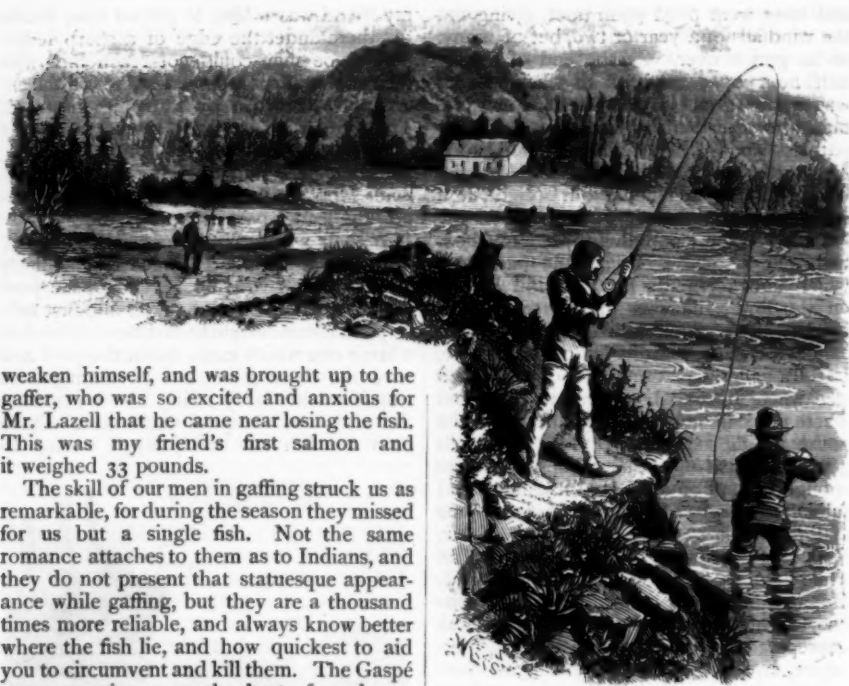
and trees were piled upon trees, giving not the windfalls of a year or two, but of many, to be gotten over. At the end of a long half hour we came back to where Lazell was awaiting us. Could we have met the man who said there was a "pleasure in the pathless woods" he would have fared badly. The truth was that the dead wood of the bridge had broken under our weight, and we were wetter than if we had waded the branch. Often upon this trip we touched, with our rod-cases or gaff, the partridges which unconcernedly flew up and lighted on the lower branches of the trees. We reached the pool and killed a fish before the canoes arrived. The next morning, Annette, Lazell's gaffer, came tumbling down from a tree where he had been sent to point out where the salmon were lying, and ran to the house yelling as if crazy, "Mr. Lazell has got his first fish and he's a whopper!" Sure enough he had on a fish and it commenced sulking at once. He had lighted his pipe and taken his seat just where one of Mr. Reynolds's friends in 1873 took his breakfast while holding his sulking fish with one hand. Having gone to the pool with my light bamboo, to which he was unaccustomed, he was unprepared for heavy fighting as he felt insecure, and had a dread of breaking it. Now and then, by rapping on the metal butt of the rod with a stone, the vibrations of the line would start the fish into making a short run and lazy jump. The men all put the fish at 35 pounds, and they are rarely more than a pound or two out of the way. Soon the fish began quietly working for the deepest part of the pool, and in spite of all the strain

my friend was willing to put on him, finally got there under the edge of a sharp ledge. The canoe men could not reach him with their setting poles and we didn't wish the entire pool disturbed by throwing in stones. The salmon commenced sawing upon the line whenever a strain was brought to bear, and this necessitated giving line at once. After working for one hour and forty minutes the leader parted.

Without a word Lazell took his own green-heart rod and in a few minutes was busily casting at the very upper end of the pool above where he had hooked the first fish. As good fortune would have it, he soon hooked a large one which came down the pool and tried the same game, but he managed to stop him and slowly swing him away from the center of the pool each time. Quite soon the fish ran and jumped enough to



COUNTRESS OF DUFFERIN POOL, ST. JOHN RIVER, GASPE, C. E.



MY FIRST SALMON.

weaken himself, and was brought up to the gaffer, who was so excited and anxious for Mr. Lazell that he came near losing the fish. This was my friend's first salmon and it weighed 33 pounds.

The skill of our men in gaffing struck us as remarkable, for during the season they missed for us but a single fish. Not the same romance attaches to them as to Indians, and they do not present that statuesque appearance while gaffing, but they are a thousand times more reliable, and always know better where the fish lie, and how quickest to aid you to circumvent and kill them. The Gaspé men can give even the best of anglers a valuable hint occasionally, which it is quite safe to follow, as it often saves a fish. They come from that good old stock, Scotch-English, and are as true as steel. Money and jewelry were safer in our camps than at home in the way of our servants. They never touch a drop of liquor, and work faithfully from morning till night. Even after long and tedious hours of poling up rapid streams under a hot sun, they are ready to anticipate your slightest wish. Old Mr. William Patterson, our head man, seemed to know every stone in every rapid on the rivers, and when running down these rapids at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, such knowledge often saves an overturn or a broken canoe. Although over sixty years of age, no one could tire him poling or equal him in quick, graceful gaffing. All the men ask for beside fish, is pork, hard-bread, sugar, and black tea. Without the latter they are good for nothing. At every halt of even half an hour a fire is at once kindled and the black tea-kettle soon steaming over it. They make the tea in the tea-kettle itself, and drink several large tin cups at a sitting. Following this by a five minutes' pull at a pipeful of navy plug

tobacco, they are ready for work and apparently as fresh as in the morning.

While the season for fishing brings to us great enjoyment, it brings to them bread and butter in the shape of a dollar, or a dollar and a quarter a day, and this is about all the money they get during the year. In fact a large part of the cash which finds its way to Gaspé is left by the dozen or more anglers who yearly visit the rivers. The large firms, like Bouthillier, the lobster packers, and Lowndes Bros., lumber dealers, for whose kindness all American anglers are indebted, pay their help mostly in goods or "orders." It does good for one reared in our country of luxury and extravagance to see these hardy sons of toil, in a land where life is a constant struggle for existence, and where summer is no sooner begun than winter follows at once. In 1874, the cold spring and terrible floods prevented planting until too late to raise any crop at all, and the people of the north shore of the St. Lawrence had to be supplied charitably with food the next winter. Dried fish and hard bread, with occasionally a little pork, is about all they get, and last winter some of

our faithful canoe-men ran out of this meager supply, and we were appealed to for aid. As I am writing this,—June, 1876,—I learn that Gaspé people have run out of hay and flour, and are killing their domestic cattle.

In favorable seasons the big salmon-hole of the York is good for two or three fish daily, and as Lazell was unable to walk by reason of cooling too rapidly after our twelve-mile walk, it seemed best to leave to him the exclusive use of this and the other pools near House No. 2. On Wednesday, therefore, I set out for the Narrows, near which are the last and best pools of the river, leaving two men to come with the canoe and luggage, and taking one with me. We arrived before noon, and, after lunch, carefully inspected the pools. By crawling quietly to the edge of low cliffs, or climbing trees, we could count the fish by scores, lying quietly behind small stones or just at the edge of the current, with heads up stream. At first one unaccustomed to it only sees large numbers of dark, smooth stones, as he expresses it; but soon a little wavy motion of the lower end of the object is seen, and you find that they are all salmon, only the dark backs being visible as you look down upon them. Conversation with many Canadians who have fished numerous streams, induces the belief that in no other pools can so many salmon be readily seen and watched. They rest in these pools for several days, to gain strength for leaping the falls just above. Often one hundred and fifty have been counted in

Before entering the Gaspé streams they gorge themselves with capelin, a small fish resembling our smelt. Quite often fish which we killed at the lowest pools had undigested parts of capelin in their stomachs. As their digestion is known to be very rapid, this indicates a high rate of speed against a swift current, up fierce rapids and over falls. A bit of dried leaf seems to amuse them as much as an artificial fly. Dropping a leaf quietly off a tree into a pool, we could see a salmon rise and take it, and after getting to the bottom open his mouth and let it float up to the surface again, when other fish would take it, one after the other, apparently enjoying the sport like kittens at play. So distinctly could we see the salmon that we easily traced the scars of the nets, which are found on large numbers. Many we take have an eye entirely blinded from the wound made by the twine. At one time, just under the upper falls, I was for some fifteen minutes so near a salmon that I could have touched him with the end of my rod. The water was shallow and clear, and gave a good opportunity of closely watching the king of fishes as he majestically sailed around, probably wondering whether he would succeed in his leap over the falls. Dozens of his fellows were coming up at intervals to look at the falls, but not one could be tempted to take the slightest notice of any fly in our books, although we were out of their sight and threw our flies within a few inches of their noses.

We had with us rods, reels, gaffs, and, unfortunately, a new and untested package



PERCÉ ROCK, SOUTH OF GASPÉ BASIN, CANADA EAST.

the lower or long pool at the Narrows, and frequently not more than a single one will take the fly.

The matter of taking a fly seems to be one of sheer sport. It is a well established fact that salmon eat nothing during the several months they remain in the rivers.

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of leaders. The run of the first fish hooked parted a leader. A second leader shared the same fate; and a third was taken by a salmon who determined to leave the pool and go down the rapids below. Testing our leaders with the pocket scales, we broke them at a pound or pound



and a half strain, although they had previously received a thorough soaking. We were in a bad predicament—salmon everywhere; pools full of them, and seeming eager to rise, and no suitable leaders with which to take them. We made the best of



THE PATIENT ANGLER.

it, and with what patience we could summon up, awaited the canoe with our large fly-books containing new gut. From this we afterward tied leaders which stood a strain of five pounds, and were soon engaged in trying to overcome a strong, lively fish.

Presently Patterson sung out, "You must lose your fish or get a drenching." A small dark cloud came over the near mountain, traveled rapidly down the gorge, and before one of the men could bring a rubber coat from the house, a few hundred yards distant, the rain was pouring upon us. The rapidity with which heavy showers follow down the gorges and course of the streams at Gaspé is somewhat startling to a new-comer. Of course, the fish must at all hazards be killed; and, of course, this particular fish was not in half the hurry to come in out of the water that we were, but tried our patience in many ways, sometimes taking us in the canoe where we couldn't wade, and sometimes through quite deep

water where we did not wish to take the canoe and disturb the pool. It was thirty-five minutes before faithful old William had him quiet at the bottom of the canoe. He, as well as all our men, preferred to get us into a canoe before gaffing, when practicable, for they then felt much more sure of the fish. The Gaspé-built canoes are very long, and if the angler passes one of the men and steps to the extreme end, he can with perfect ease swing the fish to the gaffer at the other end, always taking great care not to reel in his line beyond its junction with the leader. If he does this and the gaffer misses, or the tired fish gets up life enough for a short spurt, then the knot sticks in the tip ring, and good-bye to fish and tip. It is with some reluctance that we differ with so good an authority as Norris, in his "American Anglers' Book," but we prefer canoe gaffing. We were all thoroughly soaked with rain, and I was additionally uncomfortable from having gone over the tops of my rubber wading-stockings in water which at two P. M. was only 42° Fahrenheit. As there were but three hours more of this the last day of our permit, we could not afford the loss of a moment. As soon as the sun came out, I hooked a second fish, and worked away busily until in the three pools I had killed five, when I stopped, wearied as well as satisfied with salmon-fishing, resisting Patterson's most urgent entreaties to "kill another, and make it a half dozen." I have never made a large score or killed a *very* large fish, but this work of three hours and a half was quite satisfactory, and is here given:

1	Fish of 22 lbs.,	Fairy Fly.
1	" " 22 "	" "
1	" " 24 "	Jock Scott Fly.
1	" " 21½ "	Silver Doctor Fly.
1	" " 23 "	Silver Gray "
5	Average, 22½ lbs.	

The healthful excitement as well as open-air exercise enabled us without ill effects to endure this three and a half hours' wetting. Coming up the stream for a single night only, we had taken no change of clothing, and must perforce retire while our men dried the wet ones we wore.

At half past four A. M. next day, the canoe went down with the fish, and I walked to Middle House, where I found Lazell in good spirits over one thirty-three pound fish and other smaller ones. Hastily packing, we set out in our canoes for House No. 1, where we took in additional fish and lug-

gauge. Running down the rapids between sharp rocks, both out of the water and under its surface, where all your safety depends upon the accuracy of your men's knowledge, their nerve, and the strength of rather slender spruce setting-poles, is quite exciting to a novice. At the word "check her" from old William at the stern, young James throws his entire weight suddenly upon his pole in the bow. Several times the pole broke, and necessitated quick work in dropping the pieces and grasping a second one, which is always kept within reach in running rapids. Upon breaking a second one, in all likelihood we would have got an extremely unlucky dipping.

We reached Gaspé the same day, having made thirty-five miles since half-past four A. M., and were in time to have our fish packed in snow and forwarded by the afternoon steamer for Quebec. For transportation, the fish are first "drawn" through the gills, then filled with snow and packed two in a box. The snow is then rammed solid around them until it resembles in consistency a cake of ice, and the box is placed inside of a much larger one. The space between the two boxes is now filled with sawdust. At Quebec the boxes are examined by the accommodating and courteous agent of the Canadian Express Company, Mr. Scott, who orders them refilled with snow, if necessary, before forwarding by rail. Our fish left Gaspé Thursday, were in Boston in good condition the Tuesday following, and were served at the Somerset Club just a week after they were killed. With ice in place of snow, the packing is usually a failure.

Finding a letter at Gaspé inviting us to fish the Dartmouth, we went over to that river, July 10th, taking horses to a place called by the *habitans* Lancy Cozzens, which we presumed to be a corruption of *L'anse aux cousins*, or Black Fly Cove. From this point we proceeded by an invention of our own. One of the three canoes had a small sail, and holding another canoe by our hands upon each side of it, we voyaged very independently until we tried to tack under a very stiff breeze,—a performance which (in round-bottomed canoes) didn't take place exactly to suit us. Reaching the narrower part of the stream, we took our setting-poles in orthodox fashion, and soon reached camp, where we found a commodious wall-tent ready pitched, and all needed cooking-utensils, as well as a salmon for supper, left in the house by our departing friends, Messrs. Guild and Barnes of Boston.

The sea-trout had just commenced running up the river, and gave us most serious annoyance. The sea-trout is anadromous and follows up the salmon some weeks later. An old trout-angler believes you not quite sane, and much less serious and truthful, when you positively assure him that oftentimes before you can reach a salmon you must play to gaff a half dozen or more sea-trout, varying in weight from one to five pounds. That a five-pound trout can be an annoyance, and a serious one at that, isn't readily comprehended. You can't hurry a large trout, but must play and tire him out. Occasionally your man from a tree-top will tell you just where a fine salmon is lying, and, perhaps, that he started for the fly and missed it at your last cast. The next cast, a sea-trout, which is quicker than a salmon, snatches your fly the moment it strikes the water, and in the next few min-



AN IRASCIBLE ANGLER.

utes flounders all over the pool, putting an effectual estoppel to salmon-fishing. Now is the time for self-control,—for quietly lighting a cigar and strolling back to camp. Sometimes an irascible angler seizes the trout the

moment he is off the hook and hurls him vindictively against the cliff.

This same abused sea-trout, however, when broiled before the fire in an open wire broiler, with a bit of salt pork clamped upon him, or rolled in buttered and wetted papers, and roasted under the embers, is preferable to salmon, and is more often eaten by the Gaspé anglers. The sea-trout and the common brook-trout, *Salmo fontinalis*, are taken side by side in the same pools, and so great is the apparent dissimilarity, that it seems impossible that they are one and the same species, the sea-trout merely being changed by his trip to sea, as some naturalists assert. The spots on the brook-trout are much more clearly defined, and have the light color upon their edges, while the markings of the sea-trout seem not to be distinct spots, so much as irregular markings akin to those of the mackerel. This is as it appears to us who are not naturalists. At the suggestion of Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, I brought home some good specimens of different sizes, in alcohol, and we are awaiting the settlement of this vexed question authoritatively by Professor Gill, who will soon publish an exhaustive paper on the Salmonidæ.

It is notable that although the three Gaspé rivers flow into the same bay, and for long distances within a few miles of each other, yet the fish are so different as to be readily distinguished one from another by the natives. The fish run up earliest in the York, and those taken even in the lowest pools are of larger size than those of the other streams. Of course those that are strong enough to get to the upper pools early in the season before the river has run down, are extremely large. The last runs of fish in the York are perhaps a trifle smaller than the general average of the St. John, where the early and late runs are of more nearly the same average size. So the fish of the Tay, in Scotland, are a month earlier than those of the Tweed, and presumably in this case because the snow gets out of the former much the sooner. The fish of the St. John are slightly shorter and fuller than those of the York, resembling more nearly the *Salmo quinatt* of California. A few seasons since the St. John was so jammed with the logs of a broken-up lumber raft, that the fish were blocked out of it, and that year its peculiar fish were taken in the York. The next year the St. John was clear and its fish went back to it. A few seasons later, grise and young salmon were taken in the York which

slightly resembled the St. John fish. The parent fish returned to their own stream. Their offspring, which were hatched in the York, remained in that river.

On the Dartmouth, the extreme northern of the three rivers, the so-called nightingales are singing continually, commencing at three A. M. at the first gray of the morning. These birds are probably a kind of sparrow, and by no means true nightingales; but so sad and sweet were their plaintive notes, that by a sort of fascination we would lie awake to listen, at the expense of some hours of needed sleep. During two seasons upon the other two rivers, only a few miles distant, not one was heard. After some practice in imitating them, we thought the following musical notation gave a very good idea of the song, which varied slightly with different birds, and at different times with the same bird. Between each double bar is a single song. Numbers 1 and 2 are different songs of one individual, and numbers 3 and 4 are songs of another individual.



BIRD-NOTES.

It was the close season and we dared not shoot a single specimen even to take home to our ornithologists of the Smithsonian.

The terms of lease of a Canada salmon-stream require the lessee to maintain a guardian upon the river at his own expense. A comfortable log-house of a single room is usually built just below the first pools, and the guardian occupies it during the few months of the angling and spawning season. This expense is quite light—sometimes only a hundred dollars in gold. In addition, the Government appoints and pays overseers, who are assigned to special districts, and are expected rigidly to enforce the law regulating the net fishing in the tidal part of the rivers, and particularly to see that the nets are taken up over Sunday. The Monday and Tuesday fishing up the streams is somewhat a test of this latter enforcement. The Gaspé rivers flow through so wild and inaccessible

a country that it is impossible for poachers to reach the pools and carry away fish in large quantities except in canoes, which must, of course, pass the guardian's house. It is, then, practically impossible to do much poaching without the collusion of guardians and overseers.\*

If the Government would offer a bounty for every sheldrake killed it would greatly aid in keeping the streams better stocked. In the stomach of a young sheldrake will be found sometimes six or more *parr*, as the young of salmon are called. When we consider the numbers of broods raised each year on a stream, and that both young and old are gormandizing parr all day long, we see that thousands upon thousands of fish are yearly lost in this way alone. These little parr, by the way, often bite at the fly, which is so large for them that they can only grasp some of its feathers, and hang on so well that you throw them several yards as you withdraw to make a fresh cast. The finger-marks or bars identify them at a glance.

One evening while on the Dartmouth, we were surprised by a visit from the guardian and the overseer, who came to dine and spend the night with us. They bragged a little of a big fish the overseer had captured in an unaccountably short time. Upon examining the tackle we found that the line practically ended at the reel, where it joined a worthless cord, and that even this apology for a line had not been wetted. The rod was a shaky affair that couldn't possibly kill a lively five-pound trout. The hook was covered thickly with rust. In their canoe we found a fish of over 30 pounds. One eye was covered with an opaque substance which had grown over it on the line of an old net scar. The other eye had across it a recent cut, which had totally destroyed its sight. The fish was then totally blind, and in all likelihood had broken out of a net a few nights before. These cunning jokers had made a sharp and well-defined cut in the jaw where fish are usually hooked, but they had entirely for-

gotten that during the play of a fish the corners of the cut are rounded and sometimes worn ragged. They had gaffed him as he lay unable to see the approach of the canoe. We were glad that they had thus



VIEWING THE AURORA

saved the fish from a lingering death sooner or later by starvation; but raising a blind fish to a fly and killing him with a rickety bait rod and worthless line was too much for our credulity. We never informed them that we had seen through their little fish story and presume that they had many a laugh at having made "States" men believe that blind salmon could be taken with a fly.

The displays of the Aurora Borealis upon this stream far exceeded in splendor anything we had previously seen. We sometimes sat about a roaring camp-fire until midnight watching them, although a temperature of 40° made indoors more comfortable. An Aurora looks best at such times (it is said) when viewed through the concave lens in the bottom of a glass tumbler in which some hot fluid has been previously placed for a short time to expand the glass properly; sometimes this extemporized lens seems to enlarge the view and even to double the number of the streamers.

Wednesday, July 15th, found the usually quiet and sleepy little settlement of Gaspé in great commotion. Some people were out on the house-tops with spy-glasses, and others rushing down to the wharf, where a goodly number had already collected. Going to the upper rooms of the Gaspé Hotel to which we had just come from the Dartmouth, we saw a beautiful yacht coming rap-

\* We are delighted to learn that the Dominion Fish Commissioner proposes to thin out the stands of salmon-nets fished at Gaspé. If he does so we can confidently expect better fishing in the rivers there. As it is, the wonder is that any fish ever manage to get up these streams except on Sunday when all the nets are supposed to be up.

idly up the Basin under full sail. Soon she was abreast the wharf, giving all a view of her exquisite proportions, and passing slowly up where the York merges itself in the waters of the Bay, gracefully swung into po-



"IT CAWN'T BE DONE!"

sition and dropped anchor. She was the "Palmer," well known in both this country and Europe for her victory over the "Cambria," and famous as well for being the winner of numerous other races. Soon we received a call from her owner, Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, who was to have the York the rest of the season, and was even then pushing on to House No. 1 to take a fish that evening. We met a little later the rest of his party and were invited to pass the evening on board the yacht. It was nearly a month since our eyes had been gladdened by the sight of any of our countrywomen and the invitation was accepted with eagerness. The ladies had braved a ten days' voyage from New York, and part of it in very rough weather off what sailors call the "nastiest of coasts," and were to brave the mosquitoes and black flies as well,—hoping to rival the Countess Dufferin, who had a few weeks before thrown her own fly, hooked and played to gaff a large fish upon the St. John. The evening we passed in the society of these most agreeable and accomplished ladies was marked with a white stone. After reaching home we learned that both Mrs. Stuyvesant and her friend Miss Beach took a fine salmon, and tied, if they did not out-score, the Countess.

We returned home by the "Secret," leisurely stopping at various points, as our fancy dictated. While at a certain place, the steamer touched with the mail, and was to remain two hours. Could the mail be opened at once, and we receive our letters, we might wish to hurry on by that very steamer. We therefore brought all our forces to bear upon the obdurate postmaster to induce him to open the small pouch with mail for his office, and give us our letters at once while the steamer was still at the landing. His constant reply was: "It cawn't be done. Government business cawn't be hurried. The mail is too lawge, too lawge." Exposure of the folly of one manufactured excuse merely brought out a dozen more. Of course he couldn't change his mind; he could die more easily. We were not unmindful of the fact that in mountainous, cold countries, people are naturally conservative, and that when ideas do, with difficulty, reach them, they take deep root, as do the trees in the clefts of their rocks; and yet we didn't expect to find a postmaster in this progressive age who opened mails at his leisure when he had nothing else for amusement.

When the steamer arrived, he was the first to board her. He chatted consequentially with the officers for more than an hour. They were all on our side, and tried apparently to shake him off. Finally, with the little pouch (which he wouldn't intrust to his clerk—also on our side) under his arm, he slowly and with the firm, determined tread of a militia captain on training day, moved off toward the post-office. Fifteen minutes would have sufficed to distribute the mail; but not until the steamer's last whistle blew did he put the letters into the boxes. He reckoned without his host, however, for a friend was quietly watching, and in an instant took our letters and started for the steamer at full run, yelling at the top of his voice. Good old Captain Davison just then remembered that he had forgotten something, and took time enough with the steamer's agent to enable us to glance hastily over our letters, and ascertain that we could go by that steamer.

In 1874, Mr. Curtis exchanged his old river, the St. John, for the Dartmouth, in order that the former might be set aside for the Governor General. Earl Dufferin having been called to England in the summer of 1875, it fell to Mr. Curtis's lot to have the use of both streams, and I accompanied him to them for a few weeks' recreation. We found the season unusually late; few



fish up, and the river too high for comfortable canoe-poling. We were again delayed twelve hours in reaching Gaspé, as the dense smoke from forest fires around Ottawa had blown down into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and compelled us to anchor for an entire night. Mr. Curtis was also accompanied by young Mr. Douglass, son of Sir Charles Douglass, of London, England,—a most genial and companionable gentleman, who had, since graduation at an English University, been shooting alligators in Florida, and buffaloes in the West. Like other young Englishmen, he was well "up" in all outdoor manly accomplishments.

To reach our stream we were obliged to take ourselves and all our luggage across the swollen York by repeated trips in a small dug-out, at a place some six miles from its mouth. After crossing, our provisions and luggage were taken in large boxes mounted upon stout timber sled-runners; this being the only

We arrived at our house at nine P. M., and hungrily awaited the coming of our provisions and luggage two hours later. If one expects to enjoy any part of first class salmon-fishing, in the luxurious and dilettant style of anglers at the Thousand Islands, a single trip will not fail to disabuse him of all such notions, particularly if in going up his river he has to get out in the water and help the men pull the canoe around the corner of a small fall.

The fishing of 1875 was comparatively a failure, less than twenty being killed by three of us during a week on the St. John. Douglass one day hooked an ugly fish, which played him all known pranks, and seemed, in addition, to extemporize a few for the occasion. The fish leaped out of water enough to make it exciting, but not enough to tire himself out. He tried pulling constantly backward and forward in quick, short jerks, which is the worst thing a fish



Trolling at the Thousand Islands.



Helping with the Canoe on the St. John River.

#### DILETTANT AND PROFESSIONAL SALMON-FISHING.

conveyance that would stand a nine-mile trip over a slightly widened forest trail. We took saddle horses, but yet found the trip most tedious by reason of the "windfalls" which had to be cut away by our canoe-men, who carried axes for the purpose, and by the swamp mud through which we frequently had to wade our horses. Black flies and the like seemed more hungry and persistent than usual.

ever does. This makes the coolest angler nervous and anxious, for unless line is upon the instant given, the hook is pulled out, or the gut broken. The fish came down in view of the house, when, comparing the pluck and strategy of the fish with the skill of our friend, we counted the fish a trifle ahead. Of course when near either bank the men took care to keep on the shore side of the fish, so that when he suddenly rushed



EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

for deep water he would not pass under the canoe and break loose. In spite, however, of all precautions, the fish made a dash to run under, and one of the men gave a quick, powerful push on his setting-pole, which unfortunately rested upon a flat, slippery rock. The next instant our view was cut off by an immense pair of caribou hide boots, which seemed suspended in mid-air. The fish was just at the canoe, and the greenheart was taking the last possible ounce of strain. The line could not run out fast enough to relieve the rod, and we awaited its snapping. Equal to the emergency, Douglass, remembering an old trick

line ran safely and swiftly out. Douglass then tired and killed his fish, which weighed fifteen pounds—about the average of the St. John fish. In the York, my average of all fish taken is twenty pounds.

The non-angling reader by this time surmises that the only way to bring a salmon to the gaff is to tire him, by keeping a constant steady strain upon him, with the shortest practicable line. The greatest dexterity and skill of the angler and his men are required to keep the canoe always in such a relation to the fish as to make this possible. Half your score depends upon the quickness of the men, who must, if you are on shore, be so near you with the

canoe that if the fish starts down a rapid, they can take you in upon the instant, and follow him. How patiently would our faithful fellows sit on the cross-bar of the canoe, watching our every movement, and only now and then, when the flies and mosquitoes were unusually troublesome, break silence with: "Mr., I don't care if I do take a little o' yer fly-ile."

To give the general reader an idea of the way in which anglers make up their scores for distribution among their friends, we give an old one which still stands among the best made in America:

F. Curtis's Score of Salmon-Fishing, York River, Lower Canada, for one evening and the following day, 1871.

TWO HOURS, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 6.

I fish, 18 pounds weight . . . . .	fly, Jock Scott.
I " 22 " " " " " " " " "	" Robin.
I " 25 " " " " " " " " "	" Robin.
I " 26 " " " " " " " " "	" Silver Doctor.

FRIDAY, JULY 7.

I fish, 34 pounds weight . . . . .	fly, Curtis.
I " 32 " " " " " " " " "	" Curtis.
I " 26 " " " " " " " " "	" Robin.
I " 31 " " " " " " " " "	" Robin.
I " 17 " " " " " " " " "	" Robin.
I " 22 " " " " " " " " "	" Silver Doctor.
I " 24 " " " " " " " " "	" Silver Doctor.
I " 23 " " " " " " " " "	" Robin.
I " 26 " " " " " " " " "	" Robin.

Total weight for both days, 326 pounds.

Thursday's average, 22 3-4 pounds.

Friday's average, 26 1-9 pounds each, and gross weight 235 pounds.

Whole average, 25 1-13 pounds.

Mr. Reynolds took, some seasons since, in the York, a fish of 47 pounds, which stands



"A LITTLE O' YER FLY-ILE."

of Curtis's, threw the rod behind him, and with the reel end in the water and the tip ring resting on the edge of the canoe, the

now as the largest ever taken in Gaspé with a fly.

The score on the York for the first part of July, 1876, comes just as this article is being put in type:

On Steamer "Mirimichi," July 14, '76.

My dear Wilkinson:—Our score just made, in the face of bad weather and very high rough water, will interest you, not as to number, but as to weight of fish:

Earl Dufferin (3 days)	8 fish	197 lbs.	average	24½
Countess "	2 "	45 "	"	22½
Capt. Hamilton	6 "	148 "	"	24½
Mr. Grant (1 day)	1 "	27 "	"	27
Mr. Molson	14 "	326 "	"	23½
Mr. Middleton	50 "	1094 "	"	21½
Mr. Reynolds	29 "	633 "	"	21½

110 2470 gen. ave. 22½

Yours very sincerely and truly,

THOS. REYNOLDS.

Sunday is the only day in camp when all are sure to be at home for an early dinner, and in condition to enjoy and appreciate a good one. On week-days, the cook, who never leaves camp, does not serve dinner until half-past seven P. M., so as to give all time to return from the pools, which are often a few miles distant. If one gets a sulking fish late in the afternoon, he may be detained until long after the dinner-hour, and it is by no means a very rare occurrence to have a fish gaffed by the light of a birch-bark torch.

When the dinner-hour comes, and an angler is absent "*on l'attend comme les moines font l'abbé*," that is to say, we never wait for him at all,—monks being proverbially good feeders, and never delaying a mo-

ment after the dinner-bell strikes, even to await their abbot. Canada fishing-laws forbid throwing a fly Saturday evening after six o'clock, but of course must allow killing a fish previously hooked. It is therefore

reckoned quite desirable to get hold of a lively one just before that hour.

On Sunday all are somewhat rested, and appetites are always keener after the day's rest which follows excessively hard work out-of-doors. Again, every canoe-man is a natural as well as practiced cook, so that on Sunday, when all have leisure to assist in preparing the dinner, they do not, according to rule, "spoil the broth."

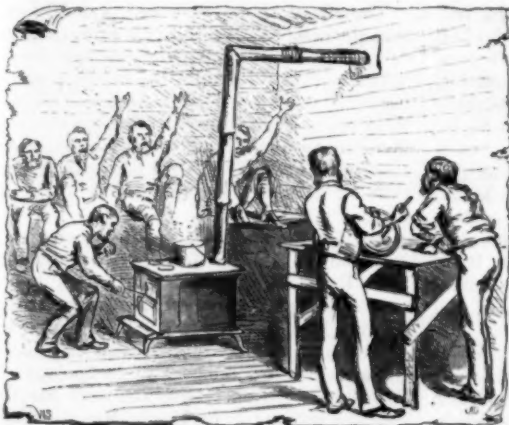


LATE TO DINNER.

On Sunday, July 4th, 1875, Mr. Reynolds, who was upon his own river five miles or so away, sent over one of his men to say that with three friends he would come over and take dinner with us on our glorious Fourth. As his name is a synonym for hospitality, we were quite anxious to show no shortcomings ourselves

in that direction. Our six men and the cook were assisted by Curtis himself, who undertook the unheard-of thing of making a loaf of cake on a salmon-stream. How he succeeded is best told by his own letter to his sister, who had given him the cake recipe:

"I used every available dish in camp—spilled the flour all over my clothes and the floor, and then rubbed it well in with butter, of which latter I melted one mess too much and the other too little. Took a vote and found a majority of one for stirring it with the sun. Think after all I stirred it the wrong way, and certainly put in too much egg-shell to make it settle well, for all the plums, currants, citron, &c., nearly settled



A MAJORITY OF ONE.

through the bottom of the small wash-bowl in which I baked it, while some large lumps of sugar failed to get crushed at all. The cake was however quite passable. To be sure I forgot to butter the dish, and had to dig the cake out in small pieces and glue them together; but that was a mere trifle, and my success was greater than could be reason-



FALLS AT THE NARROWS OF YORK RIVER.

ably expected from so *doughty* a matter. The cow which I had driven up from the settlement and put in our old and now unused snow-house, *so as to keep her*, came to grief by breaking her leg going down the steep rocky river-bank to get water."

Our admirable courier came up from the Basin early in the morning with a clean pocket-handkerchief full of lettuce leaves, the size of a silver dollar, which he had procured from the minister's wife, who had raised under a cold frame the only lettuce in the settlement. Coffin complained bitterly of the imposition of the lobster-dealer, who, learning that his purchase was for "States" men, charged him ten cents each for lobsters of about five pounds weight, while he sold them commonly to Bouthillier, the packer opposite Gaspé, for fifty cents a hundred, large and small as they run. So plentiful are lobsters around Gaspé Basin that a few moments suffice to get a basketful hooked up with a peculiar sort of gaff made expressly for the purpose.

A heavy shower overtook our friends between the two rivers. They had, in honor of the special occasion of a Fourth of July dinner with their American friends, dressed themselves in gorgeous apparel of

white flannel. What with the rain which had soaked them and beautifully distributed the usual face dressing of tar and sweet oil over large geographical surfaces, the stains of tree-drippings and the wadings through the marsh at the end of the lake, they presented a sorry appearance. Nothing could induce them to remain and dine in such plight, and so after a little rest and a modest lunch of crackers and cheese, they left us. Our bill of fare, which in accordance with camp custom we had written on bark, was as follows:

ST. JOHN'S RIVER, GASPÉ,  
July 4th, 1875.

DINNER.

*Soup.*

Dried Vegetable with Beef Essence.  
Salmon Chowder.

*Fish.*

Boiled Salmon, Anchovy Sauce.  
Broiled Brook-Trout.  
Lobster Salad, Mayonnaise Sauce.

*Meats.*

Boiled Mutton.  
Boiled Ham.

*Vegetables.*

Potatoes. Bermuda Onions.  
Canned Sweet Corn and Tomatoes.

*Relishes.*

Radishes. Lettuce. Olives.  
Canned Bartlett Pears.  
" Peaches.  
Dundee Marmalade.  
Boston Crackers, Gruyère Cheese.  
Coffee, Chocolate and Tea.  
Cake à la Curtis.

[Wine list on the other side.]

The above shows that with a little forethought before starting, and a little pains in camp, the angler's *menu* may be very creditable to him, although, as in the present instance, the nearest settlement was not far from twenty miles distant. One good thing about camp-life is that we have no *dead dinners*, for the river breezes take away every odor of cooking even before the meal is over.

On Thursday we received from our friend Reynolds a kind invitation to occupy the York River for a week. Curtis and I accepted, Douglass going off by steamer to take a fortnight upon the Matapedia. We packed luggage in long rubber army bags and slung them across the back of an apology for a horse sent up from Gaspé, and went directly over the mountains to House No. 1, where we found canoes and extra men awaiting

us, and then pushed directly for the Narrows.\*

In lifting one of our canoes over a slight fall, we swung her around and half filled her with water, soaking our blankets, boxes of bread and crackers, as well as sweetening the men's black tea with brown sugar *en masse*.

Just below the Narrows canoes cannot be used, but the fishing must be done while standing and wading in from one to two and a half feet of water. Rubber wading-stockings are worn, with very large canvas shoes over them, the soles being studded with soft metal nails to prevent slipping upon the rocks. In a moment of excitement, while following a fish, one frequently gets in over the tops of his stockings, and the subsequent carrying of a few gallons of water in these for-the-time rubber-bottles is neither comfortable nor easy. Curtis improves upon the stockings by a pair of boots and trousers, such as are used by the Baptist clergy, and which permit wading, if need be, above the waist. Another of his improvements is a vertically adjustable piano-stool arrangement in his canoe, which, while voyaging, lets one down near the bottom to keep the

a high seat. This, of course, is only to be used as last indicated when one is lame or very much inclined to laziness.

At the pools, some distance below the Narrows, are found numbers of fallen trees, projecting nearly at right angles to the low river-banks. These trees are the occasion, to nearly all anglers, of the loss of a few fish. Poling rapidly under them, while intent upon a running fish, they find their elevated rod within a few inches of the obstruction. On the instant, the rod is thrown forward, and this gives slack line to the fish and enables him to free himself. A second and too late thought tells him what every one of course knows, that a line from a given point before him on the water to the top of his rod, when held upright, is precisely the same as from the same given point to the top of his rod when it is dropped horizontally in the same vertical plane. Nine times out of ten an inexperienced angler forgets this, and does not quickly throw his rod to the center of the river, as shown in the sketch, and thus preserve his rod and keep a uniform strain upon his fish.

The old log-house at the Narrows is replete with pleasant reminiscences. On the pine doors, cupboards, and window-casings are scores of scores and sketches illustrating amusing incidents of life upon a salmon-stream. Sadly we note the names of one or two who, alas! can never gladden us again with their presence.

Higgs's well-known copy of Bagster's first edition of Izaak Walton is bound in wood from the door of Cotton's fishing-house, "taken off by Mr. Higgs, near the lock, where he was sure Old Izaak must have touched it." Following out somewhat this



HOW FISH ARE LOST.

center of gravity low and prevent capsizing, and which when casting can be turned up for

\* While upon the river, I neglected to make a rough sketch of the Narrows Falls, and am greatly indebted to the kindness of J. D. Sargent, Esq., of Philadelphia, skilled in photography as well as in angling, for a photograph of a very similar Fall upon the Nipissiguit River in New Brunswick. With this photograph as a guide, we were able to give a pretty faithful representation of the Upper Falls of the York.

conceit, we made our sketches and notes upon the soft bark of some of the old birches that overlooked our quarters.

In closing these "Notes," necessarily rambling as they follow the salmon, we may add that there are benefits to be derived from salmon angling other than those of pleasure and health; for the angler is constantly at school, and nowhere can one so readily and surely learn self-control, coolness

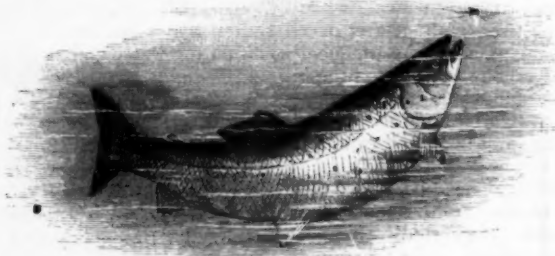


at all times, and the quickest possible adaptation in emergencies of means to an end, as in the contest with the wily salmon.

—The writer of this article is greatly indebted to his young friends Turner and Miller—artists of Washington—who, from his rough sketches and dictation, prepared the original drawings of the illustrations.

The picture of "The Rise" is from a photograph sent to the writer by the genial Prouty, (firm of Bradford & Anthony), and copied by kind permission of the artist, Wal-

ter M. Brackett, Esq., of Boston. The original forms one of a series of four pictures, entitled respectively, "The Rise," "The Leap," "The Struggle," and "Landed." They were sold at a round figure in gold to an English amateur, who permitted Mr. Brackett to duplicate them and exhibit them at the Centennial. They are received by artists and competent critics as the best pictures ever painted to illustrate the taking of a salmon. Mr. Brackett reserved the right to photograph and copyright the same.



"THE RISE"—ADAPTED FROM BRACKETT'S PICTURE.

## BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. VI.

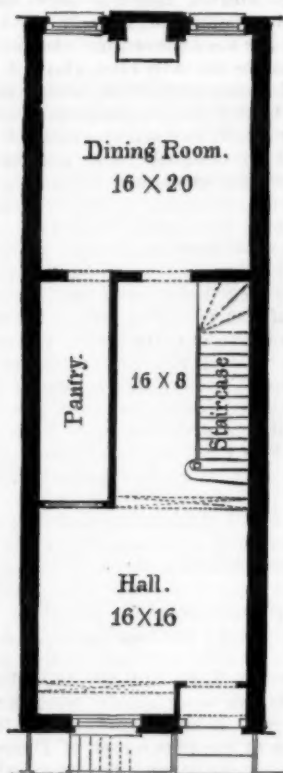
EN ROUTE FOR THE DINING-ROOM—A HALT IN THE HALL—THE DINING-ROOM.

I DO not know how I have neglected, all this time, to say a word about the "Hall," as, in our American love of fine names, we are wont to call what, in nine cases out of ten, even in houses of pretension, is nothing but an entry or passage-way. A Hall (*aula*) must be a large room, large at least in proportion to the size of the house, and a Hall properly so-called it is rare to see in our modern city houses. Our old-fashioned houses had often halls; I remember some in houses about the Common in Boston, and some in the old towns like Gloucester and Hingham, that were handsome, and that, seen to-day, give a pleasant idea of the comfort and substantial elegance enjoyed by many not over-rich people in old times when we were not so crowded as we are to-day. In city houses, particularly here in New York, where I believe we are more scrimped for room, and where even the richest people are obliged to squeeze themselves into a less number of square feet, than in any other city in the world calling itself great—there is often a sufficient excuse for these dismal, narrow, ill-lighted entry-

ways, but there is no excuse for them in our country-houses. As in first meeting a man or a woman, so in first entering a house, the first impression goes a great way in shaping our judgment. If, on entering the door, we find ourselves in a passage six feet wide, with a hat-stand on one side reducing it to four feet, and the bottom step of the staircase coming to within six feet of the doorway in front of us, with a gaselier dropping to within a foot of our head, we get an impression of something that is not precisely generosity, and which is not removed either by finding the drawing-room over-furnished, or by the fact that the hat-rack was made by Herter, that the carpet on the stairs is Wilton, and that the gaselier is one of Tiffany's imported masterpieces.

Of course none of us are to blame for the smallness of our entry-ways. Our landlords must be called to account for this defect, and all they can say in excuse is, that house-building is a thing partly of necessity and partly of fashion. When there was ground enough, the landlords will say, when lots 25 x 100 were the rule, and not, as now,

the exception, we built good-sized houses and gave wide enough halls; now that people are obliged to be content with two-thirds



NO. 1. PLAN OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

of a lot (houses sixteen feet wide being common), it is not possible to have anything but narrow entry-ways—a hall is out of the question. This is not exactly as the landlords say. There are houses in New York—I once had a friend who lived in one, and I always recall the little box with pleasure—which, though among the very smallest, are better provided in the way of hall than many of the largest dwellings. The house I speak of had an entry that might fairly be called a hall, for it was sixteen feet wide, and nearly as long: the accompanying plan (No. 1) will show how it was obtained. The house was sixteen feet wide, and, as will be seen, the first floor was taken up with the dining-room, pantry, stair-case, and the hall I speak of. The second-floor had two rooms, one in front and one at the rear, with a large open hall (not a dark room) between them, and

above were the bedrooms in two stories. All I am concerned with now is the arrangement of the first floor, which seems to me, if we must have small houses, one that meets satisfactorily the demands of comfort and good looks. On entering the front-door—the house was what is called an "English basement," and the sill of the front-door was only eighteen inches from the sidewalk—we found ourselves in a narrow vestibule, the outer door of which was always wholly or one-half open. The inner door being passed, there was a generous, hospitable space, which was thus disposed of. The vestibule was, as the reader will see, taken off this open space, and the recess formed by the left side of the vestibule and the left wall of the house was used as a bay-window to be filled with plants. Against the right-hand wall there was nothing placed, in order that the line from the front-door to the stairs might be unobstructed, but some framed engravings were hung there, while against the opposite wall, was a table with a generous mirror—for, to parody Emerson, "All mankind loves a looking-glass"—and pegs for hats, and a rack for umbrellas. A settee stood against the end-wall of the pantry, and this was all the little hall contained. With its ample space; its dark painted and shellacked floor shining beyond the edges of one of those pretty rugs made in Philadelphia, of the clippings of tapestry-carpet; its box of ivy in the window, its shining mirror, and its two Braun autotypes, I am sure there was no hall in the city, no matter how rich the man it might belong to, that had a more cheerful, hospitable look than that of my friend's house.

Even there, however, pains were taken to keep everything down. Sixteen feet square is a sizeable hall, but it may be made to look small—as any room may—by being furnished with things out of proportion. Heavy-framed pictures or engravings on the walls, or sprawling patterns on the oil-cloth or the carpet, large pieces of furniture, fashionably clumsy, gawkily designed *à-la-mode*, and a bouncing gaselier in mid-air will make a mere cubby-hole out of a room which by judicious treatment could get full credit for all its cubic inches. Remembering this, the hall I speak of was furnished with only those things that were really needed (the plant-stand and the prints must be excepted), and these were made to suit themselves to the situation. I recollect that the mirror was a large generous-looking affair (almost a horse-glass, as the English cabinet-

makers of the last century translated *cheval-glass*), and that the shelf under it was rather long and narrow,—a shelf of mahogany supported on brackets of the same wood. The hat-and-umbrella-rack was an affair of the same sort as the Turkish gun-rack shown in SCRIBNER, for February (p. 497), with pegs for the hats, and rests for the umbrellas and canes. In the Morocco House, at the Centennial Exhibition, they have several of these shelves and racks to which we refer our readers who wish to see how these things really look. They look coarsely made seen near at hand, and the decoration is rather coarse also, but they are well designed, and the painting on them is effective. I wish they were more easily to be had. What a difference it shows in the taste of the two peoples, that both of them feeling the want of a contrivance of this sort, these barbarians, as we absurdly call them, should have supplied their want by a device at once pretty and convenient (and cheap as ours, at home, no doubt), while we are content with the ugly things made of tiresome walnut with hooks of brass or iron, very convenient, but unnecessarily ugly. However, if one prefers something with a modern European flavor, there is a contrivance, made in Vienna, of Russia leather—two broadish strips of leather edged with brass, with a brass ring at the end of each to hang it by, and with brass hooks projecting from its face on which either umbrella and cane, or hat and bonnet, can be suspended. This affair is pretty enough, but it has rather a temporary appearance, and can hardly be seriously recommended for a hall or entry-way that is much used. But there is really no need to fall back on one of the ungainly structures of wood or iron that are so much in use.

The settee in my friend's house was of Chinese make—teak-wood, with a marble seat, and with a circular slab of marble ornamenting the back. At that time such settees were uncommon, as was all Chinese furniture; but it can always be found now—days at Sypher's, where there are often some very handsome pieces. If one should find the settees too large (and they are too large for the rooms of most of us), there are arm-chairs of the same material that look well in small space, and give distinction to the most unpretending entry. Teak-wood and marble do not sound like a comfortable combination; but these settees and arm-chairs are comfortable, though there is nothing soft about them. They are not recommended for the parlor or sitting-room,

however, but only for the hall, where it is true their comfort will be wasted on messenger-boys, book-agents, the census-man, and the bereaved lady who offers us soap at merely nominal prices, with the falsetto story of her woes thrown in. As visitors of this class are the only ones who will sit in the hall, considerations of comfort may be allowed to yield to picturesqueness, and any chair or bench that gives us that will serve, since, being designed to sit on, there will surely be comfort enough left for the occasion. If a lighter seat is wanted, there are several sorts that may be picked up; a Venetian chair—either the antiques themselves, or the modern copies—the seat, back, and supports (one before and one behind) all made of flat pieces of wood, inlaid with pearl or ivory, or carved with bold carving, or pierced, and the solid parts decorated with color. These chairs (unless it be the richly carved ones) are not necessarily costly, the painted ones ought to be cheap, but the finer kinds are by no means uncommon at such shops as those of Mr. Sypher or Mr. Hawkins. What ought to be sought for, I think, in arranging a hall or entry is, to give a pleasing look to the house at the very entrance. How many halls look as if the house had put its hands behind its back, and met you with a pursed-up mouth, and a "What's your business?" Nobody ought to be willing to have visitors get that impression. Even the messenger-boy will start off with more alacrity when he hears your signal, if he remembers the Turkish gun-rack or the photograph of Durer's rabbit in your entry, and the bereaved soap-vender may moderate her falsetto a little in the cheerful company of your flowers.

While I am about it, though 'tis a little out of my beat, I will say a word or two more about the plan of the lower floor of this house. The floor was only ten feet high; but even this is too high for an easy stairs, unless more room is given than is common. The builder of this house, however (perhaps his wife had suffered from going up and down the ladder-stairs of our New York houses, and he thought of her when he contracted for this house), had let his nineteen steps stretch along sixteen feet, so that with risers a little over six inches, and treads a little over ten inches, the ascent was reasonably easy. The supports of the hand-rail were of iron, and were screwed to the casing outside the steps so that the width of the stairs was not intruded upon. This is the way the balusters are

fixed to the stairs in all the new houses in Paris, and it works well in practice. The newel-post was made as light as possible, consistent with its duties, instead of, as is the rule in New York generally, being made as heavy as can be contrived. The passage



NO. 2. "SHE'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE, SIR."

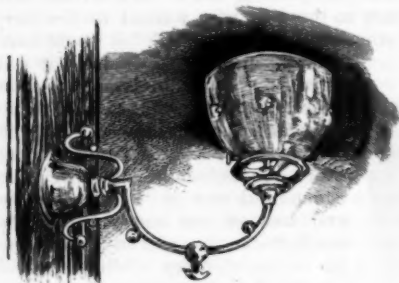
to the dining-room, between the stairs and the pantry, was eight feet wide, leaving three feet for the stairs and five feet for the pantry, which was, however, nearly sixteen feet long. This pantry contained a dumb-waiter, a silver tub, and a china-closet; it was lighted, or aired rather, for the gas was always going, by a pretty lunette window in the end facing the front door, and by a window on the side opposite the stairs.

The dining-room was sixteen feet wide (the full width of the house) and twenty feet deep. As sixteen feet is scrimp width for a dining-room, unless (as a servant said lately to the lady who wanted to hire her) "you do your own reachin'," it would have been a mistake to diminish it still further by putting a chimney-pier on either side. The builder had, therefore, carried up his chimney between the windows, a great improvement every way, although not, I believe, an economical one in building. The end wall of the house had to be much thicker in order to prevent the air in the chimney chilling in cold weather, but, both externally and internally, the advantage was all on the side of appearances. The chimney was so managed as to be a handsome feature, and within, the thick walls gave the old-fashioned window-seat, which every young lover of reading knows the pleasure of. Besides, on entering the dining-room in the season of fires, the family saw the welcome hearth and the bright mirror; and when all were seated the fire was in no one's way. The servant had room enough to go about the table without squeezing, and the served had room enough and to spare. On the whole this must have been a comfortable house in spite of its "only sixteen feet," and the wonder is that the general plan, with whatever modification and improvement can be devised, is not more followed, since we are all the time building narrow houses.

If one has only a passage-way to deal with, as is the case in nine houses out of ten, all that can be done is, to study the same simplicity. The mirror and hat-rack shown in cut No. 2, with the little bench beneath it, is taken from an entry that is even narrower than is common with us. But, while these things answer all needs, they seem to take up no room at all. And they are so pretty that the glance one gives at them prevents our noticing the narrowness of the space in which they stand.

Just a word about the way of lighting these small entries of ours. The gas-fixtures which depend from the ceiling are almost all too large, and are clumsy and meaningless in design. They are inconvenient to

light and to put out, and in overcoat time are responsible for many a scarified knuckle, the entry-ways being seldom large enough



No. 3 PRETTY BY DAY OR NIGHT.

to swing a coat in, and the gas-fixtures hanging low. A simple bracket like the one shown in cut No. 3 is the best for ordinary purposes. It is both convenient and handsome. In one case we know of, an old-fashioned hall lantern has been refurbished up and turned into a gas-burner; but this was partly from economy (the lantern when all was done costing much more than the most expensive bronze chandelier!) and partly from a desire to keep an old piece. Ordinarily, however, it will be found that a gas-burner which shall meet all requirements of usefulness, right size, and good taste, is a difficult thing to discover.

It seems to me that, as a general thing, our gas-fixtures are too heavy-looking, they pretend to be too much. I know none of them are really as heavy or as solid as they look, but that does not make the matter better. If they are not as heavy as they seem, there is no use in their seeming heavier than they are! If we think about it, we shall perceive that there is no reason to be given for a chandelier or a gaselier either being or looking heavy or very solid. Light is not heavy in itself, nor are candles very heavy, while gas is, of course, a synonym for lightness.

The chandeliers and branches of old times were, as everybody knows, models of delicacy and grace. The aim seemed to be to make the supports and holders of the candles as harmonious with their whiteness and slenderness, and with the spiritual beauty of the light they were to give, as was possible. The slender arms that held the candles were wreathed and twisted into strong but graceful scrolls, and the main stem was made as slim as was consistent with the weight it had to bear—the base

alone was loaded to prevent upsetting. It was a great deprivation when we were obliged to give up candles for illuminating. Nothing could be prettier than the effect of a room prepared for an evening party, decorated with flowers and lighted with wax candles. Candle-light is the only artificial light by which beauty shows all its beauty—it even makes the plain less plain. I do not know why it was that when gas came into use it was thought necessary to make all the chandeliers and branches clumsy and mechanical. Perhaps there was an unconscious connection in the manufacturers' minds between these instruments of illumination and the ponderous machinery and manipulation by which the gas is produced.

But, in reality, though nothing that may be devised for lighting our rooms can ever be so pretty to look at as candles, yet gas has also its poetry, and as its use is established we are bound to think how it may be used gracefully. There is no doubt that we Americans are unreasonably in love with machinery and contrivance, and that the makers of gas-fixtures have played upon our love of ingenuity until they have made us accept the most monstrous and complicated gas-machines for the decoration of our rooms. I live in the blessed hope that gas will one day be superseded by something better. It is unhealthy, it is troublesome, it is expensive, it tarnishes our silver, our picture-frames and our wall-papers, and how can it do this without injuring those who breathe it? But such as it is, we need not make it more disagreeable to the eyes and mind by bringing it into the parlor through a clumsy machine made up of wire tackle, hoisters, chains, weights and bronze frame-work. No more do we want statuettes or intricate ornaments upon our gaseliers. Beauty and utility are served best by a combination in shining metal (not in dull bronze) of curved and twisted branches through which the fluent gas shall really make its way, and that shall look as if the designer had taken into consideration the nature of the substance that was to pass through his pipes. At present nearly all the designs for gas-fixtures appear directly to contradict the use they are to be put to, and instead of flowing, graceful lines, all the lines employed are angular and hard.

The best gas that is made nowadays is so poor, and so much trouble with the eyes is ascribed to its action—(I wish the doctors would pound away as vigorously against gas and furnaces as it is their fashion to do



against bad sewerage)—that many people have learned to use either the German student lamp or the French moderator, while some, more radical still, have frankly gone back to candles, and work only by them. With one of their lights and a soft coal fire, it is still possible to make one's parlor look as if it were a living-room and not a dying-room.

Even if it be urged that a gas chandelier is the best means of illuminating a dining or supper-table, because it permits all the people to see one another, I still demur that if elegance or picturesqueness be aimed at, the old silver-plated branches for candles

amount of solid wood in it, added to the carving, inlaying, and veneering with different woods, has made it very expensive. Of course the Bowery and Canal street have followed Broadway and the Fifth Avenue, and we can hardly tell cheap furniture from dear, by the price. The so-called "East-lake" furniture has had much to do with keeping up the tendency we speak of. The one thing the designers of it seem to be after is to make it look "solid," and the one thing they seem in "mortal" dread of is that it shall be graceful or elegant. Some of the productions of the mills that turn out this uncomfortable lumber are wonderful



No. 4. "IN TEA-CUP TIME OF HOOD AND HOOP."

are your only wear. The expense is an item hardly worth considering (it was not the dearness of candles, but the troublesomeness of them that sent them out of use), and every woman knows that no light sets off her complexion, her dress, her ornaments, like the soft light of candles. The diamond, for example, is a dull stone by gas-light; its prismatic sparkle is only seen by candle-light.

Another modern tendency that seems to have nearly run the length of its tether, is toward what is generally spoken of as *massive* furniture. We have been making our furniture so heavy of late, that the

to behold. One is not surprised to hear of people being killed by such furniture falling on them. Most of it would look clumsy in an Italian palace. In our American parlors and bedrooms it is not at home. Many persons, however, who do not like it in a parlor think it is just the thing for a dining-room. Why we should consider that the furniture of the dining-room ought to be so much heavier than that of the parlor, I do not know. Probably we got it from the English, who, a few years ago, had that notion, though they did not always have it, as may be seen by cut No. 4. This is copied from a sideboard now in this country, and

which many of my readers will recognize as belonging to a style of which many examples, some as elegant no doubt as this, some very plain and inferior to it in design, are still to be found in old houses. In making this furniture our ancestors were aiming at lightness of form, economy of space, and delicacy of execution. All the best pieces are finished with extreme care, and they are so well put together—so skillfully and so conscientiously—as in many cases to have defied the wear and tear of nearly a century. Some chairs which had, no doubt, been made by one of the best English makers of the last century, were recently bought from the kitchen of a dismantled house (to which room they had descended from the parlor, in the course of the gradual ruin of the

the ungentle treatment received by these chairs.

The Eastlake furniture must not, however, be judged by what is made in this country, and sold under that name. I have seen very few pieces of this that were either well designed or well made. None of the cheaper sort is ever either. Mr. Herter has had some pieces made which were both well designed, and thoroughly well made, as all his furniture is, however we may sometimes quarrel with its over-ornamentation; and Mr. Marcotte has also shown us some good examples in this style. But these are not to be referred to as examples of cheapness, which was one of the recommendations of the Eastlake furniture. They are only referred to as doing the style (if it be a style) more



No. 5. THE CHILDREN'S QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

family), and though they had been put by the beggarly inmates to the roughest use, and had lost their seats, sacking, stuffing, covering and all, they needed nothing but to have this lack supplied, and to be well cleaned and polished, to be as good as ever they were. It needs little examination to be assured that much of the solidest-looking "Eastlake" furniture (I mean that made in this country) would have succumbed under

justice than the lumps of things we see in certain shops, though, in truth, these lumps are a good deal more like the things recommended in Mr. Eastlake's book than the stylish, elegant pieces designed by Messrs. Herter and Marcotte. If one looks at these and then examines carefully the furniture at the Exhibition displayed by Messrs. Collinson & Lock—those pieces, especially, with the beautiful panels painted by Mr. Murray,—

and at the reproduction of furniture of Queen Anne's time and of the first George's, made by Messrs. Wright & Mansfield, it will be seen that, although Messrs. Collinson & Lock are popularly supposed to represent the "Eastlake" style, they do not, in fact, their best pieces being as elegant and light, in their way, as those of Messrs. Wright & Mansfield, while, as for finish, the one is as thorough, as delicate, and as conscientious as the other. These really are two different styles, and one must choose between them. To the one, belongs the sideboard shown in Cut No. 4, made, as I have said, in England, in the last century—a very perfect specimen of its kind. To the other, belongs the sideboard shown in Cut No. 5, made by Cottier & Co., of course from their own designs.

This is one of the best modern sideboards I have seen, and well deserves to be recommended as a model. It is made of hard wood, stained black and then polished. The drawers and doors have key-plates and handles of brass, of that fine gold color which is now given to it, but, with this exception, that there is nothing added to relieve the black of the wood-work. It will be observed that there is no carving, and scarcely any molding on this piece, but no one would think anything wanting who should see it with even so little upon it as a dish of fruit, a few glasses and water-bottles, and on the shelf some blue plates, not put there for show, but in daily use. Much less would the eruptive carving, and the stuck-on ornaments and the coarse moldings that are considered indispensable to a "stylish" sideboard be missed from this one on a feast-day, when fruit, and flowers, and glass, and silver, are busy "making reflections" on the gleaming surface for the benefit of those who have eyes!

The old-fashioned sideboards are often desirable pieces to have, but I do not believe in copying them, however skillfully it may be done. That is, I should not, for myself, care to have one of those Wright & Mansfield copies at the Exhibition, though, I think, I am fully sensible to the perfection of the workmanship, and to the elegance of the models. I would not hesitate, if I were in want of a sideboard, to buy a good example of the style shown in Cut No. 4, if I could find a genuine old piece in first-rate condition, like those Mr. Sypher has recently picked up, and which are in his show-room. They are not such perfect specimens as the one which Mr. Lathrop has drawn, but they are of the better class, and one of them is an uncommon one to be on sale.

But, unless I could get an old one, and a good one, too, I should much prefer having one made after a design of my own time, to having a copy made of something old-fashioned. We make pretty things nowadays, or can make them, and the difficulty of getting things simple and unpretending in design is not half as great as we pretend to believe. The trouble is, half the time, with ourselves. We don't want things simple and unpretending; I mean, very few of us do. We are not strong enough in our own taste to be able to relish plain surfaces without panels, edges without moldings, and a pleasingness, generally, that depends wholly on good proportions and nice finish. Ornament is a thing to be desired, but to be desired it must be good, and it must be in its place. If the reader be a young married couple, let him look up from this page with candid eyes at the set of "Eastlake" furniture which she has just bought with the money he has been saving up for a year or two for that especial purpose, and ask herself, how much of the ornament that is stuck upon it, or gouged out of it, regardless of cheapness, is good. And, ten to one, if he can find a bit of it that is good, it will be put on in the wrong place,—that is, where it cannot be seen, or where it can be easily knocked, or knocked off, or where it will easily knock its owner.

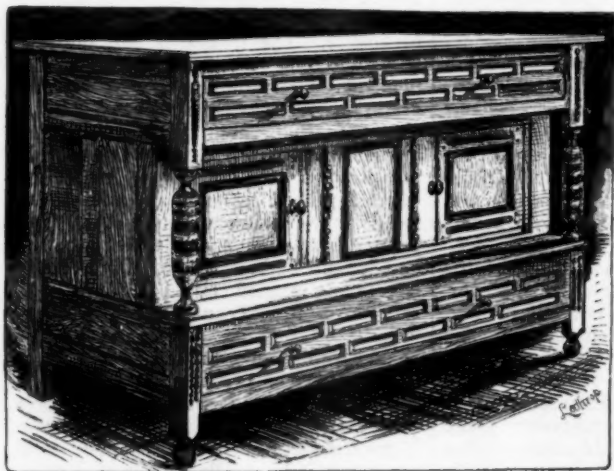
N. B.—Of course it will be of ash, the coldest, most unsympathetic, most inartistic of woods; and most likely it will have some cold blue tiles let into its surface—tiles, things that except for actual utility have no right to be used in connection with wood. A table-top may be covered with tiles if it is to be often in danger of a wetting. Such a table makes the best stand for plants. Or a wash-stand may be covered with them, or a fire-place surrounded by them, but, used with wood as ornament alone, they are always out of sorts; they feel their own incongruity and make you feel it too.

Cut No. 6 is a more home-spun sideboard, but a useful one, and far from ill-looking. It is a genuine old Puritan piece, one of those alluded to in a former article as having been found in a barn-yard, where it had for many years been given over to the hens. From having cold chicken on its top, it had come to have warm chicken inside, and it was no easy matter to remove the traces of the hen's housekeeping. But solid oak well pinned together and mortised is proof against much ill-usage and bad weather, and this sideboard showed that it had not lived so

many years in a Puritan family for nothing, and been humbled and put to base uses for another life-time without profiting by its experience. After careful cleansing and a good polishing, it turned out much handsomer than it had been in the good old

polished. As the top row of tiles was found to extend a little over the two side-rows, the molding was simply given a jog (instead of cutting the top row to make it even), and the result was so happy that it almost looked like design. If the border had gone up straight at the sides, it certainly would not have looked so well as it does with the little jog at the upper corner. We shall find it a very good working-rule in life, in these matters at least, to take what we have, and see how much we can accomplish by working upon that as a base, not thinking it necessary to turn, and turn, and overturn, in order to get the whole completely to our mind.

All around the room which contained this fire-place and mantel-shelf there was carried a chair-rail, the dark



NO. 6 DE PROFUNDIS.

times of which it had, no doubt, often thought sorrowfully, and it now makes an envied ornament in one of the prettiest and happiest homes of young Boston.

It so often happens that our dining-rooms are too narrow for comfort that I have asked Mr. Lathrop to make a drawing of a certain wall which was to be kept as flat as possible, since the room was very thin in the flanks, and had to be humored. I think the reader will admit that the result (Cut No. 7) is picturesque without being odd, and that it looks as if some comfort might be had around such a fire-side. I must mention that the pier was of greater width than usual, that the fire-place opening was small, and that there was no mantel-piece other than the shelf the reader sees in the wood-cut. The occupant of the room took things just as he found them, and without proposing any violent changes, used the material he had as a basis for his improvements. One of the English grates, first brought to us by Cottier & Co., but, since, to be seen in plenty, and of many sorts in the Exhibition, was set, and about it, to use them up, a lot of old Dutch tiles which had been bought at a bargain, and as good things to have in the house. These tiles were inclosed to hold them to the wall by a molding of wood, stained black and

strip of wood that is seen below the brackets. The position of the brackets was allowed to regulate the placing of this strip; the height chosen for it was that which would bring it where it would look best in relation to them, and then it was carried round the remaining wall-spaces at that height. The base-board was left as it was found, but the angles of the pier were covered with wood, because the plaster was pretty sure to be chipped, if left unguarded. There was a small hearth of tiles, not extending further to either side than was needed for safety, and I should have said that the Dutch tiles were an odd lot, some with the old Bible stories, some with landscapes, and others with conventional patterns; but they were allowed to take care of themselves and to choose their own mates, so that, when they were in place, they had an accidental look that was pleasant enough to the eye. The base-board, the shelf and its brackets, and the chair-rail were painted a dead black, and the black border round the tiles (which, though there were a few purple ones among them, were nearly all blue) was polished. The wall between the chair-rail and the base-board was washed with water-color of a sort of brown, and the rest of the wall was washed

with Venetian red. A shining brass fender with its brass-handled fire-irons, a generous copper coal-scuttle, and the objects on the shelf, gave color enough and brightness upon this background. The broom that hangs from the chair-rail is one of those Japanese brooms made of the fiber of the cocoa-nut, with handles of bamboo. They come with longer handles than the one shown in the drawing, but this was bought for a light hearth-brush. They are serviceable for easy

made of metal is copyable by the electrotype, why should not some one copy real antique tripods for us—they were often made to serve as supports—and so give us one solution at least of the question, "Where shall we find a good pedestal?"

These English grates are certainly very pretty and convenient. The ornament on this particular grate consists of a slender vine filling up narrow parallel grooves on the face. They are "stopped" against a



No. 7. "HE CAN DO LITTLE WHO CAN'T DO THIS."

work, the fiber being fine and soft, and they are much prettier to look at than any brushes we can buy here. I may note in passing, the pedestal on which the bust of Clytie stands, and which would be a good design for some one to work out in better materials than this unfortunately is made of. It was bought for its looks, and after twenty years' wear and movings innumerable it still lives, and will be good, I suppose, for another twenty years. Now, that everything

border running around the opening of the fire-place. On this border the pattern consists of small wheels, like snail-shells cut across, which change with the direction of the light. The bars are given a slight double curve, and are ornamented a little on the face; but all the ornament is delicate and unobtrusive: it owes not a little of its attractiveness to the sharpness of the casting. The Japanese tea-kettle—and their bronze (or is it copper?) tea-kettles are useful affairs





NO. 8. COFFEE TABLE, À LA TURQUE.

—rests on a trivet of iron that belongs to the grate, but which can be removed at pleasure. The trivet is round, with one slender leg which passes through holes in the two uppermost bars. This enables it to be swung over the fire, or to be turned so that the kettle can simmer at pleasure. I showed one of these kettles as an illustration to one of the later articles of this series (SCRIBNER for June, p. 168) where it was seen on the table, boiling (but not boiling over) with zeal to make a good cup of tea. For those whose happiness does not depend on their having a silver, or even a silver-plated tea-kettle on their tables, these Japanese kettles may be recommended, but not, of course, if they are to have rough usage. Though they are well made, the metal is kept rather thin, and dents are not so easily smoothed out of them as they are out of silver.

As somebody may, perhaps, puzzle for a moment over the title of Cut No. 7—"He can do little who can't do this,"—I may as well explain that it hints at the small cost incurred in the arrangement of this fire-side. Brass fenders, copper coal-scuttles, and brass-handled fire-irons, do, indeed, cost a great

deal of money, if one goes to the fashionable shops, but, they are all the time being "picked up" for very little money. There are thousands of these things still in the hands of the original owners all over the country, and we know of ladies who, by a little generalship with junk-men, have got hold of treasures of fender and fire-irons worth taking much more trouble for than a few words across the garden fence can give. Still, even in the shops, these brass and copper things do not cost so much as modern fashionable things that go as far in looks, and our talk is now of "looks,"—not of what we can get along with, or without.

The grate, too, cost, brought to this country, a great deal more than it did in England, where it is produced in answer to a wish for cheap grates. But, for this, we have to thank our customs duties, and there are, besides, to be taken into account the expenses of packing, cartage, and commission. I mean that when these grates, and grates in this same spirit, come to be made here, they will be as cheap as the cheapest, and they are certainly far prettier.

For the rest, the tiles were picked up and cost, at auction, say, ten cents apiece. But in the shops they are dearer, though there of course they are in perfect condition; those in the picture are chipped, and they are what dealers call "an assorted lot," which means, there are no two alike. The mantel-piece is pine-wood painted black, and so is all the wood-work shown, except what holds the tiles, which is of hard wood and polished. The walls are washed with water-color. There is nothing here which fashionable rich people would not laugh at, and yet, the owner and his friends think it quite jolly, and, in the slang of the time, "vote it a success."

Cut No. 9 is a table of the old time, which will be recognized by many a reader of SCRIBNER with a wish that he might come upon such a one to-day. They were made of several sizes, and were round or oval, square or oblong, sometimes with carved and handsomely turned legs and claw-feet; sometimes with a leg simply turned as a baluster and with no carving at all. Rarely they were like the one in our cut, in which the edge is *dentelée*, as the French say—

"scolloped" in homely English. These table-tops, whether large or small, seem to be



NO. 9. THE CHEERFUL ROUND OF DAILY WORK.

always wrought out of one plank, and the molding on the edge is always worked on the solid. The tops in almost all cases revolve, and they can be turned down so

as to be set at one side, where they take up but little room. In a small dining-room they can be used as a side-table for the bread and water and dessert plates, or for a dumb-waiter, which was the word applied to a stand of this sort before we began to apply it to the lift. It was for this that they were made to revolve, as by this contrivance any object the table contained could be brought under the hand of the person at whose side it stood.

At the same period, dumb-waiters were made in stages revolving around a central shaft, the lower stage three feet perhaps in diameter, and the two upper ones decreasing in a graceful proportion. I believe only the lower stage revolved, as a rule. On the upper stages were put the dishes of fruit which nowadays it is the fashion to arrange in the middle of the table. The French to-day have these dumb-waiters in use. They are small, square, in two stories and with four legs, and the top is generally of marble—the gray marble of which the French make so much use. However shaped, they are extremely convenient, and by putting at least the bread and water within our reach they enable us to be rid a little while of the servant.

Cut No. 8 is another of these small tables, designed by Mr. Frank Lathrop on a Turkish theme, and drawn by him also.



## THE MAN WHO LOST HIS NAME.



"HE STRUCK HIS HANDS AGAINST HIS FOREHEAD, AND SANK DOWN."

On the second day of June, 186—a young Norseman, Halfdan Bjerk by name, landed on the pier at Castle Garden. He passed through the straight and narrow gate where he was asked his name, birth-place, and how much money he had,—at which he grew very much frightened.

"And your destination?"—demanded the gruff-looking functionary at the desk.

"America," said the youth and touched his hat politely.

"Do you think I have time for joking?" roared the official, with an oath.

The Norseman ran his hand through his hair, smiled his timidly conciliatory smile,

and tried his best to look brave; but his hand trembled and his heart thumped away at an alarmingly quickened tempo.

"Put him down for Nebraska!" cried a stout red-cheeked individual (inwrapped in the mingled fumes of tobacco and whisky) whose function it was to open and shut the gate.

"There aint many as go to Nebraska."

"All right, Nebraska."

The gate swung open and the pressure from behind urged the timid traveler on, while an extra push from the gate-keeper sent him flying in the direction of a board fence, where he sat down and tried to

realize that he was now in the land of liberty.

Halfdan Bjerk was a tall, slender-limbed youth of very delicate frame; he had a pair of wonderfully candid, unreflecting blue eyes, a smooth, clear, beardless face, and soft, wavy light hair, which was pushed back from his forehead without parting. His mouth and chin were well cut, but their lines were, perhaps, rather weak for a man. When in repose, the *ensemble* of his features was exceedingly pleasing and somehow reminded one of Correggio's St. John. He had left his native land because he was an ardent republican and was abstractly convinced that man, generically and individually, lives more happily in a republic than in a monarchy. He had anticipated with keen pleasure the large, freely breathing life he was to lead in a land where every man was his neighbor's brother, where no senseless traditions kept a jealous watch over obsolete systems and shrines, and no chilling prejudice blighted the spontaneous blossoming of the soul.

Halfdan was an only child. His father, a poor government official, had died during his infancy, and his mother had given music lessons, and kept boarders, in order to gain the means to give her son what is called a learned education. In the Latin school Halfdan had enjoyed the reputation of being a bright youth, and at the age of eighteen, he had entered the university under the most promising auspices. He could make very fair verses, and play all imaginable instruments with equal ease, which made him a favorite in society. Moreover, he possessed that very old-fashioned accomplishment of cutting silhouettes; and what was more, he could draw the most charmingly fantastic arabesques for embroidery patterns, and he even dabbled in portrait and landscape painting. Whatever he turned his hand to, he did well, in fact astonishingly well for a *dilettante*, and yet not well enough to claim the title of an artist. Nor did it ever occur to him to make such a claim. As one of his fellow-students remarked in a fit of jealousy, "Once when Nature had made three geniuses, a poet, a musician, and a painter, she took all the remaining odds and ends and shook them together at random and the result was Halfdan Bjerk." This agreeable *mélange* of accomplishments, however, proved very attractive to the ladies, who invited the possessor to innumerable afternoon tea-parties, where they drew heavy

drafts on his unflagging patience, and kept him steadily engaged with patterns and designs for embroidery, leather flowers, and other dainty knickknacks. And in return for all his exertions they called him "sweet" and "beautiful," and applied to him many other enthusiastic adjectives seldom heard in connection with masculine names. In the university, talents of this order gained but slight recognition, and when Halfdan had for three years been preparing himself in vain for the *examen philosophicum*, he found himself slowly and imperceptibly drifting into the ranks of the so-called *studiosi perpetui*, who preserve a solemn silence at the examination tables, fraternize with every new generation of freshmen, and at last become part of the fixed furniture of their *Alma Mater*. In the larger American colleges, such men are mercilessly dropped or sent to a Divinity School; but the European universities, whose temper the centuries have mellowed, harbor in their spacious Gothic bosoms a tenderer heart for their unfortunate sons. There the professors greet them at the green tables with a good-humored smile of recognition; they are treated with gentle forbearance, and are allowed to linger on, until they die or become tutors in the families of remote clergymen, where they invariably fall in love with the handsomest daughter, and thus lounge into a modest prosperity.

If this had been the fate of our friend Bjerk, we should have dismissed him here with a confident "*vale*" on his life's pilgrimage. But, unfortunately, Bjerk was inclined to hold the government in some way responsible for his own poor success as a student, and this, in connection with an aesthetic enthusiasm for ancient Greece, gradually convinced him that the republic was the only form of government under which men of his tastes and temperament were apt to flourish. It was, like everything that pertained to him, a cheerful, genial conviction, without the slightest tinge of bitterness. The old institutions were obsolete, rotten to the core, he said, and needed a radical renovation. He could sit for hours of an evening in the Students' Union, and discourse over a glass of mild toddy, on the benefits of universal suffrage and trial by jury, while the picturesqueness of his language, his genial sarcasms, or occasional witty allusions would call forth uproarious applause from throngs of admiring freshmen. These were the sunny days in Halfdan's career, days long to be remembered. They came to an abrupt end when old Mrs. Bjerk died, leaving nothing be-

hind her but her furniture and some trifling debts. The son, who was not an eminently practical man, underwent long hours of misery in trying to settle up her affairs, and finally in a moment of extreme dejection sold his entire inheritance in a lump to a pawnbroker (reserving for himself a few rings and trinkets) for the modest sum of 250 dollars specie. He then took formal leave of the Students' Union in a brilliant speech, in which he traced the parallelisms between the lives of Pericles and Washington,—in his opinion the two greatest men the world had ever seen,—expounded his theory of democratic government, and explained the causes of the rapid rise of the American Republic. The next morning he exchanged half of his worldly possessions for a ticket to New York, and within a few days set sail for the land of promise, in the far West.

## II.

FROM Castle Garden, Halfdan made his way up through Greenwich street, pursued by a clamorous troop of confidence men and hotel runners.

"*Kommen Sie mit mir. Ich bin auch Deutsch*," cried one. "*Voilà, voilà, je parle Français*," shouted another, seizing hold of his valise. "*Jeg er Dansk. Talé Dansk*,"\* roared a third, with an accent which seriously impeached his truthfulness. In order to escape from these importunate rascals, who were every moment getting bolder, he threw himself into the first street-car which happened to pass; he sat down, gazed out of the windows and soon became so thoroughly absorbed in the animated scenes which moved as in a panorama before his eyes, that he quite forgot where he was going. The conductor called for fares, and received an English shilling, which, after some ineffectual expostulation, he pocketed, but gave no change. At last after about an hour's journey, the car stopped, the conductor called out "Central Park," and Halfdan woke up with a start. He dismounted with a timid, deliberate step, stared in dim bewilderment at the long rows of palatial residences, and a chill sense of loneliness crept over him. The hopeless strangeness of everything he saw, instead of filling him with rapture as he had once anticipated, sent a cold shiver to his heart. It is a very large affair, this world of ours—a good deal larger than it appeared to him gazing out upon it from his snug little corner up under the Pole;

and it was as unsympathetic as it was large; he suddenly felt what he had never been aware of before—that he was a very small part of it and of very little account after all. He staggered over to a bench at the entrance to the park, and sat long watching the fine carriages as they dashed past him; he saw the handsome women in brilliant costumes laughing and chatting gayly; the apathetic policemen promenading in stoic dignity up and down upon the smooth pavements; the jauntily attired nurses, whom in his Norse innocence he took for mothers or aunts of the children, wheeling baby-carriages which to Norse eyes seemed miracles of dainty ingenuity, under the shady crowns of the elm-trees. He did not know how long he had been sitting there, when a little bright-eyed girl with light kid gloves, a small blue parasol and a blue polonaise, quite a lady of fashion *en miniature*, stopped in front of him and stared at him in shy wonder. He had always been fond of children, and often rejoiced in their affectionate ways and confidential prattle, and now it suddenly touched him with a warm sense of human fellowship to have this little daintily befrilled and crisply starched beauty single him out for notice among the hundreds who reclined in the arbors, or sauntered to and fro under the great trees.

"What is your name, my little girl?" he asked, in a tone of friendly interest.

"Clara," answered the child, hesitatingly; then, having by another look assured herself of his harmlessness, she added: "How very funny you speak!"

"Yes," he said, stooping down to take her tiny begloved hand. "I do not speak as well as you do, yet; but I shall soon learn."

Clara looked puzzled.

"How old are you?" she asked, raising her parasol, and throwing back her head with an air of superiority.

"I am twenty-four years old."

She began to count half aloud on her fingers: "One, two, three, four," but, before she reached twenty, she lost her patience.

"Twenty-four," she exclaimed, "that is a great deal. I am only seven, and papa gave me a pony on my birthday. Have you got a pony?"

"No; I have nothing but what is in this valise, and you know I could not very well get a pony into it."

Clara glanced curiously at the valise and laughed; then suddenly she grew serious again, put her hand into her pocket and

\*"I am a Dane. I speak Danish."



seemed to be searching eagerly for something. Presently she hauled out a small porcelain doll's head, then a red-painted block with letters on it, and at last a penny.

"Do you want them?" she said, reaching him her treasures in both hands. "You may have them all."

Before he had time to answer, a shrill, penetrating voice cried out:

"Why, gracious! child, what are you doing?"

And the nurse, who had been deeply absorbed in "The New York Ledger," came rushing up, snatched the child away, and retreated as hastily as she had come.

Halfdan rose and wandered for hours aimlessly along the intertwining roads and foot-paths. He visited the menageries, admired the statues, took a very light dinner, consisting of coffee, sandwiches, and ice, at the Chinese Pavilion, and, toward evening, discovered an inviting leafy arbor, where he could withdraw into the privacy of his own thoughts, and ponder upon the still unsolved problem of his destiny. The little incident with the child had taken the edge off his unhappiness and turned him into a more conciliatory mood toward himself and the great pitiless world, which seemed to take so little notice of him. And he, who had come here with so warm a heart and so ardent a will to join in the great work of human advancement—to find himself thus harshly ignored and buffeted about, as if he were a hostile intruder! Before him lay the huge unknown city where human life pulsed with large, full heart-throbs, where a breathless, weird intensity, a cold, fierce passion seemed to be hurrying everything onward in a maddening whirl, where a gentle, warm-blooded enthusiast like himself had no place and could expect naught but a speedy destruction. A strange, unconquerable dread took possession of him, as if he had been caught in a swift, strong whirlpool, from which he vainly struggled to escape. He crouched down among the foliage and shuddered. He could not return to the city. No, no; he never would return. He would remain here hidden and unseen until morning, and then he would seek a vessel bound for his dear native land, where the great mountains loomed up in serene majesty toward the blue sky, where the pine-forests whispered their dreamily sympathetic legends, in the long summer twilight, where human existence flowed on in calm beauty with the modest aims, small virtues, and small vices which were the hap-

piness of modest, idyllic souls. He even saw himself in spirit recounting to his astonished countrymen the wonderful things he had heard and seen during his foreign pilgrimage, and smiled to himself as he imagined their wonder when he should tell them about the beautiful little girl who had been the first and the only one to offer him a friendly greeting in the strange land. During these reflections he fell asleep, and slept soundly for two or three hours. Once, he seemed to hear footsteps and whispers among the trees, and made an effort to rouse himself, but weariness again overmastered him and he slept on. At last, he felt himself seized violently by the shoulders, and a gruff voice shouted in his ear:

"Get up, you sleepy dog."

He rubbed his eyes, and, by the dim light of the moon, saw a Herculean policeman lifting a stout stick over his head. His former terror came upon him with increased violence, and his heart stood for a moment still, then, again, hammered away as if it would burst his sides.

"Come along!" roared the policeman, shaking him vehemently by the collar of his coat.

In his bewilderment he quite forgot where he was, and, in hurried Norse sentences, assured his persecutor that he was a harmless, honest traveler, and implored him to release him. But the official Hercules was inexorable.

"My valise, my valise;" cried Halfdan. "Pray let me get my valise."

They returned to the place where he had slept, but the valise was nowhere to be found. Then, with dumb despair he resigned himself to his fate, and after a brief ride on a street-car, found himself standing in a large, low-ceiled room; he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

"The grand—the happy republic," he murmured, "spontaneous blossoming of the soul. Alas! I have rooted up my life; I fear it will never blossom."

All the high-flown adjectives he had employed in his parting speech in the Students' Union, when he paid his enthusiastic tribute to the Grand Republic, now kept recurring to him, and in this moment the paradox seemed cruel. The Grand Republic, what did it care for such as he? A pair of brawny arms fit to wield the pick-axe and to steer the plow it received with an eager welcome; for a child-like, loving heart and a generously fantastic brain, it had but the stern greeting of the law.

## III.

THE next morning, Halfdan was released from the Police Station, having first been fined five dollars for vagrancy. All his money, with the exception of a few pounds which he had exchanged in Liverpool, he had lost with his valise, and he had to his knowledge not a single acquaintance in the city or on the whole continent. In order to increase his capital he bought some fifty "Tribunes," but, as it was already late in the day, he hardly succeeded in selling a single copy. The next morning, he once more stationed himself on the corner of Murray street and Broadway, hoping in his innocence to dispose of the papers he had still on hand from the previous day, and actually did find a few customers among the people who were jumping in and out of the omnibusses that passed up and down the great thoroughfare. To his surprise, however, one of these gentlemen returned to him with a very wrathful countenance, shook his fist at him, and vociferated with excited gestures something which to Halfdan's ears had a very unintelligible sound. He made a vain effort to defend himself; the situation appeared so utterly incomprehensible to him, and in his dumb helplessness he looked pitiful enough to move the heart of a stone. No English phrase suggested itself to him, only a few Norse interjections rose to his lips. The man's anger suddenly abated; he picked up the paper which he had thrown on the sidewalk, and stood for a while regarding Halfdan curiously.

"Are you a Norwegian?" he asked.

"Yes, I came from Norway yesterday."

"What's your name?"

"Halfdan Bjerk."

"Halfdan Bjerk! My stars! Who would have thought of meeting you here! You do not recognize me, I suppose."

Halfdan declared with a timid tremor in his voice that he could not at the moment recall his features.

"No, I imagine I must have changed a good deal since you saw me," said the man, suddenly dropping into Norwegian. "I am Gustav Olson, I used to live in the same house with you once, but that is long ago now."

Gustav Olson—to be sure, he was the porter's son in the house, where his mother had once during his childhood, taken a flat. He well remembered having clandestinely traded jack-knives and buttons with him, in spite of the frequent warnings he had re-

ceived to have nothing to do with him; for Gustav, with his broad freckled face and red hair, was looked upon by the genteel inhabitants of the upper flats as rather a disreputable character. He had once whipped the son of a colonel who had been impudent to him, and thrown a snow-ball at the head of a new-fledged lieutenant, which offenses he had duly expiated at a house of correction. Since that time he had vanished from Halfdan's horizon. He had still the same broad freckled face, now covered with a lusty growth of coarse red beard, the same rebellious head of hair, which refused to yield to the subduing influences of the comb, the same plebeian hands and feet, and uncouth clumsiness of form. But his linen was irreproachable, and a certain dash in his manner, and the loud fashionableness of his attire, gave unmistakable evidences of prosperity.

"Come, Bjerk," said he in a tone of good-fellowship which was not without its sting to the idealistic republican, "you must take up a better business than selling yesterday's 'Tribune.' That won't pay here, you know. Come along to our office and I will see if something can't be done for you."

"But I should be sorry to give you trouble," stammered Halfdan, whose native pride, even in his present wretchedness, protested against accepting a favor from one whom he had been wont to regard as his inferior.

"Nonsense, my boy. Hurry up, I haven't much time to spare. The office is only two blocks from here. You don't look as if you could afford to throw away a friendly offer."

The last words suddenly roused Halfdan from his apathy; for he felt that they were true. A drowning man cannot afford to make nice distinctions—cannot afford to ask whether the helping hand that is extended to him be that of an equal or an inferior. So he swallowed his humiliation and threaded his way through the bewildering turmoil of Broadway, by the side of his officious friend.

They entered a large, elegantly furnished office, where clerks with sleek and severely apathetic countenances stood scribbling at their desks.

"You will have to amuse yourself as best you can," said Olson. "Mr. Van Kirk will be here in twenty minutes. I haven't time to entertain you."

A dreary half hour passed. Then the door opened and a tall, handsome man, with a full grayish beard, and a commanding

presence, entered and took his seat at a desk in a smaller adjoining office. He opened, with great dispatch, a pile of letters which lay on the desk before him, called out in a sharp, ringing tone for a clerk, who promptly appeared, handed him half-a-dozen letters, accompanying each with a brief direction, took some clean paper from a drawer and fell to writing. There was something brisk, determined, and business-like in his manner, which made it seem very hopeless to Halfdan to appear before him as a petitioner. Presently Olson entered the private office, closing the door behind him, and a few minutes later re-appeared and summoned Halfdan into the chief's presence.

"You are a Norwegian, I hear," said the merchant, looking around over his shoulder at the supplicant, with a preoccupied air. "You want work. What can you do?"

What can you do? A fatal question. But here was clearly no opportunity for mental debate. So, summoning all his courage, but feeling nevertheless very faint, he answered:

"I have passed both *examen artium* and *philosophicum*,\* and got my *laud* clear in the former, but in the latter *haud* on the first point."

Mr. Van Kirk wheeled round on his chair and faced the speaker:

"That is all Greek to me," he said, in a severe tone. "Can you keep accounts?"

"No. I am afraid not."

Keeping accounts was not deemed a classical accomplishment in Norway. It was only "trade-rats" who troubled themselves about such gross things, and if our Norseman had not been too absorbed with the problem of his destiny, he would have been justly indignant at having such a question put to him.

"Then you don't know book-keeping?"

"I think not. I never tried it."

"Then you may be sure you don't know it. But you must certainly have tried your hand at something. Is there nothing you can think of which might help you to get a living?"

"I can play the piano—and—and the violin."

"Very well, then. You may come this afternoon to my house. Mr. Olson will tell

you the address. I will give you a note to Mrs. Van Kirk. Perhaps she will engage you as a music teacher for the children. Good morning."

#### IV.

At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, Halfdan found himself standing in a large, dimly lighted drawing-room, whose brilliant upholstery, luxurious carpets, and fantastically twisted furniture dazzled and bewildered his senses. All was so strange, so strange; nowhere a familiar object to give rest to the wearied eye. Wherever he looked he saw his shabbily attired figure repeated in the long crystal mirrors, and he became uncomfortably conscious of his thread-bare coat, his uncouth boots, and the general incongruity of his appearance. With every moment his uneasiness grew; and he was vaguely considering the propriety of a precipitate flight, when the rustle of a dress at the farther end of the room startled him, and a small, plump lady, of a daintily exquisite form, swept up toward him, gave a slight inclination of her head, and sank down into an easy chair:

"You are Mr. —, the Norwegian, who wishes to give music lessons?" she said, holding a pair of gold-framed eye-glasses up to her eyes, and running over the note which she held in her hand. It read as follows:

DEAR MARTHA,—The bearer of this note is a young Norwegian, I forgot to ascertain his name, a friend of Olson's. He wishes to teach music. If you can help the poor devil and give him something to do, you will oblige,

Yours,

H. V. K.

Mrs. Van Kirk was evidently, by at least twenty years, her husband's junior, and apparently not very far advanced in the forties. Her blonde hair, which was freshly crimped, fell lightly over her smooth, narrow forehead; her nose, mouth and chin had a neat distinctness of outline, her complexion was either naturally or artificially perfect, and her eyes, which were of the purest blue, had, owing to their near-sightedness, a certain pinched and scrutinizing look. This look, which was without the slightest touch of severity, indicating merely a lively degree of interest, was further emphasized by three small perpendicular wrinkles, which deepened and again relaxed according to the varying intensity of observation she bestowed upon the object which for the time engaged her attention.

\* *Examen artium* is the entrance examination to the Norwegian University, and *philosophicum* the first degree. The ranks given at these are *Laudabilis præ ceteris* (in student's parlance, *præ*), *laudabilis* or *laud*, *haud illaudabilis*, or *haud*, etc.

"Your name, if you please?" said Mrs. Van Kirk, having for a while measured her visitor with a glance of mild scrutiny.

"Halfdan Bjerk."

"Half-dan B—, how do you spell that?"

"B-j-e-r-k."

"B-jerk. Well, but I mean, what is your name in English?"

Halfdan looked blank, and blushed to his ears.

"I wish to know," continued the lady energetically, evidently anxious to help him out, "what your name would mean in plain English. B-jerk, it certainly must mean something."

"Bjerk is a tree—a birch-tree."

"Very well, Birch,—that is a very respectable name. And your first name? What did you say that was?"

"H-a-l-f-d-a-n."

"Half Dan. Why not a whole Dan and be done with it? Dan Birch, or rather Daniel Birch. Indeed, that sounds quite Christian."

"As you please, madam," faltered the victim, looking very unhappy.

"You will pardon my straightforwardness, wont you? B-jerk. I could never pronounce that, you know."

"Whatever may be agreeable to you, madam, will be sure to please me."

"That is very well said. And you will find that it always pays to try to please me. And you wish to teach music? If you have no objection I will call my oldest daughter. She is an excellent judge of music, and if your playing meets with her approval, I will engage you, as my husband suggests, not to teach Edith, you understand, but my youngest child, Clara."

Halfdan bowed assent, and Mrs. Van Kirk rustled out into the hall where she rang a bell, and re-entered. A servant in dress-coat appeared, and again vanished as noiselessly as he had come. To our Norseman there was something weird and uncanny about these silent entrances and exits; he could hardly suppress a shudder. He had been accustomed to hear the clatter of people's heels upon the bare floors, as they approached, and the audible *crescendo* of their footsteps gave one warning, and prevented any one from being taken by surprise. While absorbed in these reflections, his senses must have been partly dormant; for just then Miss Edith Van Kirk entered, unheralded by anything but a hovering perfume, the effect of which was to lull him

still deeper into his wondering abstraction.

"Mr. Birch," said Mrs. Van Kirk, "this is my daughter Miss Edith," and as Halfdan sprang to his feet and bowed with visible embarrassment, she continued:

"Edith, this is Mr. Daniel Birch, whom your father has sent here to know if he would be serviceable as a music teacher for Clara. And now, dear, you will have to decide about the merits of Mr. Birch. I don't know enough about music to be anything of a judge."

"If Mr. Birch will be kind enough to play," said Miss Edith with a languidly musical intonation, "I shall be happy to listen to him."

Halfdan silently signified his willingness and followed the ladies to a smaller apartment which was separated from the drawing-room by folding doors. The apparition of the beautiful young girl who was walking at his side had suddenly filled him with a strange burning and shuddering happiness; he could not tear his eyes away from her; she held him as by a powerful spell. And still, all the while he had a painful sub-consciousness of his own unfortunate appearance, which was thrown into cruel relief by her splendor. The tall, lithe magnificence of her form, the airy elegance of her toilet, which seemed the perfection of self-concealing art, the elastic deliberateness of her step—all wrought like a gentle, deliciously soothing opiate upon the Norseman's fancy and lifted him into hitherto unknown regions of mingled misery and bliss. She seemed a combination of the most divine contradictions, one moment supremely conscious, and in the next adorably child-like and simple, now full of arts and coquettish innuendoes, then again *naïve*, unthinking and almost boyishly blunt and direct; in a word, one of those miraculous New York girls whom abstractly one may disapprove of, but in the concrete must abjectly adore. This easy predominance of the masculine heart over the masculine reason in the presence of an impressive woman, has been the *motif* of a thousand tragedies in times past, and will inspire a thousand more in times to come.

Halfdan sat down at the grand piano and played Chopin's *Nocturne* in *G major*, flinging out that elaborate filigree of sound with an impetuosity and superb *abandon* which caused the ladies to exchange astonished glances behind his back. The transitions from the light and ethereal texture of melody to the simple, more concrete theme,

which he rendered with delicate shadings of articulation, were sufficiently startling to impress even a less cultivated ear than that of Edith Van Kirk, who had, indeed, exhausted whatever musical resources New York has to offer. And she *was* most profoundly impressed. As he glided over the last *pianissimo* notes toward the two concluding chords (an ending so characteristic of Chopin) she rose and hurried to his side with a heedless eagerness, which was more eloquent than emphatic words of praise.

"Wont you please repeat this passage?" she said, humming the air with soft modulations; "I have always regarded the monotonous repetition of this strain" (and she indicated it lightly by a few touches of the keys) "as rather a blemish on an otherwise perfect composition. But as you play it, it is anything but monotonous. You put into this single phrase a more intense meaning and a greater variety of thought than I ever suspected it was capable of expressing."

"It is my favorite composition," answered he modestly. "I have bestowed more thought upon it than upon anything I have ever played, unless perhaps it be the one in *G minor*, which, with all its differences of mood and phraseology, expresses an essentially kindred thought."

"My dear Mr. Birch," exclaimed Mrs. Van Kirk, whom his skillful employment of technical terms (in spite of his indifferent accent) had impressed even more than his rendering of the overture,—"you are a consummate artist, and we shall deem it a great privilege if you will undertake to instruct our child. I have listened to you with profound satisfaction."

Halfdan acknowledged the compliment by a bow and a blush, and repeated the latter part of the *nocturne* according to Edith's request.

"And now," resumed Edith, "may I trouble you to play the *G minor*, which has even more puzzled me than the one you have just played."

"It ought really to have been played first," replied Halfdan. "It is far intenser in its coloring and has a more passionate ring, but its conclusion does not seem to be final. There is no rest in it, and it seems oddly enough to be a mere transition into the *major*, which is its proper supplement and completes the fragmentary thought."

Mother and daughter once more telegraphed wondering looks at each other, while Halfdan plunged into the impetuous

movements of the *minor nocturne*, which he played to the end with ever-increasing fervor and animation.

"Mr. Birch," said Edith, as he arose from the piano with a flushed face, and the agitation of the music still tingling through his nerves. "You are a far greater musician than you seem to be aware of. I have not been taking lessons for some time, but you have aroused all my musical ambition, and if you will accept me too, as a pupil, I shall deem it a favor."

"I hardly know if I can teach you anything," answered he, while his eyes dwelt with keen delight on her beautiful form. "But in my present position, I can hardly afford to decline so flattering an offer."

"You mean to say that you would decline it if you were in a position to do so," said she, smiling.

"No, only that I should question my conscience more closely."

"Ah, never mind. I take all the responsibility. I shall cheerfully consent to being imposed upon by you."

Mrs. Van Kirk in the meanwhile had been examining the contents of a fragrant Russia-leather pocket-book, and she now drew out two crisp ten-dollar notes, and held them out toward him.

"I prefer to make sure of you by paying you in advance," said she with a cheerfully familiar nod, and a critical glance at his attire, the meaning of which he did not fail to detect. "Somebody else might make the same discovery that we have made to-day, and outbid us. And we do not want to be cheated out of our good fortune in having been the first to secure so valuable a prize."

"You need have no fear on that score, madam," retorted Halfdan with a vivid blush, and purposely misinterpreting the polite subterfuge. "You may rely upon my promise. I shall be here again, as soon as you wish me to return."

"Then, if you please, we shall look for you to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

And Mrs. Van Kirk hesitatingly folded up her notes and replaced them in her pocket-book.

To our idealist there was something extremely odious in this sudden offer of money. It was the first time any one had offered to pay him, and it seemed to put him on a level with a common day-laborer. His first impulse was to resent it as a gratuitous humiliation, but a glance at Mrs. Van Kirk's countenance, which was all aglow



with officious benevolence, reassured him, and his indignation died away.

That same afternoon Olson, having been informed of his friend's good fortune, volunteered a loan of a hundred dollars, and accompanied him to a fashionable tailor, where he underwent a pleasing metamorphosis.

V.

IN Norway the ladies dress with the innocent purpose of protecting themselves against the weather; if this purpose is still remotely present in the toilets of American women of to-day, it is, at all events, sufficiently disguised to challenge detection, very much like a primitive Sanscrit root in its French and English derivatives. This was the reflection which was uppermost in Halfdan's mind, as Edith, ravishing to behold in the airy grace of her fragrant morning toilet, at the appointed time took her seat at his side before the piano. Her presence seemed so intense, so all-absorbing, that it left no thought for the music. A woman, with all the spiritual mysteries which that name implies, had always appeared to him rather a composite phenomenon, even apart from those varied accessories of dress, in which, as by an inevitable analogy, she sees fit to express the inner multiformity of her being. Nevertheless, this former conception of his, when compared to that wonderful complexity of ethereal lines, colors, tints and half-tints which go to make up the modern New York girl, seemed inexpressibly simple, almost what plain arithmetic must appear to a man who has mastered calculus.

Edith had opened one of those small red-covered volumes of Chopin where the rich, wondrous melodies lie peacefully folded up like strange exotic flowers in an herbarium. She began to play the *fantasia impromptu*, which ought to be dashed off at a single "heat," whose passionate impulse hurries it on breathlessly toward its abrupt *finale*. But Edith toiled considerably with her fingering, and blurred the keen edges of each swift phrase by her indistinct articulation. And still there was a sufficiently ardent intention in her play to save it from being a failure. She made a gesture of disgust when she had finished, shut the book, and let her hands drop crosswise in her lap.

"I only wanted to give you a proof of my incapacity," she said, turning her large luminous gaze upon her instructor, "in order to make you duly appreciate what

you have undertaken. Now, tell me truly and honestly, *are* you not discouraged?"

"Not by any means," replied he, while the rapture of her presence rippled through his nerves, "you have fire enough in you to make an admirable musician. But your fingers, as yet, refuse to carry out your fine intentions. They only need discipline."

"And do you suppose you can discipline them? They are a fearfully obstinate set, and cause me infinite mortification."

"Would you allow me to look at your hand?"

She raised her right hand, and with a sort of impulsive heedlessness let it drop into his. An exclamation of surprise escaped him.

"If you will pardon me," he said, "it is a superb hand—a hand capable of performing miracles—musical miracles, I mean. Only look here"—(and he drew the fore and second finger apart)—"so firmly set in the joint and still so flexible. I doubt if Liszt himself can boast a finer row of fingers. Your hands surely will not prevent you from becoming a second Von Bülow, which to my mind means a good deal more than a second Liszt."

"Thank you, that is quite enough," she exclaimed with an incredulous laugh; "you have done bravely. That at all events throws the whole burden of responsibility upon myself, if I do not become a second somebody. I shall be perfectly satisfied, however, if you can only make me as good a musician as you are yourself, so that I can render a not too difficult piece without feeling all the while that I am committing sacrilege in mutilating the fine thoughts of some great composer."

"You are too modest; you do not ——"

"No, no, I am not modest," she interrupted him with an impetuosity which startled him. "I beg of you not to persist in paying me compliments. I get too much of that cheap article elsewhere. I hate to be told that I am better than I know I am. If you are to do me any good by your instruction, you must be perfectly sincere toward me, and tell me plainly of my shortcomings. I promise you beforehand that I shall never be offended. There is my hand. Now, is it a bargain?"

His fingers closed involuntarily over the soft beautiful hand, and once more the luxury of her touch sent a thrill of delight through him.

"I have not been insincere," he murmured, "but I shall be on my guard in

future, even against the appearance of insincerity."

"And when I play detestably, you will say so, and not smooth it over with unmeaning flatteries?"

"I will try."

"Very well, then we shall get on well together. Do not imagine that this is a mere feminine whim of mine. I never was more in earnest. Men, and I believe foreigners, to a greater degree than Americans, have the idea that women must be treated with gentle forbearance; that their follies, if they are foolish, must be glossed over with some polite name. They exert themselves to the utmost to make us mere playthings, and, as such, contemptible both in our own eyes and in theirs. No sincere respect can exist where the truth has to be avoided. But the majority of American women are made of too stern a stuff to be dealt with in that way. They feel the lurking insincerity even where politeness forbids them to show it, and it makes them disgusted both with themselves and with the flatterer. And now you must pardon me for having spoken so plainly to you on so short an acquaintance; but you are a foreigner, and it may be an act of friendship to initiate you as soon as possible into our ways and customs."

He hardly knew what to answer. Her vehemence was so sudden, and the sentiments she had uttered so different from those which he had habitually ascribed to women, that he could only sit and gaze at her in mute astonishment. He could not but admit that in the main she had judged him rightly, and that his own attitude and that of other men toward her sex, were based upon an implied assumption of superiority.

"I am afraid I have shocked you," she resumed, noticing the startled expression of his countenance. "But really it was quite inevitable, if we were at all to understand each other. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"Forgive!" stammered he, "I have nothing to forgive. It was only your merciless truthfulness which startled me. I rather owe you thanks, if you will allow me to be grateful to you. It seems an enviable privilege."

"Now," interrupted Edith, raising her forefinger in playful threat, "remember your promise."

The lesson was now continued without further interruption. When it was finished,

a little girl, with her hair done up in curl-papers and a very stiffly starched dress, which stood out on all sides almost horizontally, entered, accompanied by Mrs. Van Kirk. Halfdan immediately recognized his acquaintance from the park, and it appeared to him a good omen that this child, whose friendly interest in him had warmed his heart in a moment when his fortunes seemed so desperate, should continue to be associated with his life on this new continent. Clara was evidently greatly impressed by the change in his appearance, and could with difficulty be restrained from commenting upon it.

She proved a very apt scholar in music, and enjoyed the lessons the more for her cordial liking of her teacher.

It will be necessary henceforth to omit the less significant details in the career of our friend "Mr. Birch." Before a month was past, he had firmly established himself in the favor of the different members of the Van Kirk family. Mrs. Van Kirk spoke of him to her lady visitors as "a perfect jewel," frequently leaving them in doubt as to whether he was a cook or a coachman. Edith apostrophised him to her fashionable friends as "a real genius," leaving a dim impression upon their minds of flowing locks, a shiny velvet jacket, slouched hat, defiant neck-tie and a general air of disreputable pretentiousness. Geniuses of the foreign type were never, in the estimation of fashionable New York society, what you would call "exactly nice," and against prejudices of this order no amount of argument will ever prevail. Clara, who had by this time discovered that her teacher possessed an inexhaustible fund of fairy stories, assured her playmates across the street that he was "just splendid," and frequently invited them over to listen to his wonderful tales. Mr. Van Kirk himself, of course, was non-committal, but paid the bills uncomplainingly.

Halfdan in the meanwhile was vainly struggling against his growing passion for Edith; but the more he rebelled the more hopelessly he found himself entangled in its inextricable net. The fly, as long as it keeps quiet in the spider's web, may for a moment forget its situation; but the least effort to escape is apt to frustrate itself and again reveal the imminent peril. Thus he too "kicked against the pricks," hoped, feared, rebelled against his destiny, and again, from sheer weariness, relapsed into a dull, benumbed apathy. In spite of her friendly sympathy, he never felt so keenly his alien-

ism as in her presence. She accepted the spontaneous homage he paid her, sometimes with impatience, as something that was really beneath her notice; at other times she frankly recognized it, bantered him with his "Old World chivalry," which would soon evaporate in the practical American atmosphere, and called him her Viking, her knight and her faithful squire. But it never occurred to her to regard his devotion in a serious light, and to look upon him as a possible lover had evidently never entered her head. As their intercourse grew more intimate, he had volunteered to read his favorite poets with her, and had gradually succeeded in imparting to her something of his own passionate liking for Heine and Björnson. She had in return called his attention to the works of American authors who had hitherto been little more than names to him, and they had thus managed to be of mutual benefit to each other, and to spend many a pleasant hour during the long winter afternoons in each other's company. But Edith had a very keen sense of humor, and could hardly restrain her secret amusement when she heard him reading Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and Poe's "Raven" (which had been familiar to her from her babyhood), often with false accent, but always with intense enthusiasm. The reflection that he had had no part of his life in common with her,—that he did not love the things which she loved,—could not share her prejudices (and women have a feeling akin to contempt for a man who does not respond to their prejudices)—removed him at times almost beyond the reach of her sympathy. It was interesting enough as long as the experience was novel, to be thus unconsciously exploring another person's mind and finding so many strange objects there; but after a while the thing began to assume an uncomfortably serious aspect, and then there seemed to be something almost terrible about it. At such times a call from a gentleman of her own nation, even though he were one of the placidly stupid type, would be a positive relief; she could abandon herself to the secure sense of being at home; she need fear no surprises, and in the smooth shallows of their talk there were no unsuspected depths to excite and to baffle her ingenuity. And, again, reverting in her thought to Halfdan, his conversational brilliancy would almost repel her, as something odious and un-American, the cheap result of outlandish birth and unrepugnant education. Not that she had ever valued

republicanism very highly; she was one of those who associated politics with noisy vulgarity in speech and dress, and therefore thanked fortune that women were permitted to keep aloof from it. But in the presence of this alien she found herself growing patriotic; that much-discussed abstraction, which we call our country (and which is nothing but the aggregate of all the slow and invisible influences which go toward making up our own being), became by degrees a very palpable and intelligible fact to her.

Frequently while her American self was thus loudly asserting itself, Edith inflicted many a cruel wound upon her foreign adorer. Once,—it was the fourth of July, more than a year after Halfdan's arrival,—a number of young ladies and gentlemen, after having listened to a patriotic oration, were invited in to an informal luncheon. While waiting, they naturally enough spent their time in singing national songs, and Halfdan's clear tenor did good service in keeping the straggling voices together. When they had finished, Edith went up to him and was quite effusive in her expressions of gratitude.

"I am sure we ought all to be very grateful to you, Mr. Birch," she said, "and I, for my part, can assure you that I am."

"Grateful? Why?" demanded Halfdan, looking quite unhappy.

"For singing *our* national songs, of course. Now, wont you sing one of your own, please? We should all be so delighted to hear how a Swedish—or Norwegian, is it?—national song sounds."

"Yes, Mr. Birch, *do* sing a Swedish song," echoed several voices.

They, of course, did not even remotely suspect their own cruelty. He had, in his enthusiasm for the day, allowed himself to forget that he was not made of the same clay as they were, that he was an exile and a stranger, and must ever remain so, that he had no right to share their joy in the blessing of liberty. Edith had taken pains to dispel the happy illusion, and had sent him once more whirling toward his cold native Pole. His passion came near choking him, and, to conceal his impetuous emotion, he flung himself down on the piano-stool, and struck some introductory chords with perhaps a little superfluous emphasis. Suddenly his voice burst out into the Swedish national anthem, "Our Land, our Land, our Fatherland," and the air shook and palpitated with strong martial melody. His indignation, his love and his misery, imparted strength to

his voice, and its occasional tremble in the *piano* passages was something more than an artistic intention. He was loudly applauded as he arose, and the young ladies thronged about him to ask if he "wouldn't please write out the music for them."

Thus month after month passed by, and every day brought its own misery. Mrs. Van Kirk's patronizing manners, and ostentatious kindness, often tested his patience to the utmost. If he was guilty of an innocent witticism or a little quaintness of expression, she always assumed it to be a mistake of terms and corrected him with an air of benign superiority. At times of course, her corrections were legitimate, as for instance, when he spoke of *wearing* a cane, instead of *carrying* one, but in nine cases out of ten the fault lay in her own lack of imagination and not in his ignorance of English. On such occasions Edith often took pity on him, defended him against her mother's criticism, and insisted that if this or that expression was not in common vogue, that was no reason why it should not be used, as it was perfectly grammatical, and, moreover, in keeping with the spirit of the language. And he, listening passively in admiring silence to her argument, thanked her even for the momentary pain because it was followed by so great a happiness. For it was so sweet to be defended by Edith, to feel that he and she were standing together side by side against the outer world. Could he only show her in the old heroic manner how much he loved her! Would only some one that was dear to her die, so that he, in that breaking down of social barriers which follows a great calamity, might comfort her in her sorrow. Would she then, perhaps, weeping, lean her wonderful head upon his breast, feeling but that he was a fellow-mortal, who had a heart that was loyal and true, and forgetting, for one brief instant, that he was a foreigner. Then, to touch that delicate Elizabethan frill which wound itself so daintily about Edith's neck—what inconceivable rapture! But it was quite impossible. It could never be. These were selfish thoughts, no doubt, but they were a lover's selfishness, and, as such, bore a close kinship to all that is purest and best in human nature.

It is one of the tragic facts of this life, that a relation so unequal as that which existed between Halfdan and Edith, is at all possible. As for Edith, I must admit that she was well aware that her teacher was in love with her. Women have wonderfully keen

senses for phenomena of that kind, and it is an illusion if any one imagines, as our Norseman did, that he had locked his secret securely in the hidden chamber of his heart. In fleeting intonations, unconscious glances and attitudes, and through a hundred other channels it will make its way out, and the bereaved jailer may still clasp his key in fierce triumph, never knowing that he has been robbed. It was of course no fault of Edith's that she had become possessed of Halfdan's heart-secret. She regarded it as on the whole rather an absurd affair, and prized it very lightly. That a love so strong and yet so humble, so destitute of hope and still so unchanging, reverent and faithful, had something grand and touching in it, had never occurred to her. It is a truism to say that in our social code the value of a man's character is determined by his position; and fine traits in a foreigner (unless he should happen to be something very great) strike us rather as part of a supposed mental alienism, and as such, naturally suspicious. It is rather disgraceful than otherwise to have your music teacher in love with you, and critical friends will never quite banish the suspicion that you have encouraged him.

Edith had, in her first delight at the discovery of Halfdan's talent, frankly admitted him to a relation of apparent equality. He was a man of culture, had the manners and bearing of a gentleman, and had none of those theatrical airs which so often raise a sort of invisible wall between foreigners and Americans. Her mother, who loved to play the patron, especially to young men, had invited him to dinner-parties and introduced him to their friends, until almost every one looked upon him as a *protégé* of the family. He appeared so well in a parlor, and had really such a distinguished presence, that it was a pleasure to look at him. He was remarkably free from those obnoxious traits which generalizing American travelers have led us to believe were inseparable from foreign birth; his finger-nails were in no way conspicuous; he did not, as a French count, a former adorer of Edith's, had done, indulge an unmasculine taste for diamond rings (possibly because he had none); his politeness was unobtrusive and subdued, and of his accent there was just enough left to give an agreeable color of individuality to his speech. But, for all that, Edith could never quite rid herself of the impression that he was intensely un-American. There was a certain idyllic quiescence about him, a child-like directness and sim-



plicity, and a total absence of "push," which were startlingly at variance with the spirit of American life. An American could never have been content to remain in an inferior position without trying, in some way, to better his fortunes. But Halfdan could stand still and see, without the faintest stirring of envy, his plebeian friend Olson, whose education and talents could bear no comparison with his own, rise rapidly above him, and apparently have no desire to emulate him. He could sit on a cricket in a corner, with Clara on his lap, and two or three other little girls nestling about him, and tell them fairy stories by the hour, while his kindly face beamed with innocent happiness. And if Clara, to coax him into continuing the entertainment, offered to kiss him, his measure of joy was full. This fair child, with her affectionate ways, and her confiding prattle, wound herself ever more closely about his homeless heart, and he clung to her with a touching devotion. For she was the only one who seemed to be unconscious of the difference of blood, who had not yet learned that she was an American and he—a foreigner.

## VI.

THREE years had passed by, and still the situation was unchanged. Halfdan still taught music and told fairy stories to the children. He had a good many more pupils now than three years ago, although he had made no effort to solicit patronage, and had never tried to advertise his talent by what he regarded as vulgar and inartistic display. But Mrs. Van Kirk, who had by this time discovered his disinclination to assert himself, had been only the more active; had "talked him up" among her aristocratic friends; had given musical soirées, at which she had coaxed him to play the principal rôle, and had in various other ways exerted herself in his behalf. It was getting to be quite fashionable to admire his quiet, unostentatious style of playing, which was so far removed from the noisy bravado and clap-trap then commonly in vogue. Even professional musicians began to indorse him, and some, who had discovered that "there was money in him," made him tempting offers for a public engagement. But, with characteristic modesty, he distrusted their verdict; his sensitive nature shrank from anything which had the appearance of self-assertion or display.

But Edith—ah, if it had not been for Edith he might have found courage to enter at the

door of fortune, which was now opened ajar. That fame, if he should gain it, would bring him any nearer to her, was a thought that was alien to so unworldly a temperament as his. And any action that had no bearing upon his relation to her, left him cold—seemed unworthy of the effort. If she had asked him to play in public; if she had required of him to go to the North Pole, or to cut his own throat, I verily believe he would have done it. And at last Edith did ask him to play. She and Olson had plotted together, and from the very friendliest motives agreed to play into each other's hands.

"If you only *would* consent to play," said she, in her own persuasive way, one day as they had finished their lesson, "we should all be so happy. Only think how proud we should be of your success, for you know there is nothing you can't do in the way of music if you really want to."

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed he, while his eyes suddenly grew large and luminous.

"Indeed I do," said Edith emphatically.

"And if—if I played well," faltered he, "would it really please you?"

"Of course it would," cried Edith, laughing; "how can you ask such a foolish question?"

"Because I hardly dared to believe it."

"Now listen to me," continued the girl, leaning forward in her chair, and beaming all over with kindly officiousness; "now for once you must be rational and do just what I tell you. I shall never like you again if you oppose me in this, for I have set my heart upon it; you must promise beforehand that you will be good and not make any objection. Do you hear?"

When Edith assumed this tone toward him, she might well have made him promise to perform miracles. She was too intent upon her benevolent scheme to heed the possible inferences which he might draw from her sudden display of interest.

"Then you promise?" repeated she eagerly, as he hesitated to answer.

"Yes, I promise."

"Now, you must not be surprised; but mamma and I have made arrangements with Mr. S—— that you are to appear under his auspices at a concert which is to be given a week from to-night. All our friends are going, and we shall take up all the front seats, and I have already told my gentlemen friends to scatter through the audience, and if they care anything for my favor, they will have to applaud vigorously."



Halfdan reddened up to his temples, and began to twist his watch-chain nervously.

"You must have small confidence in my ability," he murmured, "since you resort to precautions like these."

"But, my dear Mr. Birch," cried Edith, who was quick to discover that she had made a mistake, "it is not kind in you to mistrust me in that way. If a New York audience were as highly cultivated in music as you are, I admit that my precautions would be superfluous. But the papers, you know, will take their tone from the audience, and therefore we must make use of a little innocent artifice to make sure of it. Everything depends upon the success of your first public appearance, and if your friends can in this way help you to establish the reputation which is nothing but your right, I am sure you ought not to bind their hands by your foolish sensitiveness. You don't know the American way of doing things as well as I do, and therefore you must stand by your promise, and leave everything to me."

It was impossible not to believe that anything Edith chose to do was above reproach. She looked so bewitching in her excited eagerness for his welfare that it would have been inhuman to oppose her. So he meekly succumbed, and began to discuss with her the programme for the concert.

During the next week there was hardly a day that he did not read some startling paragraph in the newspapers about "the celebrated Scandinavian pianist," whose appearance at S— Hall was looked forward to as the principal event of the coming season. He inwardly rebelled against the well-meant exaggerations; but as he suspected that it was Edith's influence which was in this way asserting itself in his behalf, he set his conscience at rest and remained silent.

The evening of the concert came at last, and, as the papers stated the next morning, "the large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with a select and highly appreciative audience." Edith must have played her part of the performance skillfully, for as he walked out upon the stage, he was welcomed with an enthusiastic burst of applause, as if he had been a world-renowned artist. At Edith's suggestion, her two favorite *nocturnes* had been placed first upon the programme; then followed one of those ballads of Chopin, whose rhythmic din and rush sweep onward, beleaguering the ear like eager, melodious hosts, charging in thickening ranks and columns, beating impetuous retreats, and again uniting with one grand emotion the wide-

spreading army of sound for the final victory. Besides these, there was one of Liszt's "Rhapsodies Hongroises," an impromptu by Schubert, and several orchestral pieces; but the greater part of the programme was devoted to Chopin, because Halfdan, with his great, hopeless passion laboring in his breast, felt that he could interpret Chopin better than he could any other composer. He carried his audience by storm. As he retired to the dressing-room, after having finished the last piece, his friends, among whom Edith and Mrs. Van Kirk were the most conspicuous, thronged about him, showering their praises and congratulations upon him. They insisted with much friendly urging upon taking him home in their carriage; Clara kissed him, Mrs. Van Kirk introduced him to her lady acquaintances as "our friend, Mr. Birch," and Edith held his hand so long in hers that he came near losing his presence of mind and telling her then and there that he loved her. As his eyes rested on her, they became suddenly suffused with tears, and a vast bewildering happiness vibrated through his frame. At last he tore himself away and wandered aimlessly through the long, lonely streets. Why could he not tell Edith that he loved her? Was there any disgrace in loving? This heavenly passion which so suddenly had transfused his being, and year by year deadened the substance of his old self, creating in its stead something new and wild and strange which he never could know, but still held infinitely dear—had it been sent to him merely as a scourge to test his capacity for suffering?

Once, while he was a child, his mother had told him that somewhere in this wide world there lived a maiden whom God had created for him, and for him alone, and when he should see her, he should love her, and his life should thenceforth be all for her. It had hardly occurred to him, then, to question whether she would love him in return, it had appeared so very natural that she should. Now he had found this maiden, and she had been very kind to him; but her kindness had been little better than cruelty, because he had demanded something more than kindness. And still he had never told her of his love. He must tell her even this very night while the moon rode high in the heavens and all the small differences between human beings seemed lost in the vast starlit stillness. He knew well that by the relentless glare of the daylight his own insignificance would be cruelly conspicuous in the presence of her

splendor; his scruples would revive, and his courage fade.

The night was clear and still. A clock struck eleven in some church tower near by. The Van Kirk mansion rose tall and stately in the moonlight, flinging a dense mass of shadow across the street. Up in the third story he saw two windows lighted; the curtains were drawn, but the blinds were not closed. All the rest of the house was dark. He raised his voice and sang a Swedish serenade which seemed in perfect concord with his own mood. His clear tenor rose through the silence of the night, and a feeble echo flung it back from the mansion opposite:

"Star, sweet star, that brightly beamest,  
Glittering on the skies nocturnal,  
Hide thine eye no more from me,  
Hide thine eye no more from me!"

The curtain was drawn aside, the window cautiously raised, and the outline of Edith's beautiful head appeared dark and distinct against the light within. She instantly recognized him.

"You must go away, Mr. Birch," came her voice in an anxious whisper out of the shadow. "Pray go away. You will wake up the people."

Her words were audible enough, but they failed to convey any meaning to his excited mind. Once more his voice floated upward to her opened window:

"And I yearn to reach thy dwelling,  
Yearn to rise from earth's fierce turmoil;  
Sweetest star upward to thee,  
Yearn to rise, bright star to thee."

"Dear Mr. Birch," she whispered once more in tones of distress. "Pray *do* go away. Or perhaps," she interrupted herself "—wait one moment and I will come down."

Presently the front door was noiselessly opened, and Edith's tall, lithe form, dressed in a white flowing dress, and with her blonde hair rolling loosely over her shoulders, appeared for an instant, and then again vanished. With one leap Halfdan sprang up the stairs and pushed through the half-opened door. Edith closed the door behind him, then with rapid steps led the way to the back parlor where the moon broke feebly through the bars of the closed shutters.

"Now Mr. Birch," she said seating herself upon a lounge, "you may explain to me what this unaccountable behavior of yours

means. I should hardly think I had deserved to be treated in this way by you."

Halfdan was utterly bewildered; a nervous fit of trembling ran through him, and he endeavored in vain to speak. He had been prepared for passionate reproaches, but this calm severity chilled him through, and he could only gasp and tremble, but could utter no word in his defense.

"I suppose you are aware," continued Edith in the same imperturbable manner, "that if I had not interrupted you, the policeman would have heard you, and you would have been arrested for street disturbance. Then to-morrow we should have seen it in all the newspapers, and I should have been the laughing-stock of the whole town."

No, surely he had never thought of it in that light; the idea struck him as entirely new. There was a long pause. A cock crowed with a drowsy remoteness in some neighboring yard, and the little clock on the mantel-piece ticked on patiently in the moonlit dusk.

"If you have nothing to say," resumed Edith, while the stern indifference in her voice perceptibly relaxed, "then I will bid you good-night."

She arose, and with a grand sweep of her drapery, moved toward the door.

"Miss Edith," cried he, stretching his hands despairingly after her, "you must not leave me."

She paused, tossed her hair back with her hands, and gazed at him over her shoulder. He threw himself on his knees, seized the hem of her dress, and pressed it to his lips. It was a gesture of such inexpressible humility that even a stone would have relented.

"Do not be foolish, Mr. Birch," she said, trying to pull her dress away from him. "Get up, and if you have anything rational to say to me, I will stay and listen."

"Yes, yes," he whispered hoarsely, "I shall be rational. Only do not leave me."

She again sank down wearily upon the lounge, and looked at him in expectant silence.

"Miss Edith," pleaded he in the same hoarse, passionate undertone, "have pity on me, and do not despise me. I love you—oh—if you would but allow me to die for you, I should be the happiest of men."

Again he shuddered, and stood long gazing at her with a mute, pitiful appeal. A tear stole into Edith's eye and trickled down over her cheek.

"Ah, Mr. Birch," she murmured, while a sigh shook her bosom, "I am sorry—very

sorry that this misfortune has happened to you. You have deserved a better fate than to love me—to love a woman who can never give you anything in return for what you give her."

"Never?" he repeated mournfully, "never?"

"No, never! You have been a good friend to me, and as such I value you highly, and I had hoped that you would always remain so. But I see that it cannot be. It will perhaps be best for you henceforth not to see me, at least not until—pardon the expression—you have outlived this generous folly. And now, you know, you will need me no more. You have made a splendid reputation, and if you choose to avail yourself of it, your fortune is already made. I shall always rejoice to hear of your success, and—and if you should ever need a *friend*, you must come to no one but me. I know that these are feeble words, Mr. Birch, and if they seem cold to you, you must pardon me. I can say nothing more."

They were indeed feeble words, although most cordially spoken. He tried to weigh them, to measure their meaning, but his mind was as if benumbed, and utterly incapable of thought. He walked across the floor, perhaps only to do something, not feeling where he trod, but still with an absurd sensation that he was taking immoderately long steps. Then he stopped abruptly, wrung his hands, and gazed at Edith. And suddenly, like a flash in a vacuum, the thought shot through his brain that he had seen this very scene somewhere—in a dream, in a remote childhood, in a previous existence, he did not know when or where. It seemed strangely familiar, and in the next instant strangely meaningless and unreal. The walls, the floor,—everything, began to move, to whirl about him; he struck his hands against his forehead, and sank down into a damask-covered easy-chair. With a faint cry of alarm, Edith sprang up, seized a bottle of cologne which happened to be within reach, and knelt down at his side. She put her arm around his neck, and raised his head.

"Mr. Birch, dear Mr. Birch," she cried in a frightened whisper, "for God's sake come to yourself! O God, what have I done?"

She blew the eau-de-cologne into his face, and, as he languidly opened his eyes, he felt the touch of her warm hand upon his cheeks and his forehead.

"Thank heaven! he is better," she murmured, still continuing to bathe his temples.

"How do you feel now, Mr. Birch?" she added in a tone of anxious inquiry.

"Thank you, it was an unpardonable weakness," he muttered, without changing his attitude. "Do not trouble yourself about me. I shall soon be well."

It was so sweet to be conscious of her gentle ministry, that it required a great effort, an effort of conscience, to rouse him once more, as his strength returned.

"Had you not better stay?" she asked, as he rose to put on his overcoat. "I will call one of the servants and have him show you a room. We will say to-morrow morning that you were taken ill, and nobody will wonder."

"No, no," he responded energetically. "I am perfectly strong now." But he still had to lean on a chair, and his face was deathly pale.

"Farewell, Miss Edith," he said; and a tender sadness trembled in his voice. "Farewell. We shall—probably—never meet again."

"Do not speak so," she answered, seizing his hand. "You will try to forget this, and you will still be great and happy. And when fortune shall again smile upon you, and—and—you will be content to be my friend, then we shall see each other as before."

"No, no," he broke forth with a sudden hoarseness. "It will never be."

He walked toward the door with the motions of one who feels death in his limbs; then stopped once more and his eyes lingered with inexpressible sadness on the wonderful, beloved form which stood dimly outlined before him in the twilight. Then Edith's measure of misery, too, seemed full. With the divine heedlessness which belongs to her sex, she rushed up toward him, and remembering only that he was weak and unhappy, and that he suffered for her sake, she took his face between her hands and kissed him. He was too generous a man to misinterpret the act; so he whispered but once more: "Farewell," and hastened away.

#### VII.

AFTER that eventful December night, America was no more what it had been to Halfdan Bjerk. A strange torpidity had come over him; every rising day gazed into his eyes with a fierce unmeaning glare. The noises of the street annoyed him and made him childishly fretful, and the solitude of his own room seemed still more dreary

and depressing. He went mechanically through the daily routine of his duties as if the soul had been taken out of his work, and left his life all barrenness and desolation. He moved restlessly from place to place, roamed at all times of the day and night through the city and its suburbs, trying vainly to exhaust his physical strength; gradually, as his lethargy deepened into a numb, helpless despair, it seemed somehow to impart a certain toughness to his otherwise delicate frame. Olson, who was now a junior partner in the firm of Remsen, Van Kirk & Co., stood by him faithfully in these days of sorrow. He was never effusive in his sympathy, but was patiently forbearing with his friend's whims and moods, and humored him as if he had been a sick child intrusted to his custody. That Edith might be the moving cause of Olson's kindness was a thought which, strangely enough, had never occurred to Halfdan.

At last, when Spring came, the vacancy of his mind was suddenly invaded with a strong desire to revisit his native land. He disclosed his plan to Olson, who, after due deliberation and several visits to the Van Kirk mansion, decided that the pleasure of seeing old friends and the scenes of his childhood, might push the painful memories out of sight, and renew his interest in life. So, one morning, while the May sun shone with a soft radiance upon the beautiful harbor, our Norseman found himself standing on the deck of a huge black-hulled Cunarder, shivering in spite of the warmth, and feeling a chill loneliness creeping over him at the sight of the kissing and affectionate leave-takings which were going on all around him. Olson was running back and forth, attending to his baggage; but he himself took no thought, and felt no more responsibility than if he had been a helpless child. He half regretted that his own wish had prevailed, and was inclined to hold his friend responsible for it; and still he had not energy enough to protest now when the journey seemed inevitable. His heart still clung to the place which held the corpse of his ruined life, as a man may cling to the spot which hides his beloved dead.

About two weeks later Halfdan landed in Norway. He was half reluctant to leave the steamer, and the land of his birth excited no emotion in his breast. He was but conscious of a dim regret that he was so far away from Edith. At last, however, he betook himself to a hotel, where he spent the afternoon sitting with half-closed eyes

at a window, watching listlessly the drowsy slow-pulsed life which dribbled languidly through the narrow thoroughfare. The noisy uproar of Broadway chimed remotely in his ears, like the distant roar of a tempest-tossed sea, and what had once been a perpetual annoyance was now a sweet memory. How often with Edith at his side had he threaded his way through the surging crowds that pour, on a fine afternoon, in an unceasing current up and down the street between Union and Madison Squares. How friendly, and sweet, and gracious, Edith had been at such times; how fresh her voice, how witty and animated her chance remarks when they stopped to greet a passing acquaintance; and, above all, how inspiring the sight of her heavenly beauty. Now that was all past. Perhaps he should never see Edith again.

The next day he sauntered through the city, meeting some old friends, who all seemed changed and singularly uninteresting. They were all engaged or married, and could talk of nothing but matrimony, and their prospects of advancement in the Government service. One had an influential uncle who had been a chum of the present minister of finance; another based his hopes of future prosperity upon the family connections of his betrothed, and a third was waiting with a patient perseverance, worthy of a better cause, for the death or resignation of an antiquated *chef-de-bureau*, which, according to the promise of some mighty man, would open a position for him in the Department of Justice. All had the most absurd theories about American democracy, and indulged freely in prophesies of coming disasters; but about their own government they had no opinion whatever. If Halfdan attempted to set them right, they at once grew excited and declamatory; their opinions were based upon conviction and a charming ignorance of facts, and they were not to be moved. They knew all about Tweed and the members of the Tammany Ring, and believed them to be representative citizens of New York, if not of the United States; but of Charles Sumner and Carl Schurz they had never heard. Halfdan, who, in spite of his misfortunes in the land of his adoption, cherished a very tender feeling for it, was often so thoroughly aroused at the foolish prejudices which everywhere met him, that his torpidity gradually thawed away, and he began to look more like his former self.

Toward autumn he received an invitation



to visit a country clergyman in the North, a distant relative of his father's, and there whiled away his time, fishing and shooting, until winter came. But as Christmas drew near, and the day wrestled feebly with the all-conquering night, the old sorrow revived. In the darkness which now brooded over land and sea, the thoughts needed no longer be on guard against themselves; they could roam far and wide as they listed. Where was Edith now, the sweet, the wonderful Edith? Was there yet the same dancing light in her beautiful eyes, the same golden sheen in her hair, the same merry ring in her voice? And had she not said that when he was content to be only her friend, he might return to her, and she would receive him in the old joyous and confiding way? Surely there was no life to him apart from her: why should he not be her friend? Only a glimpse of her lovely face,—ah, it was worth a life-time; it would consecrate an age of misery, a glimpse of Edith's face. Thus ran his fancies day by day, and the night only lent a deeper intensity to the yearnings of the day. He walked about as in a dream, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, while this one strong desire—to see Edith once more—throbbed and throbbed with a slow, feverish perseverance within him. Edith—Edith, the very name had a strange, potent fascination. Every thought whispered "Edith,"—his pulse beat "Edith,"—and his heart repeated the beloved name. It was his pulse-beat,—his heart-beat,—his life-beat.

And one morning as he stood absently looking at his fingers against the light—and they seemed strangely wan and transparent—the thought at last took shape. It rushed upon him with such vehemence, that he could no more resist it. So he bade the clergyman good-bye, gathered his few worldly goods together and set out for Bergen. There he found an English steamer which carried him to Hull, and a few weeks later, he was once more in New York.

It was late one evening in January that a tug-boat arrived and took the cabin passengers ashore. The moon sailed tranquilly over the deep-blue dome of the sky, the stars traced their glittering paths of light from the zenith downward, and it was sharp, bitter cold. Northward over the river lay a great bank of cloud, dense, gray and massive, the specter of the coming snow-storm. There it lay so huge and fantastically human, ruffling itself up, as fowls do, in defense against the cold. Halfdan walked on at a

brisk rate—strange to say, all the street-cars he met went the wrong way—startling every now and then some precious memory, some words or look or gesture of Edith's which had hovered long over these scenes, waiting for his recognition. There was the great jewel-store where Edith had taken him so often to consult his taste whenever a friend of her's was to be married. It was there that they had had an amicable quarrel over that bronze statue of Faust which she had found beautiful, while he, with a rudeness which seemed now quite incomprehensible, had insisted that it was not. And when he had failed to convince her, she had given him her hand in token of reconciliation—and Edith had a wonderful way of giving her hand, which made any one feel that it was a peculiar privilege to press it—and they had walked out arm in arm into the animated, gas-lighted streets, with a delicious sense of snugness and security, being all the more closely united for their quarrel. Here, farther up the avenue, they had once been to a party, and he had danced for the first time in his life with Edith. Here was Delmonico's, where they had had such fascinating luncheons together; where she had got a stain on her dress, and he had been forced to observe that her dress was then not really a part of herself, since it was a thing that could be stained. Her dress had always seemed to him something absolute and final, exalted above criticism, incapable of improvement.

As I have said, Halfdan walked briskly up the avenue, and it was something after eleven when he reached the house which he sought. The great cloud-bank in the north had then begun to expand and stretched its long misty arms eastward and westward over the heavens. The windows on the ground floor were dark, but the sleeping apartments in the upper stories were lighted. In Edith's room the inside shutters were closed, but one of the windows was a little down at the top. And as he stood gazing with tremulous happiness up to that window, a stanza from Heine which he and Edith had often read together, came into his head. It was the story of the youth who goes to the Madonna at Kevlar and brings her as a votive offering a heart of wax, that she may heal him of his love and his sorrow.

"I bring this waxen image,  
The image of my heart,  
Heal thou my bitter sorrow,  
And cure my deadly smart!"\*

\* Translation, from "Exotics. By J. F. C. & L. C."



Then came the thought that for him, too, as for the poor youth of Cologne, there was healing only in death. And still in this moment he was so near Edith, should see her perhaps, and the joy at this was stronger than all else, stronger even than death. So he sat down beside the steps of the mansion opposite, where there was some shelter from the wind, and waited patiently till Edith should close her window. He was cold, perhaps, but, if so, he hardly knew it, for the near joy of seeing her throbbed warmly in his veins. Ah, there—the blinds were thrown open; Edith, in all the lithe magnificence of her wonderful form, stood out clear and beautiful against the light within; she pushed up the lower window in order to reach the upper one, and for a moment leaned out over the sill. Once more her wondrous profile traced itself in strong relief against outer gloom. There came a cry from the street below, a feeble involuntary one, but still distinctly audible. Edith peered anxiously out into the darkness, but the darkness had grown denser and she could see nothing. The window was fastened, the shutters closed, and the broad pathway of light which she had flung out upon the night had vanished.

Halfdan closed his eyes trying to retain the happy vision. Yes, there she stood still, and there was a heavenly smile upon her lips—ugh, he shivered—the snow swept in wild whirl up the street. He wrapped his plaid more closely about him, and strained his eyes to catch one more glimpse of the beloved Edith. Ah, yes; there she was again; she came nearer and nearer, and she touched his cheek, gently, warily, smiling all the while with a strange wistful smile which was surely not Edith's. There, she bent over him,—touched him again,—how cold her hands were; the touch chilled him to the heart. The snow had now begun to fall in large scattered flakes, whirling fitfully through the air, following every chance gust of wind, but still falling, falling, and covering the earth with its white, death-like shroud.

But surely—there was Edith again,—how wonderful!—in a long snow-white robe, grave and gracious, still with the wistful smile on her lips. See, she beckons to him with her hand, and he rises to follow, but something heavy clings to his feet and he cannot stir from the spot. He tries to cry for help, but he cannot,—can only stretch out his hands to her, and feel very unhappy because he cannot follow her. But now she pauses in her flight, turns about, and he sees that she wears a myrtle garland in her hair

like a bride. She comes toward him, her countenance all radiant with love and happiness, and she stoops down over him and speaks:

"Come; they are waiting for us. I will follow thee in life and in death, wherever thou goest. Come," repeats Edith, "they have long been waiting. They are all here."

And he imagines he knows who they all are, although he has never heard of them, nor can he recall their names.

"But—but," he stammers, "I—I—am a foreigner."

It appeared then that for some reason this was an insurmountable objection. And Edith's happiness dies out of her beautiful face, and she turns away weeping.

"Edith, beloved!"

Then she is once more at his side.

"Thou art no more a foreigner to me, beloved. Whatever thou art, I am."

And she presses her lips to his—it was the sweetest kiss of his life—the kiss of death.

The next morning, as Edith, after having put the last touch to her toilet, threw the shutters open, a great glare of sun-smitten snow burst upon her, and for the moment blinded her eyes. On the side-walk opposite, half a dozen men with snow-shovels in their hands and a couple of policemen had congregated, and, judging by their manner, were discussing some object of interest. Presently they were joined by her father, who had just finished his breakfast and was on his way to the office. Now he stooped down and gazed at something half concealed in the snow, then suddenly started back, and, as she caught a glimpse of his face, she saw that it was ghastly white. A terrible foreboding seized her. She threw a shawl about her shoulders and rushed down-stairs. In the hall she was met by her father, who was just entering, followed by four men, carrying something between them. She well knew what it was. She would fain have turned away, but she could not; grasping her father's arm and pressing it hard, she gazed with blank, frightened eyes at the white face, the lines of which Death had so strangely emphasized. The snow-flakes which hung in his hair had touched him with their sudden age, as if to bridge the gulf between youth and death. And still he was beautiful—the clear brow, the peaceful, happy indolence, the frozen smile which death had perpetuated. Smiling, he had departed from the earth which had no place for him, and smiling entered the realm where, among the many mansions, there is, perhaps, also one for a gentle, simple-hearted enthusiast.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I HAVE seen Joan Lowrie," said Anice to Derrick, when next they met.

"Did she come to you, or did you go to her?" Fergus asked.

"She came to me, I think, but without knowing that she was coming."

"That was best," was his comment.

Joan Lowrie was as much a myth to him as she was to other people. Despite the fact that he saw her every day of his life, he had never found it possible to advance a step with her. She held herself aloof from him, just as she held herself aloof from the rest. A common greeting, and oftener than not, a silent one, was all that passed between them. Try as he would, he could get no farther;—and he certainly did make some effort. Now and then he found the chance to do her a good turn, and such opportunities he never let slip, though his way of doing such things was always so quiet as to be unlikely to attract any observation. Usually he made way with people easily, but this girl held him at a distance, almost ungraciously. And he did not like to be beaten. Who does? So he persevered with a shade of stubbornness, hidden under a net-work of other motives. Once, when he had exerted himself to lighten her labor somewhat, she set aside his assistance openly.

"Theer's others as needs help more nor me," she said. "Help them, an' I'll thank yo'."

In course of time, however, he accidentally discovered that there had been occasions when, notwithstanding her apparent ungraciousness, she had exerted her own influence in his behalf.

The older colliers resented his youth, the younger ones his authority. The fact that he was "noan Lancashire" worked against him too, though even if he had been a Lancashire man, he would not have been likely to find over-much favor. It was enough that he was "one o' th' mesters." To have been weak of will, or vacillating of purpose, would have been death to every vestige of the authority vested in him; but he was as strong mentally as physically—strong-willed to the verge of stubbornness. But if he was not to be frightened or sub-

dued, he was to be contended against, and the contention was obstinate. It even influenced the girls and women at the "mouth." They, too, organized in petty rebellion, annoying if not powerful.

"I think yo' will find as yo' may as well leave th' engineer be," Joan would say dryly. "Yo' will na fear him much, an' yo'll tire yo'rsens wi' yo're clatter. I donna see the good o' barkin' so much when yo' canna bite."

"Aye," jeered one of the boldest, once, "leave th' engineer be. Joan sets a power o' store by th' engineer."

There was a shout of laughter, of course, but it died out when Joan confronted the speaker with dangerous steadiness of gaze.

"Save thy breath to cool thy porridge," she said. "It will be better for thee."

But it was neither the first nor the last time that her companions flung out a jeer at her "sweetheartin'." The shrewdest among them had observed Derrick's interest in her. To them, masculine interest in anything feminine could only mean one thing, and in this case they concluded that Joan's handsome face had won her a sweetheart. They could not accuse her of encouraging him; but they could profess to believe that she was softening, and retained the professed belief as a sharp weapon to use against her, when such a course was not too hazardous.

Of this, Derrick knew nothing. He could only see that Joan set her face persistently against his attempts to make friends with her, and the recognition of this fact almost exasperated him at times. It was quite natural that, seeing so much of this handsome creature, and hearing so much of her, his admiration should not die out, and that opposition should rather invite him to stronger efforts to reach her. So it was that hearing Miss Barholm's story he fell into unconscious reverie.

Of course this did not last long. He was roused from it by the fact that Anice was looking at him. The girl stood upon the hearth, one foot on the fender, one hand on the marble of the mantel, her eyes fixed on his face. When he looked up, it seemed as if she awakened also, though she did not start.

"How are you getting on at the mines?" she asked.

"Badly. Or, at least, by no means well. The men are growing harder to deal with every day."

"And your plans about the fans?"

Derrick's countenance was shadowed by an irritable anxiety at once. The substitution of the mechanical fan for the old furnace at the base of the shaft, was one of the projects to which he clung most tenaciously. During a two years' sojourn among the Belgian mines, he had studied the system earnestly. He had worked hard to introduce it at Riggan, and meant to work still harder. But the miners were bitterly opposed to anything "new-fangled," and the owners were careless. So that the mines were worked, and their profits made, it did not matter for the rest. They were used to casualties, so well used to them in fact, that unless a fearful loss of life occurred, they were not alarmed or even roused. As to the injuries done to a man's health, and so on—they had not time to inquire into such things. There was danger in all trades, for the matter of that. Fergus Derrick was a young man, and young men were fond of novelties. Opposition was bad enough, but indifference was far more baffling. The colliers opposed Derrick to the utmost, the company was rather inclined to ignore him—some members good-naturedly, others with an air of superiority, not unmixed with contempt. The colliers talked with rough ill-nature; the Company did not want to talk at all.

"Oh," answered Derrick, "I do not see that I have made one step forward; but it will go hard with me before I am beaten."

"Nothing in the world is easy," said Anice.

"Some of the men I have to deal with are as bat-blind as they are cantankerous. One would think that experience might have taught them wisdom. Would you believe that some of those working in the most dangerous parts of the mine have false keys to their Davys, and use the flame to light their pipes? I have heard of the thing being done before, but I only discovered the other day that we had such madmen in the pits here. If I could only be sure of them I would settle the matter at once, but they are crafty enough to keep their secret, and it only drifts to the master as a rumor."

"Have you no suspicion as to who they are?" asked Anice.

"I suspect one man," he answered, "but only suspect him because he is a bad fellow, reckless in all things, and always ready to break the rules. I suspect Dan Lowrie."

"Joan's father?" exclaimed Anice in distress.

Derrick made a gesture of assent.

"He is the worst man in the mines," he said. "The man with the worst influence, the man who can work best if he will, the man whose feeling against any authority is the strongest, and whose feeling against me amounts to bitter enmity."

"Against you? But why?"

"I suppose because I have no liking for him myself, and because I will have orders obeyed, whether they are my orders or the orders of the owners. I will have work done as it should be done, and I will not be frightened by bullies. Those are causes more than enough to make an enemy for me out of Dan Lowrie."

"But if he is a dangerous man—" hesitated Anice.

"He would knock me down from behind, or spoil my beauty with vitriol as coolly as he would toss off a pint of beer, if he had the opportunity, and chanced to feel vicious enough at the time," said Derrick. "But his mood has not quite come to that yet. Just now he feels that he would like to have a row,—and really, if we could have a row, it would be the best thing for us both. If one of us could thrash the other at the outset, it might never come to the vitriol. We might settle it in that way."

He was cool enough himself, and spoke in quite a matter-of-fact way, but Anice suddenly lost her color. Though she did not say much on the subject, and the conversation took an entirely different turn, after Derrick's last remark she was white, and shrinking inwardly, when, later, she bade him good-night.

"I am afraid of that man," she said, as he held her hand for the moment. "Don't let him harm you."

"What man?" asked Derrick. "Is it possible you are thinking about what I said of Lowrie?"

"Yes. It is so horrible. I cannot bear the thought of it. I am not used to hear of such things. I am afraid for you."

"You are very good," he said, his strong hand returning her grasp with warm gratitude. "But I am sorry I said so much, if I have frightened you. I ought to have remembered how new such things are to you. It is nothing, I assure you." And

bidding her good-night again, he went away, quite warmed at heart by her innocent interest in him, but blaming himself not a little for his indiscretion.

CHAPTER VI.

To the young curate's great wonder, on his first visit to her after the advent of Liz and the child, Joan changed her manner toward him. She did not attempt to repel him, she even bade him welcome in a way of her own. Deep in Joan's heart was hidden a fancy that perhaps the work of this young fellow who was "good enow fur a parson," lay with such as Liz, and those who like Liz bore a heavy burden.

"If yo' can do her any good," she said, "come and welcome. Come every day. I dunnot know much about such loike mysen, but happen yo' ha' a way o' helpin' folk as canna help theirsens i' trouble—an' Liz is one on 'em."

Truly Liz was one of these. She clung to Joan in a hopeless, childish way, as her only comfort. She could do nothing for herself, she could only obey Joan's dictates, and this she did in listless misery. When she had work to do, she made weak efforts at doing it, and when she had none she sat and held the child upon her knee, her eyes following her friend with a vague appeal. The discomfort of her lot, the wretchedness of coming back to shame and jeers, after a brief season of pleasure and luxury, was what crushed her. So long as she was safe from the consequences of her transgressions, it had not mattered for the rest. So long as her lover had cared for her, and she had felt no fear of hunger or cold, or desertion, she had been even happy—happy because she could be idle and take no thought for the morrow, and was almost a lady. But now all that was over. She had come to the bitter dregs of the cup. She was thrown on her own resources, nobody cared for her, nobody helped her but Joan, nobody called her pretty and praised her ways. She was not to be a lady after all, she must work for her living and it must be a poor one too. There would be no fine clothes, no nice rooms, no flattery and sugar-plums. Everything would be even far harder, and more unpleasant, than it had been before. And then, the baby? What could she do with it?—a creature more helpless than herself, always to be clothed and taken care of, when she could not take care of herself,—always in the way, always crying and wailing and troubling day

and night. She almost blamed the baby for everything. Perhaps she would not have lost her lover if it had not been for the baby. Perhaps he knew what a trouble it would be, and wanted to be rid of her before it came, and that was why he had gone away. The night Joan had brought her home she had taken care of the child, and told Liz to sit down and rest, and had sat down herself with the small creature in her arms, and after watching her for a while, Liz had broken out into sobs, and slipped down upon the floor at her feet, hiding her wretched, pretty face upon her friend's knee.

"I canna abide the sight o' it," she cried. "I canna see what it wur born fur, mysen. I wish I'd deed when I wur i' Lunnon—when he cared fer me. He wor fond enow o' me at th' first. He could na abide me to be out o' his sight. I niver wur so happy i' my life as I wur then. Aye! I did na think then, as th' toime ud come when he'd cast me out i' th' road. He had no reet to do it," her voice rising hysterically. "He had no reet to do it, if he wur a gentleman; but it seems gentlefolk can do owt they please. If he did na mean to stick to me, why could na he ha' let me a-be."

"That is na gentle folks' way," said Joan bitterly, "but if I wur i' yo're place, Liz, I would na hate th' choild. It has na done yo' as much harm as yo' ha' done it."

After a while, when the girl was quieter, Joan asked her a question.

"Yo' niver told me who yo' went away wi', Liz," she said. "I ha' a reason fur wantin' to know, or I would na ax, but fur a' that if yo' dunnot want to tell me, yo need na do it against yo're will."

Liz was silent a moment.

"I would na tell ivverybody," she said. "I would na tell nobody but yo'. It would na do no good, an' I dunnot care to do harm. Yo'll keep it to yo'rsen, if I tell yo', Joan?"

"Aye," Joan answered, "as long as it needs be kept to mysen. I am na one to clatter."

"Well," said Liz with a sob, "it wur Mester Landsell I went wi'—young Mester Landsell—Mester Ralph."

"I thout as much," said Joan, her face darkening.

She had had her suspicions from the first, when Mr. Ralph Landsell had come to Riggan with his father, who was one of the mining company. He was a graceful, fair-faced young fellow, with an open hand and the air of a potentate, and his grandeur

had pleased Liz. She was not used to flattery and "fine London ways," and her vanity made her an easy victim.

"He wur allus after me" she said, with fresh tears. "He nivver let me be till I promised to go. He said he would make a lady o' me an' he wur allus givin' me things. He wur fond o' me at first,—that he wur,—an' I wur fond o' him. I nivver seed no one loike him afore. Oh! it's hard, it is.—Oh! it's bitter hard an' cruel, as it should come to this."

And she wiled and sobbed until she wore herself out, and wearied Joan to the very soul.

But Joan bore with her and never showed impatience by word or deed. Childish petulances and complaints fell upon her like water upon a rock—but now and then the strong nature was rasped beyond endurance by the weak one. She had taken no small task upon herself when she gave Liz her word that she would shield her. Only after a while, in a few weeks, a new influence began to work upon Liz's protectress. The child for whom there seemed no place in the world, or in any pitying heart—the child for whom Liz felt nothing but vague dislike and resentment—the child laid, as it were, its soft hand upon Joan. Once or twice she noticed as she moved about the room that the little creature's eyes would follow her in a way something like its mother's, as if with appeal to her superior strength. She fell gradually into the habit of giving it more attention. It was so little and light, so easily taken from Liz's careless hold when it was restless, so easily carried to and fro, as she went about her rough household tasks. She had never known much about babies until chance had thrown this one in her path; it was a great novelty. It liked her strong arms, and Liz was always ready to give it up to her, feeling only a weak bewilderment at her fancy for it. When she was at home it was rarely out of her arms. It was no source of weariness to her perfect strength. She carried it here and there, she cradled it upon her knees, when she sat down by the fire to rest; she learned in time a hundred gentle woman's ways through its presence. Her step became lighter, her voice softer—a heavy tread, or an unmodulated tone might waken the child. For the child's sake she doffed her uncouth working-dress when she entered the house; for the child's sake she made an effort to brighten the dullness, and soften the roughness of their surroundings.

The Reverend Paul, in his visits to the

house, observed with tremor, the subtle changes wrought in her. Catching at the straws of her negative welcome, he went to see Liz whenever he could find a tangible excuse. He had a sensitive dread of intruding even upon the poor privacy of the "lower orders," and he could rarely bring himself to the point of taking them by storm as a mere matter of ecclesiastical routine. But the oftener he saw Joan Lowrie, the more heavily she lay upon his mind. Every day his conscience smote him more sorely for his want of success with her. And yet how could he make way against her indifference. She was so powerful and unconquerable a creature, he even felt himself a trifle spell-bound in her presence. He often found that he was watching her as she moved to and fro,—watching her as Liz and the child did,—but in his case the watching arose from a mingled wonder and admiration.

But "th' parson" was "th' parson" to her still. A good-natured, simple little fellow, who might be a trifle better than other folks, but who certainly seemed weaker; a frail little gentleman in spectacles, who was afraid of her, or was at least easily confounded; who might be of use to Liz, but who was not in her line,—better in his way than his master in his; but still a person to be regarded with just a touch of contempt.

The confidence established between Grace and his friend Fergus Derrick, leading to the discussion of all matters connected with the parish and parishioners, led naturally to the frequent discussion of Joan Lowrie among the rest. Over tea and toast in the small parlor the two men often drew comfort from each other. When Derrick strode into the little place and threw himself into his favorite chair, with knit brows and weary irritation in his air, Grace was always ready to detect his mood, and wait for him to reveal himself; or when Grace looked up at his friend's entrance, with a heavy pained look on his face, Derrick was equally quick to comprehend. There was one trouble in which Derrick specially sympathized with his friend. This was in his feeling for Anice Barholm. Silent as Paul was apt to be upon the subject, his quiet passion rather gained strength than lost it.

His evenings at the Rectory were a source of delicious pain to him. Duty called him frequently to the house, and his position with regard to its inhabitants was necessarily familiar. Mr. Barholm did not spare his curate; he was ready to delegate to him



all labor in which he was not specially interested himself, or which he regarded as scarcely worthy of his mettle.

"Grace makes himself very useful in some cases," he would say; "a certain kind of work suits him, and he is able to do himself justice in it. He is a worthy enough young fellow in a certain groove, but it is always best to confine him to that groove."

So, when there was an ordinary sermon to be preached, or a commonplace piece of work to be done, it was handed over to Grace, with a few tolerant words of advice or comment, and as commonplace work was rather the rule than the exception, the Reverend Paul's life was not an idle one. Anice's manner toward her father's curate was so gentle and earnest, so frank and full of trust in him, that it was not to be wondered at that each day only fixed her more firmly in his heart. Nothing of his conscientious labor was lost upon her; nothing of his self-sacrifice and trial was passed by indifferently in her thoughts of him; his pain and his effort went to her very heart. Her belief in him was so strong that she never hesitated to carry any little bewilderment to him or to speak to him openly upon any subject. To the very center of her pure appreciative nature, she was his friend. Small marvel, that he found it delicious pain to go to the house day after day, feeling himself so near to her, yet knowing himself so far from any hope of reaching the sealed chamber of her heart.

Notwithstanding her knowledge of her inability to alter the unfairness of his position, Anice still managed to exert some slight influence over her friend's fate.

"Do you not think, papa, that Mr. Grace has a great deal to do?" she suggested once, when he was specially overburdened.

"A great deal to do?" he said; "Well, he has enough to do, of course, my dear, but then it is work of a kind that suits him. I never leave anything very important to Grace. You do not mean, my dear, that you fancy he has too much to do?"

"Rather too much of a dull kind," answered Anice. "Dull work is tiring, and he has a great deal of it on his hands. All that school work, you know, papa—if you could share it with him, I should think it would make it easier for him."

"My dear Anice," the rector protested; "if Grace had my responsibilities to carry on his shoulders,—but I do not leave my responsibilities to him. In my opinion he is hardly fitted to bear them—they are not in his line;" but seeing a dubious look on the

delicate face opposite him—"but if you think the young fellow has really too much to do, I will try to take some of these minor matters upon myself. I am equal to a good deal of hard work,"—evidently feeling himself somewhat aggrieved.

But Anice made no further comment; having dropped a seed of suggestion, she left it to fructify, experience teaching her that this was her best plan. It was one of the good rector's weaknesses, to dislike to find his course disapproved even by a wholly uninfluential critic, and his daughter was by no means an uninfluential critic. He was never exactly comfortable when her views did not strictly accord with his own. To find that Anice was regarding even a favorite whim with questioning, was for him to begin to falter a trifle inwardly, however testily rebellious he might feel. He was a man who thrived under encouragement, and sank at once before failure; failure was unpleasant, and he rarely contended long against unpleasantness; it was not a "fair wind and no favor" with him; he wanted both the fair wind and the favor, and if either failed him he felt himself rather badly used. So it was, through this discreetly exerted influence of Anice's, that Grace, to his surprise, found certain somewhat irksome tasks taken from his shoulders at this time. But he did not know that it was Anice he had to thank for the temporary relief.

## CHAPTER VII.

ANICE went to see Liz. Perhaps if the truth were told, she went to see Joan more than to visit her *protégée*, though her interest extended from the one to the other. But she did not see Joan, she only heard of her. Liz met her visitor without any manifestations of enthusiasm. She was grateful, but gratitude was not often a powerful emotion with her, indeed it scarcely amounted to an emotion at all. But Anice began to attract her somewhat before she had been in the house ten minutes. Liz found, first, that she was not one of the enemy, and did not come to read a homily to her concerning her sins and transgressions; having her mind set at ease thus far, she found time to be interested in her. Her visitor's beauty, her prettiness of toilet, a certain delicate grace of presence, were all virtues in Liz's eyes. She was so fond of pretty things herself, she had been wont to feel such pleasure and pride in her own beauty, that such outward charms were

the strongest of charms to her ignorance. She forgot to be abashed and miserable, when, after talking a few minutes, Anice came to her and bent over the child as it lay on her knee. She even had the courage to regard the material of her dress with some degree of interest.

"Yo'n gotten that theer i' Lunnon," she ventured, wistfully touching the pretty silk with her finger. "Theer's noan sich i' Rigan."

"Yes," answered Anice, letting the baby's hand cling to her fingers. "I bought it in London."

Liz touched it again, and this time the wistfulness in her touch crept up to her eyes, mingled with a little fretfulness.

"Ivverything's fine as comes fro' Lunnon," she said. "It's the grandest place i' th' world. I dunnot wonder as th' queen lives theer. I war happy aw th' toime I war theer. I nivver were so happy i' my life. I—I canna hardly bear to think on it—it gies me such a wearyin' an' longin'; I wish I could go back, I do"—ending with a sob.

"Don't think about it any more than you can help," said Anice gently. "It is very hard I know; don't cry, Liz."

"I canna help it," sobbed Liz; "an' I can no more help thinkin' on it, than th' choild theer can help thinkin' on its milk. I'm hungerin' aw th' toime—an' I dunnot care to live; I wakken up i' th' noight hungerin' an' cryin' fur—fur what I ha' not got, an' nivver shall ha' agen."

The tears ran down her cheeks and she whimpered like a child. The sight of the silk dress had brought back to her mind her lost bit of paradise as nothing else would have done—her own small store of finery, the gayety and novelty of London sounds and sights.

Anice knelt down upon the flagged floor, still holding the child's hand.

"Don't cry," she said again. "Look at the baby, Liz. It is a pretty baby. Perhaps if it lives, it may be a comfort to you some day."

"May! it wunnot;" said Liz, regarding it resentfully, "I nivver could tak' no comfort in it. It's nowt but a trouble. I dunnot loike it. I canna. It would be better if it would na live. I canna tell wheer Joan Lowrie gets her patience fro'. I ha' no patience wi' th' little marred thing mysen—allus whimperin' an' cryin'; I dunnot know what to do wi' it half th' toime."

Anice took it from her lap, and sitting down upon a low wooden stool, held it gen-

tly, looking at its small round face. It was a pretty little creature, pretty with Liz's own beauty, or at least, with the baby promise of it. Anice stooped and kissed it, her heart stirred by the feebly-strong clasp of the clinging fingers.

During the remainder of her visit, she sat holding the child on her knee, and talking to it as well as to its mother. But she made no attempt to bring Liz to what Mr. Bartholm had called, "a fitting sense of her condition." She was not fully settled in her opinion as to what Liz's "fitting sense" would be. So she simply made an effort to please, and awaken her to interest, and she succeeded very well. When she went away, the girl was evidently sorry to see her go.

"I dunnot often want to see folk twice," she said, looking at her in a shy, awkward way, "but I'd loike to see yo'. Yo're not loike th' rest. Yo' dunnot harry me wi' talk. Joan said yo' would na."

"I will come again," said Anice.

During her visit, Liz had told her much of Joan. She seemed to like to talk of her, and certainly Anice had been quite ready to listen.

"She is na easy to mak' out," said Liz, "an' p'raps that's th' reason why folks puts theirsens to so much trouble to mak' her out. She's gotten ways o' her own, has Joan Lowrie."

"That is true enough," said Fergus Derrick, when Anice repeated the words to him. "She's gotten ways o' her own."

He thought of Joan in a metaphysical, unsentimental fashion, but she haunted him nevertheless, until sometimes he almost lost patience with himself. It was like recurring again, and again, and again to the fragment of a tune from which his mind would not loose itself. Even Grace, with whom she had become a burden of conscience, surely never was haunted by her so perpetually. When he passed the cottage on the Knoll Road in going home at night, Fergus could not help looking out for her. Sometimes he saw her, and sometimes he did not; but whether he saw her or not, there was actually a sort of excitement in passing the cottage. During the warm weather, he saw her often at the door, or near the gate; almost always with the child in her arms. There was no awkward shrinking in her manner at such times, no vestige of the clumsy consciousness usually exhibited by girls of her class. She met his glance with a grave quietude, scarcely touched with interest, he thought; he never observed that she smiled, though he was un-

comfortably conscious now and then that she stood and calmly watched him out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Owd Sammy Craddock" rose from his chair, and going to the mantel-piece, took down a tobacco jar of red and yellow delft, and proceeded to fill his pipe with solemn ceremony. It was a large, deep clay pipe, and held a great deal of tobacco—particularly when filled from the store of an acquaintance. "It's a good enow pipe to borrow wi'," Sammy was wont to remark with gravity. In the second place, Mr. Craddock drew forth a goodly portion of the weed, and pressed it down with ease and precision into the top of the foreign gentleman's turban which constituted the bowl. Then he lighted it with a piece of paper, remarking to his wife between long indrawn puffs, "I'm goin'—to—th' Public."

The good woman did not receive the intelligence as amicably as it had been given. She even replied with tartness.

"Aye," she said, "I'll warrant tha art. When tha art na fillin' thy belly tha art generally either goin' to th' Public, or comin' whoam. Aw Riggan ud go to ruin if tha wert na at th' Public fro' morn till neet looking after other folk's business. It's well for th' toun as tha'st gotten nowt else to do."

Sammy puffed away at his pipe, without any appearance of disturbance.

"Aye," he consented dryly, "it is, that. It ud be a bad thing to ha' th' pits stop workin' aw because I had na attended to 'em, an' gi'en th' mesters a bit o' encouragement. Tha sees mine's what th' gentlefolk ca' a responsible position i' society. Th' biggest trouble I ha', is settlin' i' my moind what th' world 'ill do when I turn up my toes to th' daisies, an' how the government'll mak' up their moinds who shall ha' th' honor o' payin' for my monument."

In Mr. Craddock's opinion, his skill in the solution of political and social problems was only equaled by his aptitude in managing the weaker sex. He regarded the feminine world with tolerance. He never lost his temper with a woman. He might be sarcastic, he was sometimes even severe in his retorts, but he was never violent. In any one else but Mr. Craddock, such conduct might have been considered weak by the male population of Riggan, who not unfrequently settled their trifling domestic difficulties with the poker and tongs, chairs, or flat-irons, or indeed with any portable piece

of household furniture. But Mr. Craddock's way of disposing of feminine antagonists was tolerated. It was pretty well known that Mrs. Craddock had a temper, and since he could manage her, it was not worth while to criticise the method.

"Tha'rt an owd yommer-head," said Mrs. Craddock, as oracularly as if she had never made the observation before. "Tha deserves what tha has na gotten."

"Aye, that I do," with an air of amiable regret. "Tha'rt reet theer fur once i' thy loife. Th' country has na done its duty by me. If I'd had aw I deserved I'd been th' Lord Mayor o' Lunnnon by this toime, an' tha'd a been th' Lady Mayoress, settin up i' thy parlor wi' a goold crown atop o' thy owd head, sortin' out thy cloathes fur th' wesh-woman i'stead o' dollyin' out thy bits o' duds fur thysen. Tha'rt reet, owd lass—tha'rt reet enow."

"Go thy ways to th' Public," retorted the old dame, driven to desperation. "I'm tired o' hearkenin' to thee. Get thee gone to th' Public, or we'st ha' th' world standin' still; an' moind tha do'st na set th' horse-ponds afire as tha goes by 'em."

"I'll be keeful, owd lass," chuckled Sammy, taking his stick. "I'll be keeful for th' sake o' th' toun."

He made his way toward the village ale-house in the best of humors. Arriving at The Crown, he found a discussion in progress. Discussions were always being carried on there in fact, but this time it was not Craddock's particular friends who were busy. There were grades even among the visitors at The Crown, and there were several grades below Sammy's. The lowest was composed of the most disreputable of the colliers—men who with Lowrie at their head were generally in some mischief. It was these men who were talking together loudly this evening, and as usual, Lowrie was the loudest in the party. They did not seem to be quarreling. Three or four sat round a table listening to Lowrie with black looks, and toward them Sammy glanced as he came in.

"What's up in them fellys?" he asked of a friend.

"Summat's wrong at th' pit," was the answer. "I canna mak' out what mysen. Summat about one o' th' mesters as they're out wi'. What'll tha tak', owd lad?"

"A pint o' sixpenny." And then with another sidelong glance at the debaters:

"They're an ill set, that lot, an' up to summat ill too, I'll warrant. He's not th' reet soart, that Lowrie."

Lowrie was a burly fellow with a surly, sometimes ferocious, expression. Drink made a madman of him, and among his companions he ruled supreme through sheer physical superiority. The man who quarreled with him might be sure of broken bones, if not of something worse. He leaned over the table now, scowling as he spoke.

"I'll ha' no lads meddlin' an' settin' th' mesters agen *me*," Craddock heard him say. "Them on yo' as loikes to tak' cheek mun tak' it, I'm too owd a bird fur that soart o' feed. It sticks i' my crop. Look thee out o' that theer window, Jock, and watch who passes. I'll punse that lad into the middle o' next week, as sure as he goes by."

"Well," commented one of his companions, "aw I've gotten to say is, as tha'll be loike to ha' a punse on it, fur he's a strappin' youngster, an' noan so easy feart."

"Da'st ta mean to say as I conna do it?" demanded Lowrie fiercely.

"Nay—nay, mon," was the pacific and rather hasty reply. "Nowt o' th' soart. I on'y meant as it was na ivvery mon as could."

"Aye, to be sure!" said Sammy testily to his friend. "That's th' game is it? Theer's a feicht on hond. That's reet, my lads, lay in thy beer, an' mak' dom'd foo's o' thysens, an' tha'll get a chance to sleep on th' soft side o' a paving-stone i' th' lock-ups."

He had been a fighting man himself in his young days, and had prided himself particularly upon "showing his muscle," in Riggan parlance, but he had never been such a man as Lowrie. His comparatively gentlemanly encounters with personal friends had always been fair and square, and in many cases had laid the foundation for future toleration, even amiability. He had never hesitated to "tak' a punse" at an offending individual, but he had always been equally ready to shake hands when all was over, and in some cases, when having temporarily closed a companion's eyes in the heat of an argument, had been known to lead him to the counter of "th' Public," and bestow nectar upon him in the form of "sixpenny." But of Lowrie, even the fighting community, which was the community predominating in Riggan, could not speak so well. He was "ill farrant," and revengeful,—ready to fight, but not ready to forgive. He had been known to bear a grudge, and remember it, when it had been forgotten by other people. His record was not a clean one, and accordingly he was not a favorite of Sammy Craddock's.

A short time afterward somebody passed the window facing the street, and Lowrie started up with an oath.

"Theer he is!" he exclaimed. "Now fur it. I thowt he'd go this road. I'll see what tha's gotten to say fur thysen, my lad."

He was out in the street almost before Craddock and his companion had time to reach the open window, and he had stopped the passer-by, who paused to confront him haughtily.

"Why!" cried Sammy, slapping his knee "I'm dom'd if it is na th' Lunnnon engineer chap."

Fergus Derrick stood before his enemy with anything but a propitiatory air. That this brutal fellow who had caused him trouble enough already, should interfere with his very progress in the street, was too much for his high spirit to bear.

"I comn out here," said Lowrie in a brutal, significant tone, "to see if tha had owt to say to me."

"Then," replied Fergus, "you may go in again, for I have nothing."

Lowrie drew a step nearer to him.

"Ar tha sure o' that?" he demanded. "Tha wert so ready wi' thy gab about th' Davys this mornin' I thowt happen tha'd loike to say summat more if a mon ud gi' yo' a chance. But happen agen yo're one o' th' soart as sticks to gab an' goes no further."

Derrick's eyes blazed, he flung out his open hand in a contemptuous gesture.

"Out of the way," he said, in a suppressed voice, "and let me pass."

But Lowrie only came nearer, his fury growing at the other's high-handedness.

"Nay, but I wunnot," he said, "until I've said my say. Tha wert goin' to mak' me obey th' rules or let th' mesters hear on it, wert tha? Tha wert goin' to keep thy eye on me, an' report when th' toime come, wert tha? Well, th' toime has na come yet, and now I'm goin' to gi' thee a thrashin'."

He sprang upon him with a ferocity and force which would have flung to the earth any man who had not possessed the thews and sinews of a lion. Derrick managed to preserve his equilibrium. All the power of his fiery nature rushed to his rescue. After the first blow, he could not control himself. Naturally, he had longed to thrash this fellow soundly often enough, and now that he had been attacked by him, he felt forbearance to be no virtue. Brute force could best conquer brute nature. He felt that he would rather die a thousand deaths than be conquered himself. He put

forth all his strength in an effort, which wakened the crowd—which had speedily surrounded them, Owd Sammy among the number—to wild admiration.

"Get thee unto it, lad," cried the old sinner in an ecstasy of approbation, "Get thee unto it! Tha'rt shapin' reet I see. Why, I'm dom'd," slapping his knee as usual—"I'm dom'd if he is na goin' to mill Dan Lowrie!"

To the amazement of the by-standers, it became evident in a very short time, that Lowrie had met his match. Finding it necessary to defend himself, Derrick was going to do something more. The result was that the breathless struggle for the mastery ended in a crash, and Lowrie lay upon the pavement, Fergus Derrick standing above him pale, fierce and panting.

"Look to him," he said to the men about him, in a white heat, "and remember that the fellow provoked me to it. If he tries it again, I will try again too." And he turned on his heel and walked away.

He had been far more tolerant, even in his wrath, than most men would have been, but he had disposed of his enemy effectually. The fellow lay stunned upon the ground, looking unpleasant enough. In his fall, he had cut his head upon the curbstone, and the blood streamed from the wound when his companions crowded near, and raised him. Owd Sammy Craddock offered no assistance; he leaned upon his stick, and looked on with grim satisfaction.

"Tha's gotten what tha deserved, owd lad," he said in an undertone. "An' tha'st gotten no more. I'st owe th' Lunnon chap one fro' this on. He's done a bit o' work as I'd ha' takken i' hond mysen long ago, if I'd ha' been thirty year younger, an' a bit less stiff i' th' hinges."

Fergus had not escaped without hurt himself, and the first angry excitement over, he began to feel so sharp an ache in his wrist, that he made up his mind to rest for a few minutes at Grace's lodgings before going home. It would be wise to know the extent of his injury.

Accordingly, he made his appearance in the parlor, somewhat startling his friend, who was at supper.

"My dear Fergus!" exclaimed Paul. "How excited you look!"

Derrick flung himself into a chair, feeling rather dubious about his strength, all at once.

"Do I?" he said, with a faint smile.

"Don't be alarmed, Grace, I have no doubt I look as I feel. I have been having a brush with that scoundrel Lowrie, and I believe something has happened to my wrist."

He made an effort to raise his left hand and failed, succumbing to a pain so intense that it forced an exclamation from him.

"I thought it was a sprain," he said, when he recovered himself, "but it is a job for a surgeon. It is broken."

And so it proved under the examination of the nearest practitioner, and then Derrick remembered a certain wrench and shock he had felt in Lowrie's last desperate effort to recover himself. Some of the small bones had broken.

The Reverend Paul was disturbed beyond measure. He called in the surgeon himself, and stood by during the strapping and bandaging with an anxious face, really suffering as much as Derrick, perhaps a trifle more. He would not hear of his going home that night, but insisted that he should remain where he was.

"I can sleep on the lounge myself," he protested. "And though I shall be obliged to leave you for half an hour, I assure you I shall not be away a longer time."

"Where are you going?" asked Derrick.

"To the Rectory. Mr. Barholm sent a message an hour ago, that he wished to see me upon business."

Fergus agreed to remain. When Grace was on the point of leaving the room, he turned his head.

"You are going to the Rectory, you say?" he remarked.

"Yes."

"Do you think you shall see Anice?"

"It is very probable," confusedly, and looking a little nervously startled.

"I merely thought I would ask you not to mention this affair to her," said Derrick. The curate's face assumed an expression at that moment, which it was well that his friend did not see. A shadow of bewilderment and anxiety fell upon it and the color faded away.

"You think—" faltered he.

"Well, I thought that perhaps it would shock or alarm her," answered Derrick. "She might fancy it to have been a more serious matter than it was."

"Very well. I think you are right perhaps." And he went out, with the shadow still on his face.

(To be continued.)



## MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

"Industrial education is the price of industrial supremacy."

OUR age is trying a grand experiment—one which in Europe began with the century, but with us dates back hardly a generation. The idea had its birth one hundred years ago—during a period when a great nation was born, and progress took a long leap forward out of the darkness of ignorance and prejudice. It is the experiment of higher industrial education, its highest organ and instrument the nationally-endowed agricultural college.

Massachusetts, preëminent in education among her sister States, justly claims superiority in many respects for her agricultural college, the subject of this sketch. This college has no proud old history to boast of; no pleasing traditions to tell the world; no buildings hallowed by age, or the footsteps of old-time celebrities. Her halls are commonplace, with the stain of newness still upon them. No men now great had their characters molded in her intellectual workshops,—it is but eight years since the first class entered. But she is the exponent of a new departure in education, of a vital principle in the welfare of the race.

Knowledge of the past will only assist in solving the social problems of the present and future. The student of medicine and theology, the student of history, the follower of Greek and Roman thought—are necessary to our civilization. But men trained in the industrial sciences are the pressing need of our time.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College is one of a class in this country which have a great work before them, and of which much is expected. What she has done of this work in her short career, what she is, and the bright promise of her future will be the burden of my theme. Such are the intimate relationships, however, and the considerations growing out of this system of education, that an apparent digression will occasionally be necessary. And before considering the subject proper we will inquire into the motives for the establishment of these institutions and take a cursory glance at their history.

Agriculture is the mother of all industries; it is the life of the people, the foundation of commerce, aye, of all society; save mining and fishing, the only producer of raw material; without it, under present circum-

stances, the race could not exist. The farmers of the world constitute about one-half of the entire population. Yet the tillers of the soil know less concerning the natural laws and principles that control the results of their labors than any other class of workers. Not that they are less intelligent—far from it; but because their business is the most complicated, and to attain the highest success in it requires a knowledge of every branch of natural science, together with the best judgment and long experience. The art of agriculture is old, the science is new. Irrigation, draining, fallow, rotation, the use of common manures, and the general principles of practical husbandry were about as well understood—their apparent value—two thousand years ago as to-day. Our improvement in these particulars has been mostly in the manner of applying them, execution, and knowledge of their real effects. The writers on agriculture may be numbered by the hundred, from Hesiod and Xenophon, and Cato, Virgil and Columella, down to Abercrombie and Loudon. Yet until the present century there had scarcely been a new idea advanced since Crescenzi's day. Those ancient worthies understood the methods of "re-hashing" old books to make new as well as writers of the present time. But this continual repetition has made the well-worn precepts traditional, so it is not an unmixed evil.

In so far as science is the simple, visible reason for a practice, the science of agriculture is of equal age and growth with the art. But in the broad signification of science as the knowledge of principles and natural laws,—*why*, for example, a peculiarly shaped implement does work better than another,—*why* certain crops are adapted to certain soils, climates, and manures,—*why* certain phenomena occur in plant and animal life and in the mineral world,—*why* certain practices prove successful—agricultural science is the child of this century. And a mere child she is, but one of great promise, destined to grow and spread her benign influence until all the earth shall blossom and bear fruit like that first garden planted in mythical Eden. Within a short hundred years great improvements in farm machinery, and within four decades—half a life-time—many grand truths of chemistry and physi-

ology have been made known and applied. Yet what has been done, save in mechanics, is the work of a very few men. What may we not expect from an army of trained investigators in this field, of which but a few furrows have been turned? Every isolated fact in natural science is worth more to the world than a precious stone; every chain of connected facts—a perfect theory, a proved principle—is of more value than a gold mine. It is estimated that the discovery by Fitch which changed the time of sowing wheat, thus preventing the ravages of the Hessian fly, caused a saving to the State of New York of fifteen million dollars in a single year.

Agriculture and the world demand more facts, more knowledge, more science. What is already known needs diffusion among farmers, especially among the rising generation. Young men who love the farm and the country have been driven to other pursuits for the greater promise held out to them. And those who advise young men to enter farming as a life pursuit without an education would place him in the position of a lawyer who knew only law journals and office work, or the clergyman whose only education was his residence in a minister's family.

Farmers need more education to make them better citizens. In their hands rests the well-being of future generations. It is for them to keep the soil productive, that the crops shall meet the requirements of what at no distant day may be a superabundant crowd of human beings upon the earth, unless the Malthusian remedies of war and pestilence sweep them off in sufficient numbers to offset the present rapid increase. However much some may decry science, and hold to the sufficiency of practice, they must admit that the practice of the past has greatly deteriorated our farm lands, and even made some districts almost uninhabitable. The sewage of cities is fast piling up on the sea-bottom the fertility of productive soils. This sewage question is one of vast import. China has solved it, but her solution will not answer for our civilization. The guano deposits of Peru, it is said, are already failing, though only thirty-five years have passed since their utilization by other countries. All of the natural fertilizing resources are exhaustible, and what then? Discussion alone might go on forever and not settle a single point. Intelligent investigation is the only means of solving the problems.

Thus we see the necessity for agricultural colleges. These are a few of the questions presented for their solution. Societies cannot do this work; they hold the same relationship to education as societies in other departments of life.

Schools of agriculture furnish the best means by which to inculcate the principles of good husbandry, to detect and disprove false ideas and practices, to discover the reasons why certain systems are better than others, and to introduce improvements in methods and means. Agriculture more than any other industry needs special help. The principles on which it is founded are more difficult to understand than those of any other art. The causes of success and failure in farming are most complicated, resting as they do upon the subtlest and most profound principles of chemistry, physiology and meteorology.

Our German cousins, ever the pioneers in science, and warned by their crowded population to seek means for increasing the yield of their farms, were the first to make the new departure,—though the honor of conceiving the idea belongs to M. l'Abbé Rosier, who broached it to the ministry of Louis XVI. in 1775. But his plan, like many another great idea, was coldly received by the government and the world at large. Individuals attempted the establishment of agricultural schools, but these mostly failed. The first were started the same year at Hofwyl, in Switzerland, and at Krumau, in Austria, in 1799. The former fell by its own weight; the latter is still flourishing. The possibilities made visible by these efforts, the revelations in the sciences early in the century, and the natural reaction from the effects of long, disastrous wars, led European governments to improve agriculture—the life of nations—in every possible way. The schools started by private enterprise, but which had failed for want of financial strength, were placed on a sound footing. New schools and colleges were established, and experiment stations created, either in connection with existing institutions or separately, for purposes of investigation. The importance and good results arising from them were so apparent that they were rapidly multiplied, until to-day there are more than a thousand of this class of educational institutions in successful operation in Europe. In America there are about a score. The superior cultivation so notable in most of the countries fostering the system; the increased production; the improved live stock; the

many applications of steam to farm mechanics; the vast trade in commercial manures; the utilization of the potash refuse of salt mines; the enormous beet-sugar industry; the wonderful advances in every department of natural science; the improved intelligence of the better farming classes,—all attest the influence of this great movement for industrial education.

America, of all countries, needs this stimulus in her agriculture. It may not be over-vain patriotism that induces me to say, that our facilities to lead the world in this industry are unequalled. Our farm lands are yet unmeasured; politics, society, our commercial advantages all favor the assertion; yet by no people, as a people, is the condition of agriculture so much neglected. The causes of this are seen in the seemingly inexhaustible area, the isolation of farmers, and the want of knowledge concerning the true principles of husbandry. But vast as are our resources, careful statisticians calculate that the present system (now past to some extent, thanks to science) of impoverishing the land by improper cultivation, would by the close of the century have exhausted the fertility of all the wide American territory; and that *one thousand millions of dollars* would not more than restore to their original richness the *one hundred million acres* of land in the United States which have already been partially exhausted. Destructive insects steal three hundred million dollars each year out of our national treasury. Tweedism will stand no comparison with this greater evil. The insect hordes are threatening as much disaster to our food supply as the Goths and Vandals threatened to Europe, and the plagues threatened to Egypt centuries ago. The Commissioner of Education estimates that there is an annual loss to the country of fifteen million dollars from lack of proper veterinary education alone. Yet, while Germany has a round dozen veterinary colleges, France nearly as many, and England several, America has but one, with two such professorships in agricultural colleges. The useless destruction of our forests is a time-worn theme, but none the less important.

Do not these questions demand the attention of legislators, educators, and thinking citizens? Their solution will not result merely in filling the farmers' pockets; all society will reap the benefits arising therefrom.

Though the matter had been frequently agitated since 1837 by far-seeing men, it

was not till 1862 that America, having awakened to the necessities of the time, by her representatives in Congress assembled, decided to inaugurate a system of industrial education. And for this purpose she granted to each of the loyal States a portion of the public lands, equal to 30,000 acres for each senator and representative to which the State was then entitled. The proceeds of this grant were to be applied to the endowment of "at least one college, whose leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes and professions in life."

This grant comprised some nine million acres of land,—the share of Massachusetts being 360,000 acres, which when sold brought about \$236,000. Liberal as this really was for a first expenditure, and large as it may seem to many it is but a trifle compared with what Germany has devoted to similar purposes. The property and fund of the Massachusetts Agricultural College have since been swelled by legislation and private donations to nearly a half million dollars.

Pennsylvania, Michigan and Iowa were among the first to take advantage of the land grant. These States indeed had already taken initiatory steps in this direction, Michigan having established an Agricultural College, Pennsylvania a School of Agriculture, and Iowa an experimental farm.

In Massachusetts, as early as 1849, the idea of agricultural schools was made a special subject of inquiry by such men as Marshall P. Wilder, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Horace Mann, Josiah Quincy, and Charles Francis Adams, and the legislature was memorialized to take the matter in hand. The Senate, under the leadership of Colonel Wilder, the president,—to their credit be it recorded,—passed a bill for the establishment of such an institution. But the House rejected it, because of the prejudices against "book farming." Thus the old Bay State—the pioneer in free schools and normal schools, the first to possess a university, pre-eminent with her female colleges, possessor of the only normal art school—lost the honor of founding the first agricultural school on this continent. But neither the ridicule cast upon the advocates of education in farming, nor the opposition of farmers themselves,

blinded by ignorance to their own best interests, could prevail against the determined friends of the movement. Through their efforts, a commission was formed, under authority from the State, to investigate the subject thoroughly, consisting of Mr. Wilder, President Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College, Samuel A. Elliot, Thomas E. Payson, and Eli Warren. Dr. Hitchcock visited and prepared an able report on the agricultural schools of Europe, then, 1849, numbering about 350. This report aroused the people of America more than ever to the possibilities of the undertaking. The State government, however, still remained inactive. But those who had been foremost in the matter, accustomed to succeed, associated themselves together in 1856, and obtained an act of incorporation as the Massachusetts School of Agriculture, and were proceeding independent of the State, when a passage to success was opened through a broader channel.

The agitation of these measures in Massachusetts and a few other States had excited a national interest, and in 1858 Senator Morrill, of Vermont (then a representative), presented a bill to Congress providing for the endowment of a college in each of the States for the advancement of agriculture and the mechanic arts—substantially as above described. Congress passed the bill, but it received President Buchanan's veto; thus the honor of approval was reserved for Abraham Lincoln in 1862. Mr. Wilder says the act was scarcely less important in its bearings on the welfare of the nation than the proclamation of Emancipation. Like that, the new departure in education was born in the time of the nation's greatest political danger; as if the same torch had lit the fires of war and the lamps of science and progress.

By acceptance of the grant, in 1863, with its conditions and obligations, and her act of incorporation, the State became the proprietor, parent, and patron of the college, and bound herself to provide for and maintain it forever. The obligations assumed, measures were soon taken to fulfill them. There was a strong effort on the part of some to make the new institution a department of Harvard University, in connection with the Bussey Institution at Roxbury. The other colleges of the State wanted a share of the proceeds, if any then existing were to benefit thereby, they agreeing to found agricultural departments. Others wanted several schools established with ex-

perimental farms attached. But the judgment of those who had studied the matter most closely prevailed. However great might be the advantages to be gained by uniting the national grant with the Bussey fund of \$250,000, with all the privileges of the museums, cabinets, and accumulated wisdom of Cambridge, yet a rural district was to be preferred. Division of the fund would destroy its usefulness. Connection with another college was objectionable, because the old prejudices would militate against the harmonious working of the classical and industrial interests. The customary methods of instruction would not answer for teaching the natural sciences in their relations to agriculture. Indeed it was new ground to work upon; the requirements of the intellectual soil were not distinctly understood; laborers were to be trained, or rather were to train themselves for the novel industry. The European system of farm schools, it was seen, was not sufficient for this country. Our public schools would prepare students for an advanced course such as a College could give. The hamper of caste upon these institutions in Europe would not exist here. Withal it was decided that Massachusetts should have an independent agricultural college, which should work out its own destiny.

A department of mechanic arts was required by the national endowment, and accordingly three-tenths of the income of that fund goes to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, an institution which, with a property and assets of over a million dollars, is now one of the most flourishing of its class. So this State has a college more exclusively agricultural in character than any other of the Union. But she had small need of more of the classical element in her colleges, having then six of that type within her borders, and now a seventh.

In the valley of the Connecticut—the "Quonecticut" or "Long River"—the "famous river," the "little Nilus" of Cotton Mather—famous for its historical associations; noted for the surpassing beauty of its natural scenery; the foremost section in rural pursuits (for which its soil and aspect are peculiarly fitted) of all New England; and embracing a strip of country which, for its educational advantages, no equal territory in America can surpass—in this favored locality the trustees wisely planted the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Within a



range of less than three hundred miles this fertile valley boasts a half-score of prominent colleges and seminaries of learning. The college is situated on a fine farm of nearly four hundred acres in the reputable old county of Hampshire, which contains five of these institutions, and in the pleasant town of Amherst, a community of successful farmers.

After the incorporation in 1863, the organization of the college was immediately begun. The trustees were appointed by the legislature, and included a member from each of the fourteen counties, with the Governor of the State and the Secretaries of Education and Agriculture members *ex officio*. The State Board of Agriculture, in 1866, was constituted a board of overseers. The first buildings were reared in 1867, and the first class, numbering thirty-three, entered in the fall of the same year. There were two presidents before there were any students. The first was H. F. French, Esq., of Cambridge; the second, President Paul A. Chadbourne, of Williams College. Ill health compelled President Chadbourne's resignation after a few months' occupancy of the chair; when he was succeeded, in 1867, by the present incumbent, William S. Clark, graduate of Amherst and Göttingen, Colonel in the late war, and sometime professor of chemistry and botany in Amherst College, under whose efficient administration the organization of the college was effected and its subsequent success has been achieved.

The dormitories and recitation-halls are finely located in the midst of the well-tilled farm, with striking natural scenery on either side, and the whole region is exclusively agricultural. Hence all the surroundings are calculated to foster and strengthen any inherent love of rural life, while the teachings tend in the same direction. The farm is especially devoted to stock-raising, though gardening and orcharding are not neglected; it includes every variety of soil and exposure, from gravelly hills and woods, to sandy plain, and clays, and swamp land. Geologically, the soil is drift and alluvial. Since first occupied ten years ago, the work of improvement by draining, clearing, grading, and enriching has gone steadily on; thus giving the students rare opportunity to study and participate in practical operations of this nature. Much remains to be done, and many generations of students will be able to see the work in progress. There are several attractive spots on

the estate. "Lovers' lane," through the woods, is a favorite resort of local botanists, and a pretty place it is in summer. East of the ridge, occupied by the college buildings proper, there was formerly a swamp with quite a body of water. Some time, ages ago,—not recorded in the college archives,—the water found its way over the ridge and gradually wore a deep ravine through the loose drift and solid hard-pan, and back into the swamp land. The farm improvements finished draining this swamp. This deep ravine—the brook meandering between banks now covered with handsome trees and shrubs in great variety—is a place of great beauty. The president's house, on Mount Pleasant, commands a fine view of the college and surrounding country. Shorn of all disfiguring division fences, the attractive features of the place are much enhanced. With the good sense generally evinced in New England, the elms and maples scattered here and there were allowed to stand, when the land was cleared by the first settlers. A grove and a wood of natural growth, possessing a variety and beauty peculiar to the Eastern States, crown the hill on the north-eastern boundary, and protect a vineyard situated south of the wood. Groves in the lowland to the west heighten the effect. Necessary roads and walks have been constructed with an eye to beauty, and successive classes have each left a souvenir by planting rows of trees along them. A beautiful scene it is in a New England sunset: Here the college buildings, constructed with some architectural pretensions; the Durfee plantation in the foreground with its well-kept gardens; the fields checkered with various crops in their season; broad pastures, wherein roam parti-colored cattle of perfect form and many breeds; the lovely Connecticut valley spread out before the eye, with its village-dotted plain and shining winding river, and flanked by mountains on either hand—"Peerless Holyoke" on the south, historic Sugar-loaf and Toby on the north, and the foot-hills of the Green Mountains stretching far to the west.

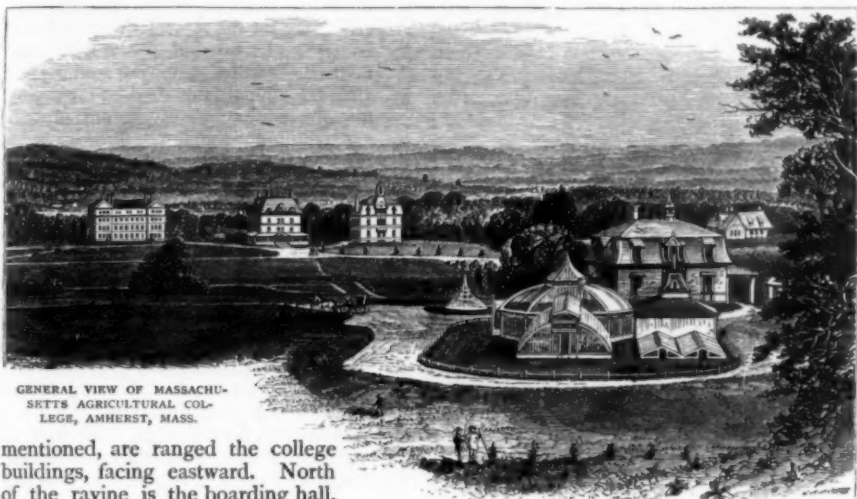
Amherst is the seat of Amherst College (built when this section was almost a wilderness), with her valuable library and extensive cabinets, and classic associations. Here Noah Webster lived and worked, and stamped his character upon the people. The old Indian wars that raged up and down the valley still live in the memories of the people; and some of the early settlers took part in the mimic civil war known



as Shay's rebellion; and Shay himself—not a great man—was born just over the hills to the east.

Along the central ridge of the farm, above-

societies; and the anniversary celebration. A hundred feet further south rises North College—a dormitory, and containing the libraries and "war office," society-rooms,



GENERAL VIEW OF MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASS.

mentioned, are ranged the college buildings, facing eastward. North of the ravine is the boarding hall, and a professor's cottage with its pretty garden crowning the bank of the ravine. Just south of this gulch stands Military Hall, not an imposing structure, but one of prime importance. Its highest use is military, the drill-room and armory being first below the roof; it also contains the chemical laboratory, two lecture-rooms, the cabinets and collections in chemistry and physics, and the chapel. Here also are held the wordy battles of the literary

and a "tool-room" in the basement pertaining to the field-labor department. This is a handsome brick structure, with a ground plan measuring 50 by 100 feet. Still another hundred feet south, stands South College, no larger than its neighbor, but containing a dormitory, two crowded museums of natural history and geology, a lecture-room, and a reading-room. Now let us visit the domain of Farmer Dillon. Across the broad campus,

near the southern boundary of the estate, we see the farm buildings: the convenient farm-house; the great barn with elevated drive-way, storage room for 150 tons of hay, but not sufficient for the yield of the farm—some 250 tons—and stalling for 50 head of cattle. Long sheds, or wings to the barn, contain pens of the improved breeds of swine, sheep and poultry, with butchery, horse-stable, store-rooms, offices, etc. Prominent members of the barn family are Marmion, the former chief and pride of



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, MOUNT PLEASANT, AMHERST.

the piggery, whose skin now adorns the barn loft; and Old Beauty, famous for her proud ancestry and already notable offspring. The



MARSHALL F. WILDER.

portraits of both these worthies will be found farther on. Other barns, with stables for the work-horses, are located north of the college. The herd of stock comprises massive shorthorns, handsome Ayrshires, clean-cut Jerseys, solid Dutch, and dainty Britanians. A commendable feature in the economy of labor is the employment of bulls for draught. Care of the stock, as also the work of the greenhouses and horticultural department generally, devolves upon the students, in addition to the regular "class work," thus assisting them to pay expenses. East of the ridge, beyond the brook, at the foot of Mount Pleasant, on a rise of land sloping north-west, stands Durfee Plant House, containing plants from every clime. Near by is the Botanic Museum, with the Knowlton Herbarium of over 10,000 species; here also are collections of woods, seeds, models of fruits, etc., and a fine botanic library. The Massachusetts Garden is in course of construction north and east of the conservatories, and is to contain specimens of every plant indigenous to the State. These features, with the rich natural flora of the vicinity, afford exceptional advantages for the study of the beautiful science.

The characteristics of the Agricultural College are very different from those of the institutions usually dignified by the title, college. The one is for the education of men for an industrial pursuit, while the other is supposed to educate men especially for the so-called learned professions. In the old, the systems and methods become somewhat stereotyped and traditional, the new are working out for society unsolved, and before unattempted problems. Professors in the classical college are not expected as part of their regular duties to advance science by original investigation. A fundamental principle in the organization of the Agricultural College is, that investigation and research shall be prominent features. In the one, Latin, Greek, and abstract mathematics, are considered paramount, while in the other the natural sciences and applied mathematics are foremost. The object and result of the old education is Culture; of the new, Knowledge. The idea of manual labor, characteristic of the latter, is an object of aversion to ordinary students, much less of practice.

It will not be out of place to summarize the course of study and the training it embraces:

*Chemistry*.—Two years—organic and inorganic, practical, and agricultural chemistry, chemical physics, laboratory practice.

*Botany*.—Two years—systematic, structural, physiological, geographical; microscope work.

*Horticulture*, including floriculture.

*Veterinary*.—Two years—including human anatomy, physiology and hygiene, comparative anatomy, zoology, veterinary science and practice.

*Practical agriculture*.—Three years—lectures in all branches of practical farm work, and science of agriculture, labor in the field.

*Mathematics*.—Four years—pure and applied mathematics, mechanics, physics, civil engineering, practice.

*Languages*.—Four years—English, French, German, literature, history.

*Military*.—Four years—science, tactics, fortifications, signaling, military history.

*Mental, moral and social science.*

Besides these regular departments, there are lectures on entomology and rural law; geology, landscape gardening, and an extended course in drawing, rhetoric and elocution.

The methods of instruction are, as far as possible, those approved and practiced by "Agassiz, teacher," i.e. by lectures and illustration, by laboratory practice and the study of objects. That prince of teachers held

that text books should but serve as dictionaries to aid in the study of objects. Nature's language is more clear and positive than any written language can be. At the end of a four years' course the degree of Bachelor of Science is conferred upon successful candidates, who can also, by post-graduate study, become candidates for the degrees of M.S., and Ph. D., and by arrangements with Boston University, may also receive the diploma of that institution.

Now, to what extent is the college fulfilling its mission as an educator, and a factor in the advancement of agricultural science? It is early yet to look for expected results; the real needs of the service are just becoming apparent. Year by year, the field of labor broadens, the furrows lengthen; what once seemed boundary fences, are only division lines. But disputed points are being settled. The few years of tillage, and the seed sown are yielding satisfactory harvests. The training bestowed, considering the lack of previous special preparation, compares favorably with that of older classical colleges, and fosters little of that arrogance and fancied superiority often found where much steeping in book-lore, and exemption from manual labor, prevail. But the lack of preparatory study is a serious hindrance to complete success. Scientific teachings are best ingrafted upon a liberal culture. A broad foundation is required to build a special course upon, and too much of this should not be left for the college to construct. But when this State college shall be blessed with free tuition, and consequent increase in numbers, and thereby placed practically upon a footing with all others in this respect, improvement in this particular may be expected. It is worthy of note in this connection, that the students realize the value of more advanced study; and besides those who devote extra time to some special science, and the post-graduates, several take up Latin and Greek for the purposes of culture, and a better understanding of technical terms. Of the students who have received instruction and gone out from the college since the beginning, fully one-half are now engaged in some pursuit connected with the farm or garden; and of the last two classes, three-fourths are so occupied. Among the rest are advanced students, civil engineers, teachers, editors, merchants, lawyers, physicians. Doubtless many of the latter class will eventually follow the bent of their education, judging from their expressed intentions. While the studies and

influences naturally incline the student to rural pursuits, yet some learn their inaptitude for such employment, and their tastes point to a more congenial avocation. Others again are led to see the necessity of financial capital and business experience, which they do not possess, in order to succeed in this calling, and hesitate about entering the profession without these requirements, preferring to wait until they are attained. It is thought quite improper in a candidate for the honors of the classical trinity of learned professions to hasten in taking up his life-work; why not in this? It is no fault of the education, rather to its credit, that the recipient sometimes chooses another career than it apparently directs him to; for it would be an unwise course to restrict any person's training to a certain path regardless of his fitness therefor. Better far is the liberal course adopted by the college, in accordance with the plan favored by the endowment act.

The education acquired by the earnest student fulfills the expectations of the leaders in the movement, and befits their aspirations for the future of American agriculture. The main idea is not to make farmers, and teach them certain forms of manual labor. The aim is higher than this: it is to develop the mind by systematic study; to teach youth the laws of nature; to store the mind with facts and principles useful in any walk



VICTORIA REGIA IN DUFFEE PLANT HOUSE.

of life, and by application of knowledge to practice, show how this formerly despised calling may be made attractive, honorable, and profitable. The student is taught to see things as they are, not "men as trees



A SQUASH IN HARNESS.

walking;" the keys are furnished him to nature's treasure-house, which, if he possesses the power of discovery, will help him, perhaps, to write a page concerning her wonderful methods and means. Wherever his steps may lead, his education must have influence for good in spreading better ideas of farm life and practice. If he settles upon the farm, then what before was drudgery, becomes skilled and enjoyable labor; the hand obeys the behest of an intelligent mind. His boyish longings for a reason why, are in part satisfied. The growth of plants and animals is a source of pleasure, for he understands to some extent the mysteries of life and death, growth and decay. Every clod he turns, or bit of soil he treads, or flower he looks upon, the heavens above,—all converse with him of nature's laws, and he makes profitable use of their story. His buildings are erected with a definite purpose, properly constructed and located, both for convenience and for health and beauty. A few dollars and a little educated taste, a few days' labor, make his home attractive without and pleasant within.

A profession is respected not for itself, but for the men who fill its offices. May we not expect a lifting-up of this ancient calling to a more honorable position in society from the acquisition of educated men to its ranks? When farmers learn that education and special training are not only compatible with, but add dignity and honor to, the pursuit; when it is proven, as a more potent factor, that the knowledge of principles and faculties of observation and generalization developed by the culture of the college, greatly enhance the chances of success and profits, as shown by the examples of a more pros-

perous agriculture in their midst, then will this class acknowledge the influence of these agencies, hold a high respect for their own occupation, seek the education for their children, and the productive forces of the country be vastly increased. As mind-culture is recognized as pertaining to a class, and as being the essential element of progress and profit, that class will receive from the world the consideration ever given to power, whether individual or collective.

This new educational movement has wonderfully diversified the resources and opportunities of the calling. It has opened up new careers for youthful ambition. Education no longer consigns a man to law, medicine or the ministry. The youth in sympathy with rural pursuits, and of a literary turn of mind, can find no richer field for his talents than here. The tempting career of authorship and journalism no longer of necessity carries its aspirant to spheres of thought and action removed by long intervals from the field and farm; no department of literature now offers a wider range, or better compensations, than the agricultural. Those inclined to the teacher's calling have opportunities here offered until now unknown. Medicine, in the human practice, is crowded full; the veterinary is virtually all unworked. To the youth born for eminence as an original investigator of nature, here is a field white with the harvest, for which the reapers are all too few. To use the words of President Warren: "In the direction of mechanical invention and appliance, in the direction of breed studies and breed improvement, in the direction of new forms of agricultural manufacture and agricultural commerce, numberless new op-

portunities and employments have been opened, which all go to diversify, to enrich, and to render attractive the farm-life, once so monotonous."

The story of the Great Squash has many times been told, and its feat of lifting five thousand pounds created much wonder and amazement. President Clark undertook this experiment, to demonstrate the lifting power of plant-growth, *i. e.*, the expansive force of growing vegetable tissues. Investigations in this department, of even greater importance, were those upon the phenomena of circulation, pressure, suction, and flow of sap in trees and other plants; rapidity and periodicity of growth; the structure and functions of the bark of exogens; and motions of growing points. The work of the botanical department has attracted considerable attention, and induced Professor Agassiz to say, in his last public address, that a certain paper, upon the circulation of sap, presented at that time, alone more than repaid all the money expended upon the college. These observations on the phenomena of plant life go far to overthrow the absurdity that osmose and attraction are the forces that control the growth of living beings, and to prove that life is a distinct natural force.

The chemical department, under Professor Goessmann, has not been idle. Experiments upon the sugar beet, in field and laboratory, through a course of three years, prove conclusively that the beet-sugar industry, which has added largely to the wealth of France and Germany, can be pursued profitably in the Northern States. During a period of as many more years, attention has been devoted to solving the important fertilizer question. The investigations in this line caused the law of Massachusetts, (by which the Professor was appointed State Inspector of Fertilizers,) compelling commercial manures to be sold according to a guaranteed composition, to be ascertained by chemical analysis. This principle has worked so favorably for both farmer and dealer that the whole trade of the country is reforming upon that basis. Some idea of the importance of these results may be conceived when it is known that formerly enormous quantities of worthless trash were sold to farmers for crop-feeding purposes, at high prices, without the slightest regard to value; and that the sales each year reach the large amount of over two hundred thousand tons. Other investigations have been made, and are in prog-

ress, to determine the importance of certain constituents of plant-food, and the effect of special fertilizers on the quality of the product, for example, the flavor of fruit, the inquiries even extending to the bouquet of wines; valuable results have already been obtained.

German, French and English experimenters have long been discussing and investigating the subject of feeding crops with special fertilizers, but with varying results. At last the facts and theories seem to be taking on a tangible form; they are being reduced to a system, and are shedding light on a question of weighty concern to agriculture. Incorrect hypotheses are being dismissed, and simple common-sense theories taking their place. Experiments upon the college farm, and in different sections of the country, under the direction of Professor Stockbridge, and extending over a period of seven years, have demonstrated the practicability of raising crops by application to the soil of the special ingredients, in definite proportions and quantities, as required by the crop under treatment,—a simple theory and a proven fact.

The college has scarcely begun its labors yet, but the fruits are already ripening. The teachers gain in knowledge of their peculiar work as it progresses, and, as in all progress, each step adds fresh impetus to the onward movement. The experimental work accomplished gives fair promise of what may be expected when adequate means for further execution are provided.

It was a wise provision that in receiving the benefit of the government grant



A USED-UP SQUASH.

these national colleges should teach the art and science of war. Thus while learning the principles that govern the most peaceful of all pursuits, the student is taught



how nations protect their peace when resort to arms becomes imperative. Not only is the country thus in part repaid for the expenditure from the common treasury, but a means of needed discipline is thereby provided, which imparts physical health and a graceful carriage, and promptness and decision of character.

As a rule, the students enjoy the training, and the system is successful. The cadets are organized into a battalion, uniformed and equipped, officered from among themselves, with a detail from the regular army as commandant. The importance of this department in the agricultural colleges is hardly appreciated by many. Its existence is not a load, but rather an aid to the general efficiency of the institutions. In addition to the proviso for this line of instruction in the Congressional Endowment Act, the law of 1866, enacted "to increase and fix the military peace establishment of the United States," provided for the appointment of army officers, to the number of twenty,—one to any established college fulfilling certain requirements,—for the express purpose of promoting the knowledge of military science. Naturally, the agricultural colleges were almost the only recipients of these professorships, they being obliged to include the department in their curriculum. Thus thousands of young men pass each year under the tutelage of competent instructors, the results of which will be of great

value in case of warlike emergencies that may arise at any day. But the country might reap still greater benefit from this source, without a dollar of additional outlay, and the course proposed would only be a direct reimbursement for the expense now incurred. By granting these free professor-

ships, and by the issue of arms, ordnance, and equipments to these colleges, the government has recognized them as part of the United States forces, perhaps unintentionally, but this is the legitimate and natural consequence of such a measure. The casualties among the officers of the standing army so far exceed the supply from the usual sources, that about sixty civil appointments are made each year. Government owes it to herself, and to the position she has given those colleges in her military system, to make at least one appointment from each of the colleges so honored. A commission of second lieutenant to the graduate in each college most distinguished for proficiency in this department, would insure to the army the advent of a score of competent, educated officers every year. Such a course would go far toward increas-



NORTH COLLEGE AND COLOR GUARD.

ing the general interest in this department, and a deficiency in the army would be well supplied.

The training of the gymnasium, and the sports of the bat and oar, as part of an education, are exciting no small degree of interest in these days, and even the student of agriculture is not exempt from the general infection. At the first annual regatta of the National College Rowing Association, at Ingleside, the "Aggies" won the race with great *éclat*, and received applause from the press and the people such as has attended no subsequent contest. This was almost the first defeat of Harvard upon the water. The magenta boys had laughed at the wearers of the maroon and white, and contemptuously dubbed them with the cognomen, "Aggies," which, acquired under such circumstances, has been proudly retained. But such sports, thus made so prominent, are incompatible with the system of education, and now are only indulged in near home, and upon the campus.

From the first, the College has encountered much opposition from men in all stations and professions; legislators, educators, private citizens, prominent agriculturists, and common farmers. And why? Simply because at first they were ignorant of the objects and aims of the enterprise, and afterward were ignorant of its workings.

A committee of that august body known in the Bay State as the General Court, visited the institution a few years ago, with the view of appropriating money for its support. While looking over the buildings, one of the honorables, considerably interested, beckoned one of the guides aside, and confidentially, as if to conceal his ignorance, made the inquiry: "Professor, who—who does this college belong to, anyway?" The surprising manner in which the college has overcome, one by one, the doubts, prejudices, and ridicule of the faithless, is encouraging to every friend of progress. The legislature of the Commonwealth, in 1870, considered the propriety of severing its relations with the college, and appointed a committee to inquire into the feasibility of the step, and also if the term of study could not be diminished. The result of the investigation was an appropriation of \$150,000, and complete vindication of the course adopted by the college officials. In 1873, a bill was before Congress providing for the bestowal of the interest received from the proceeds of the sales of public lands upon the existing national industrial

colleges. The presidents of two leading universities lobbied against the measure. The chairman of the Committee on Education was opposed to it. But the bill received a majority of the votes cast, and was



PRESIDENT CLARK.

only defeated by those tricks so well played in legislative bodies. Last year, an investigation of these institutions was ordered and carried out. The investigators reported so favorably that recently the former opposing chairman of the Committee on Education has written a letter, in which he admits his mistake in 1873, and wishes for opportunity to aid the project should it again be brought before Congress, and speaks in high terms of the Massachusetts college. Contending against unequal odds, she at last commands the respect of friend and opponent, and is steadily gaining a reputation, at home and abroad, as a strong educational power.

The system of industrial education with us is yet in its infancy, and these central institutions, the agricultural colleges, will progress as immeasurably far ahead of their present position as they are now in advance of the condition when none existed. Germany and France, in common with other European countries, have so far progressed as to possess special schools in forestry, veterinary, stock-breeding, dairy-farming, etc., and to teach the culture of special crops; they have experiment stations, devoted to the investigation of particular questions; and their influence is felt in every

harvest-field of Europe. The skilled workmen of Germany and France are trained in technical schools, and taught the laws that

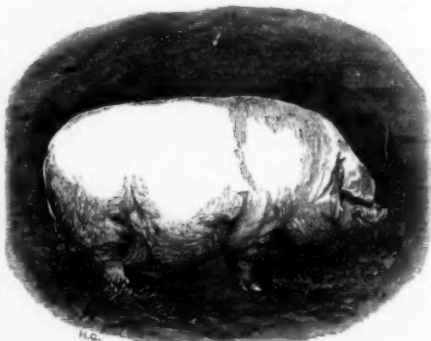


FARMER DILLON.

guide methods and control results. England long fancied that her mills and raw materials were sufficient to keep her ahead of the world; but only a few years went by before she found herself surpassed by the educated workmen across the Channel. Since then she has taken steps to remedy this difficulty. America is in the same plight to-day toward Europe, not only in many of her manufactured products, but especially in her agriculture. A few articles of American manufacture, such as machinery, pianos, rifles, and domestic implements, have won a high position in foreign markets; our flour, and corn, and butter, and cheese, are necessities to the old world. But we are obliged to impose high import duties to "protect American industry" (rather to injure it), not altogether because labor is cheaper with them, but because their wares are better than our own. Our farm products are insignificant compared with what they should be from our immense territory. Even France raises more wheat than all America.

The names of Liebig, Wolff, Stöckhardt, Voelker, and their co-workers, need only be mentioned to indicate what science has done for agriculture. All Europe does them honor, follows their teachings, and pockets the profits. The possibilities for America

when she shall have an army of educated farmers and artisans, of teachers and investigators in the natural sciences, are yet scarcely dreamed of. Our magnificent stretch, and diversity of soil and climate; our manufacturing and commercial advantages, backed by educated Yankee ingenuity, and our democracy, render possible with us what is impossible for Europe. The farmers of America are slowly opening their eyes to the fact that this, with them, unpopular science is leading their transatlantic neighbors to the van in crop production and consequent profits, and are beginning to acknowledge the reason. The present proficiency in stock breeding evinced by many Americans, the cheese-factory system, the successes of a few scientific farmers, and our unrivaled labor-saving machinery, attest the good results of the application of accurate knowledge to practice in this country. The teachings and investigations of the agricultural colleges, —though a decade scarce measures their life, —and a few independent workers, are fast marking out the paths to success. But great as is the work of these institutions, few of them are fully equipped for the service. Without substantial aid from the public their usefulness will be much abridged. Massachusetts expects her State college to run a full-fledged experiment station, but makes no provision therefor. Massachusetts, the State of free normal schools, with a matchless system of free common schools, her classical colleges offering free scholarships to all who need them, compels her agricultural college, which is part and parcel of the State educational system, to make high



MARMION—CHESTER WHITE.  
(Age, 2 years, 21 months; Weight, 1000 lbs.)

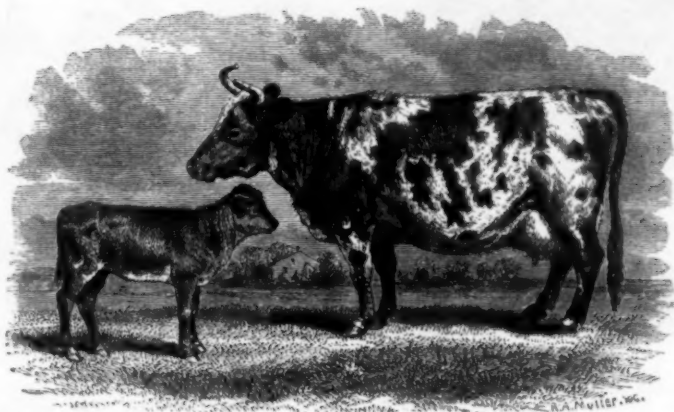
charges for tuition; and expects the dormitories to be filled with students from a class usually not over well supplied with worldly

goods. A botanic garden and arboretum, and professorships in entomology and meteorology, are among the urgent necessities of the institution.

Neither the importance of, nor the necessity for, experiment stations—institutions devoted specially to investigation and discovery in the natural sciences—are understood in this country, save by a few, nor do my limits allow the demonstration. Suffice it to say, that Europe finds them so necessary and profitable that they are planted in almost every province, and the number is added to every year. When our agricultural colleges shall have been adequately endowed, an experiment station well managed in connection with each, and by division of labor in investigation, and all working together under one system, their power as an educational force will be almost beyond conception. The results do not benefit, nor

are they applied solely to agriculture, but all arts share the benefits, and consequently all society. England's wealth could not purchase superiority over the educated labor of the Continent. The almighty dollar, single-handed, cannot unlock nature's secrets. But wealth expended in education and the advance of knowledge in the technical sciences, is the favorite investment of Germany, and her return has been greater than the usurer's interest.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, the Japanese government, after examination of the agricultural colleges of both Europe and America, have chosen the subject of this paper as a model for a similar institution in that country, at Sapporo, province of Hokkaido; and that the cast may be the more perfect, while modified to suit peculiar circumstances, have secured the services of President Clark for a year or so, to organize the new institution.



BEAUTY AND BEAUTY 12TH. (FIVE GENERATIONS BETWEEN.)

#### THE BRIDE OF THE RHINE.—IV.

TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A MOSEL ROW-BOAT.

THERE are days in the past lives of all of us which refuse to rest in the chronological niche to which they belong. They insist upon leaping over the intervening months and years, and keeping themselves always present in our memories. Such a day is that Sunday in September when we loaded our luggage and our little row-boat luxuries and drinking-glass and field-glass on board the

"Nancy," and set sail from Alf, as the church bells of the little river-side villages were answering each other's calls to the morning mass.

It was a rare day. The sun was bright without fierceness; the baffling and changing breeze accommodated itself to all the windings of our course, and gave us always the impulse of its gentle pressure; the air was



THE MOSEL, FROM MARIENBURG TO CLOTTEN.

so clear that distant objects were well defined, yet so soft that near ones were not too glaring; the mellow tones of the old timber-and-stucco houses were warm and tender, and the full-leaved hill-sides were as fresh as in June.

We rowed, and floated, and idled away the livelong day amid the ever-changing scenes and constantly varied interest of the most beautiful part of the whole Mosel. Here and there a rapid run, concentrated between projecting jetties, would give us a half-mile or so of swift flight. Then would come a long stretch of straight or winding lake-like water, down which we paddled,—resting often to fill our souls with the ineffable beauty and serenity of the slowly varied scene.

All Mosel-land seemed to be enjoying its holiday,—strolling, fishing, rowing, bathing,

singing, and idling; the whole happy people were given over to the Arcadian life which, on September Sundays at least, they seem to enjoy to the fullest extent.

The map given above, covers the length of this Sunday's sail,—from Alf to Cochem,—the whole course lying between high and beautiful hills, which almost always crowded the river closely on either hand, and being thickly studded with villages, ruins, and never-ending vineyards. As we pulled away from Alf, we had behind us the steep, high cliff, crowned with the Marienburg, and, rising above, the point of the odd Bullay spire. At our left, we passed the old church of Aldegund, perched on a high rock above the town, which it crowns with the beauty of the quaint, old-time village church architecture. Then came Neef and Bremm, and here we rounded a sharp turn in the river, running



under the very walls of a most romantic ruin, the old Kloster Stuben, built low down near the very shore amid the great clustering trees where its storied nightingales fill the star-lit air with melody. What now stands was clearly the church of St. Gisela's Augustine nuns, dating back to the twelfth century. Passing by Eller, we landed in front of the hotel of the most picturesque old town of Ediger—a town which, as seen from the river, has few equals along the whole Mosel. Here we halted for an hour, and dined, and dozed dreamily in the shaded arbor overlooking the river.

During the afternoon we landed on this shore and on that, and, as we look back, we seemed to have dawdled away so much of our time, that it is hard to understand how we made the progress that we did. The villages are packed more closely together here than along our earlier route, sometimes stretching along the bank, and again lying a little way back, behind the orchards and woods, which shut them from our view,—manifesting themselves only in the floating smoke, and the cries and laughter of children. Presently we swung around in

front of the village of Briedern, and sighted the tower of Beilstein Castle, perched, like Landshut, high above the vineyards, which, as we rowed on, appeared gradually lower and lower down until Beilstein village came in view. As Bernkastel best shows the inter-

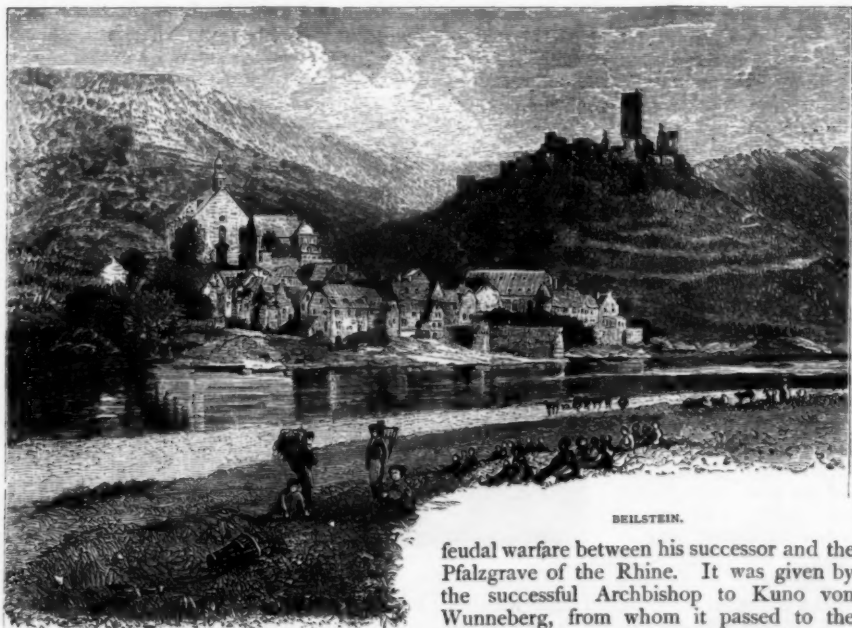


ELLER.

ior crookedness, quaintness, and architectural beauty of the mediæval Mosel town, so Beilstein presents to the river the most charming and interesting external view. Traces are still left of the old castle wall, stretching down the vine-clad hill, and embracing the little town in its arms. Several of the houses—evidently centuries old—have included in their construction bastions and towers, and



EDIGER.



BEILSTEIN.

feudal warfare between his successor and the Pfalzgrave of the Rhine. It was given by the successful Archbishop to Kuno von Wunneberg, from whom it passed to the powerful Mosel family of Metternich.

The rest of our day's row had, at every turn, a constant and constantly varied interest and beauty, until it brought us at last in front of the fine outlying country-houses above Kochem. Swinging around a high bluff, we came suddenly in view of the castle and the town, and pulled slowly down past

battlements of the old defensive work. Never did castle more completely overlook, protect, and inclose the village where its retainers were gathered; and nowhere on the Mosel, or on the Rhine, is the feudal relation between the lord and his people more clearly illustrated by the still standing traces of their homes; and nowhere, surely, did lord and retainer live in a more beautiful spot, or among more charming surroundings. There may be in Beilstein some minor houses of this century, but not enough to mar in any way the effect of purest antiquity. The gray castle, the richly grown hill-side, the "calmly gliding waters," the warm-tinted, tumble-down, fish-scale-roof houses, the sturdy wall by which these are buttressed against the hill-side, and the high-perched, quaint old church,—all combine to make Beilstein to the last degree interesting. Even its people, as we see them from the river, in nowise detract from its interest, and the noisy game of bowls that was being played on one of the terraces might well have descended from the games of the feudal days. Beilstein Castle is mentioned in the twelfth century. It came in the fourteenth into the possession of the Archbishop of Trier, and was afterward a chief point in the

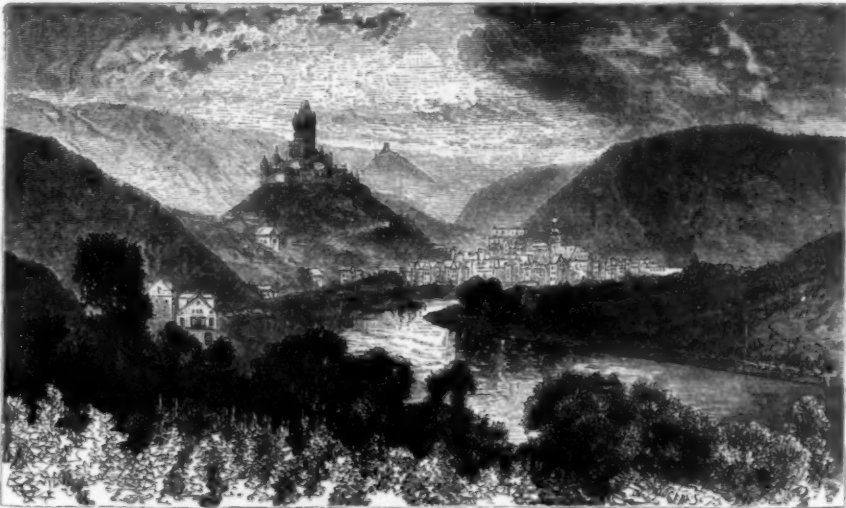


HOUSES ON THE QUAY AT KOCHER.

its long, picturesque, river-side street to the landing-place in front of the "Hotel Union," where we had bespoken accommodations.

Kochem is quite a large town. It is an important station of the Trier steamers, and the terminus of a little steamboat line from Koblenz. It is a busy little place, with a good back country, and, as the head of navigation during low stages of the river, it has a surplus of traffic. Its shore is well lined with flat-boats, and heavy drays are not unknown to its principal thoroughfare. It has a fine casino, and several promising-looking hotels. The Union (Pauly's) is a really comfortable, modern hotel,—as distinct from the Gasthaus,—domiciled within

street and by-way of Kochem is old and curious,—less so than those of Trier, but it is an extremely interesting and picturesque old town, with a crowning charm that is hardly equaled in its way in the world. The old castle of Friedburg—formerly the home of the Landgrave Heinrich von Laach, who lived here in William the Conqueror's time—caps a sharp high hill at the end of the town. Difficult of access by vehicles from the rear, and on its river front approached only by a zigzag walk hewn out of the rock by Archbishop Baldwin,—a walk overlooked by protecting bastions,—its position must have been well-nigh impregnable. It played an important part in the mediæval warfare between the electors of Trier and their robber



KOCHER AND FRIEDBURG.

heavy stone walls of mediæval brick. It opens upon a broad, vine-shaded terrace, set with wine-tables, and commanding one of the prettiest views of the Mosel. It was like stepping out of a former century and awakening suddenly to modern life, to be shown into our large four-windowed corner room, with an actual nineteenth century carpet on the floor. It would be an affectation to say that we did not fully accept and enjoy the modern comforts with which we were surrounded; but they did not at all spoil us for an appreciation of the quaint delights of the Gasthaus snugness and simplicity of our farther travel.

Once away from the river-front, every

enemies toward the Rhine, during the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries. It was their frequent residence, and they did much to beautify the underlying town. During the Thirty Years' War it was occupied by the archbishops, by the emperors, by the Spaniards, by the Swedes, and by the French. In 1689, it was taken by the French at the fourth storming, with a loss of 1600 men, and both castle and town were nearly destroyed. Then for almost two hundred years the hill top was covered with a mass of gray and time-worn ruin.

Very recently it was bought by a wealthy gentleman of Berlin, a Privy Councilor of the government, who—under the advice of

the architect of the Cologne Cathedral—is restoring it to what is believed to have been its original character, but with a degree of

real legend-crowded and historic romance.

An important one of my motives for visiting Kochem was the wish to examine the great engineering work connected with the tunnel of the new Prussian railway,—a railway that is to enable Germany to mass half a million men at Metz within a week after the breaking out of the next French war. This work will sadly mar the beauty of the lower Mosel; but, happily, the line passes much of the way by short cuts under-ground, and it must always leave the long and beautiful bends of the river untouched and unspoiled. Indeed, by concentrating the traffic of the country at those points where it appears above ground on the river banks, it will probably check all tendency of modern enterprise to ruin the more hidden villages, and will leave Beilstein, Zell, Bernkastel and a hundred hamlets for ever dead and delightful.

The Kochem tunnel is much inferior in length to those of the Alps, being less than three miles long (4235 meters). It comes out near Eller, where much progress had been made, and about half a mile was finished at Cochem. The main driving is being done with the Swiss drill, which, although effective, seemed to me less so than are our own percussion drills, while requiring a far larger number of men for their management. The upper drifts are driven with the use of the little Sachs (percussion) drill, which seems light and relatively inefficient. The rock is generally a hard laminated slate, lying at an awkward angle, and the material removed is valuable only for filling.

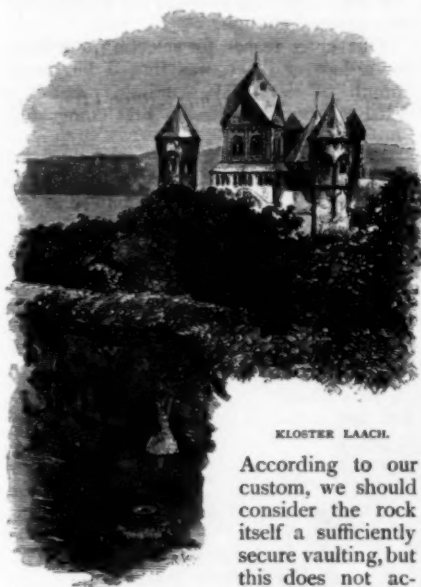


A MOSEL KITCHEN.

elegance and luxury that includes some refinements that must have been unknown to its earlier occupants. Its towers and turrets are covered with pointed round roofs, and bristle with flag-staffs. The windows are filled with beautiful glass-work, and the overhanging oriel and bay-windows and doors are of the finest solid woods, richly and beautifully carved. The great Rittersaal (Knight's hall), restored with even more than its mediæval magnificence, is destined for a museum of armor and all manner of middle-age relics. Never did courtier offer to his guest a more magnificent house, more beautifully placed, or richer in every detail, than that to which the owner of Friedburg will welcome his Imperial guest. The millions that the work has cost, and the years that the improvements have occupied, and must still occupy, could hardly anywhere else have produced a more charming and luxurious result; and over it all, despite its modern finish, there must always hang the veil of



SCHLOSS BÜRRESHEIM, NEAR MAVEN.



KLOSTER LAACH.

According to our custom, we should consider the rock itself a sufficiently secure vaulting, but this does not accord with the ideas

of German engineers, and the whole tunnel, for a double-track road, is to be walled and vaulted with costly hard stone brought all the way from Luxembourg.

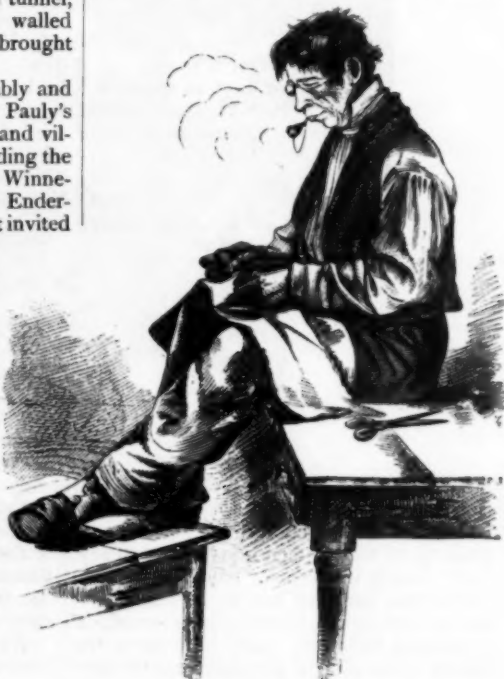
One might spend a month profitably and with unusual comfort under Herr Pauly's pleasant roof, and among the hills and villages and ruins of the country, including the old home of the Metternichs, Schloss Winneburg, which lies in sight back in the Enderbach valley. But too much of interest invited us down the river, and we left on Tuesday noon, marking Kochem as one of the many visited points to which one must again return.

We had heard of old of the charms of Deiss's Gasthaus at Moselkern, and we passed a pleasant afternoon along the ten-miles of river that floated us to it. Unfortunately others than we had heard of Deiss's good cheer, and the best that we could do was to take quarters at an outlying house below the village, going for our meals to the little inn, which we found crowded with traveling guests, and noisy with the clattering discussions of the railway engineers who were quartered there.

Our hostess, a daughter of Deiss, whose husband is a well-to-do peasant, has a really comfort-

able old double house near the bank of the river at the lower end of the village. It is much better than the ordinary village house, and is furnished with more comfort; indeed, the parlor into which we were shown, although its furniture is all very old, and although its thick walls give deep window-seats, had very much the air that one may see in the "best room" of a rich farmer,—in eastern Pennsylvania, for example.

Our bedroom was in an extension of the house, approached by a very steep outer staircase, and an open gallery. It was extremely clean and was furnished comfortably, though in the simplest way; for wash-bowls, we had long oval pudding dishes. Our window opened upon a little fruit garden, and it was pleasant to hear the pattering of the light rain upon the leaves. We awakened early, and, on inspecting our quarters by daylight, were horrified to find that we had had neighbors of the creeping order, such as it had been our good fortune thus far to escape. In the gray dawn, one after another of these nocturnal visitors was to be seen creeping here and there over the beds and the floor. A little later, after our anxiety



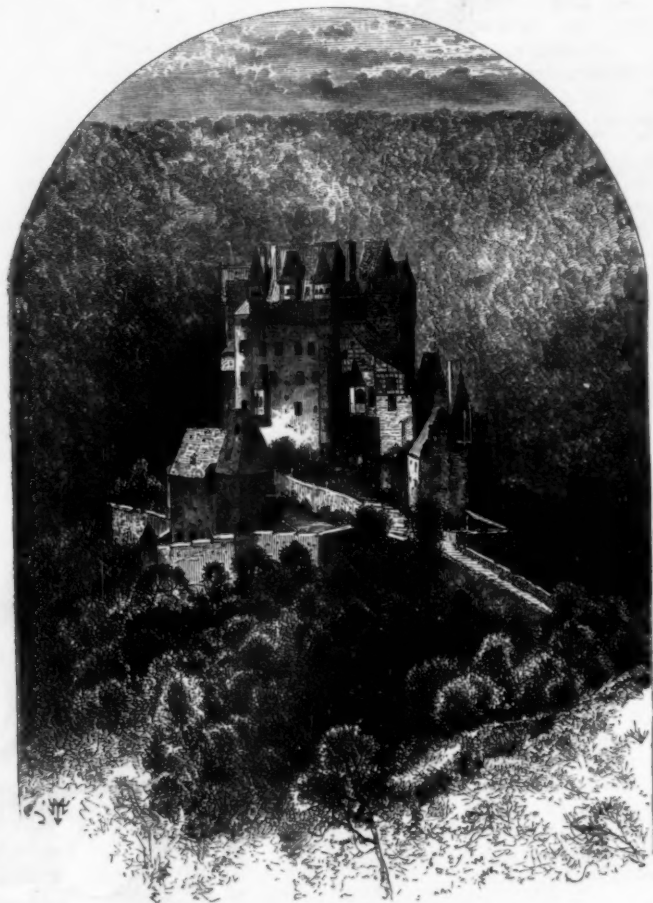
A TAILOR ON THE MOSEL.



had grown almost insupportable, the waxing day showed our friends to have a somewhat too attenuated form for the *cimex lectularius* of our boarding-school memories, and a closer inspection quite acquitted them of the charge. They were simply a crowd of quite harmless

our next day's tour through the eastern Eifel was gloomy enough.

Our chief reason for selecting Moselkern for a halting place, was that it lies at the mouth of the noisy, winding, picturesque Eltzbach,—a little stream that comes tun-



SCHLOSS ELTZ.

little garden beetles which had taken refuge from the rain, and had amused their waking hours with an inspection of the persons and property of their American visitors. They were entirely innocent of any design upon our bodies, but they had succeeded in inflicting quite as much torture upon our minds as though they had really been what we feared. The rain of this night was the first we had had since Paris, and the prospect of

bling down from the Eifel among crags and cliffs, which are crowded with the monuments, traditions, legends, and associations of the richest mediæval time,—and up the Eltzbach valley, only three miles away, stands the grand old Schloss Eltz,—the chief aim of our pilgrimage.

We were to have gone up the valley of the Eltzbach in a hay-wagon, cushioned with straw and drawn by cows over the rough

road. We were compelled to give this up and to engage the only covered vehicle in the village, with a tandem team to drag us up the long road leading to the top of the hills, and on to Munstermaifeld.

This little town had interested us from Ernest George's beautiful etching of one of its old farm-houses, with a covered gate-way attached. It had also excited our curiosity from his statement that it was modernized to a painful degree by large iron-works, and that its outlying fields were cultivated with an English steam-plow. How an artist could ever have made so capital and truthful a picture of this house,—unless from a photograph,—and yet have been so entirely wild in his statements, it is difficult to imagine. No iron-works have ever existed in the neighborhood, and the steam-plow, or even any other modern plow, is as much unknown at Munstermaifeld as in the most hidden village of the Mosel valley. All of our experiences at the hotel, at the church, and about the streets—the rain had ceased and the day had cleared finely—were of the pleasantest, but we hastened to enter our lumbering, mediæval old calash, a vehicle which would not live a year on our roads, but which seems amply reliable for the excellent ones of the Eifel. We trundled on behind the slow old plow-horses, and listened to the constant talk and explanation of our peasant coachman.

We went first to Mayen, a busy and active market-town, at one end of whose public square stands the castle of Genoveva's Burg,—near the church behind whose altar her misguided husband found her, according to the Mayen version of the legend, spinning, and where she still sits to this day, an unseen spirit spinning the gossamer web of the other world.

The legend of Genoveva, the most noted and most dramatic of the Mosel legends, is located by usual tradition at Pfälzel, below Trier, where Siegfried's castle is said to have stood, and near to the woods, into which she was driven by her cruel fate. Of course the Pfälzel version has no adherents at Mayen.

Our course in this direction had for its purpose a visit to Schloss Bürresheim which, after Schloss Eltz, is the best preserved of the very old feudal castles,—dating back to the twelfth century, and still kept up in its ancient condition. It has been modernized, century after century, but without destructive changes, and contains in its architecture, its furniture, and its decorations, a

very complete record of the life and habits of the old German nobles. Unfortunately, its owner was absent, and we could only peer through the windows from the moss-grown inner court-yard into the great Ritter-saal which opens upon it. The heavy furniture was stowed away and covered against dust; but in a great fire-place there stood a very vision of brass andirons which should mark Schloss Bürresheim as the future prey of some lucky bric-à-brac vulture, seeking the full magnificence of mediæval brass. The castle has stood for seven hundred years, and shows no sign of decay; but to secure these andirons would be a worthy ambition for any devotee of the new-born art, and I advise all interested to concoct plans for the future acquisition of them—plans to be handed down as an heirloom of duty to descendants until the day when the final crumbling of the Bürresheim fortune shall open the way to success. Its size is not very great, but its architecture and its situation are extremely beautiful, and whether approaching it from the valley of the Nette, or leaving it by the road which winds up the side of the mountain to a point high above it, it is most interesting and charming,—entirely picturesque in itself and in its situation.

It was after dark when we arrived at the edge of the broad wood which surrounds the Laachersee. We were entirely outside of the range of even agricultural travel.

The country is mainly wooded and much broken, and the roads, washed by rain, and worn by travel, were quite as bad as our own little-used country by-ways. This condition, added to the dense obscurity of the forest, whose great trees completely covered us, made our remaining two or three miles extremely unpleasant. To have been overturned in our ponderous old ark would have been by no means agreeable or safe. However, the horses knew the road of old, and brought us safely through to a corner of the wall of the old Abbey of Laach. Following this to its next turn, we came suddenly in full view of the brilliantly lighted hotel ("Maria-Laach"), beyond which lay the beautiful Laachersee reflecting the stars and the dark shore in its unruffled stillness.

This is much the largest of the crater lakes of the Eifel, and is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by wooded hills, and overlooked by the old Benedictine Abbey of Laach, which adjoins the hotel. The Abbey has now been secularized, and it and its beautiful church belong to the Prussian Government.

It was founded in 1093 by the Count Palatine Henry II., whose curious effigy—he bears a model of the building in his hand—lies beneath a canopy in the church. The cloisters at the entrance of the church are very fine, and, indeed, the whole ecclesiastical establishment is full of interest. This Abbey, the charming lake, and the very interesting subterranean tuff-stone quarries of Niedermendig, near by, combine to give interest to a visit to the Laach hotel, where one may be comfortable and at peace, and where one is quite sure to meet with the more interesting class of tourists,—those who seek the quiet enjoyment of points lying off the main line of fashionable travel.

To an American who has traveled enough in Germany to make no account of the more marked local peculiarities, such as smoking at table, and the constant presence of tall hock bottles on all occasions, this hotel has a familiar air. It is large, plain, cheaply built, placed to command the finest view and surrounded with sufficiently pleasant, but rather crude, new-looking grounds. Local peculiarities aside, it is not essentially different from the hotels we find at any of our secondary mountain or riverside resorts, and there is a democracy and freedom among the guests which adds greatly to its attractiveness.

The lake itself is large enough to have its level somewhat disturbed by strong winds, and the rich lands adjoining the abbey were formerly subject to inundation when long continued storms piled the waters against their shore. The skillful old monks drove a tunnel through the adjoining hill, which furnished an outlet twenty feet below the former level, and thus secured the capital drainage of all their farm lands.

Early the next morning, we started for our homeward drive, which was without special interest all the way to Munstermaifeld. Save for the interest and novelty which attach to bad roads encountered in Europe, much of our way was unattractive. It lay across all of the usual lines of travel, and some of it was really difficult; one ford would have done no discredit to South Missouri. Bad though the road was, it carried us over some hill-tops from which we had magnificent views of the high, volcanic peaks of the farther Eifel, and of the mountains beyond the Rhine which became here our blue and dreamy horizon.

After dining, we set out again for a trip which has more that is charming and interesting, and which I should be more glad to

repeat than any that we had made in Germany. A short drive brought us to an elevation, whence, far away to the right, near the head-waters of the Eltz, we saw the ruins of the noble old castle of Pymont. Soon the road sunk beneath the hill-tops, and we continued, with a longing and excited expectation, to a point beyond which the carriage could not go. Thence, we walked down the steep road, past a little way-side chapel, and suddenly came into full view, as we passed a vine-grown old Calvary station, of the wonderful Schloss Eltz,—a building that is quite without its peer in the world. It stands on a rocky elevation in a wide basin of the Eltz valley. From our position we looked down upon its tower-tops, its turrets, its battlements, and its clustering chimneys, which are ten stories above its foundation; for, added to all its other claims upon our admiration and interest, Schloss Eltz is an enormous structure. The family dates back to an early period of the ninth century, but the first record of the castle is in the eleventh, since which time it has always remained in the possession of this one family, who have occupied it from father to son to the present day. Fortunately, one of its members was an officer in the destroying army of Louis XIV., and through his intercession this beautiful example of a feudal castle was saved from the destruction that befel all its contemporaries. Bûrresheim was rather a family residence than a strong fortress, and it was, no doubt, protected by the obscurity of its position. Apparently, each successive occupant of Schloss Eltz has added some feature peculiar to the century in which he lived, but always in such a way as not to detract from the effect of what already existed. The present Count, at the time of our visit was building out a long, sharp-roofed bay-window from one of the higher stories, and overlooking the upper valley.

It seems futile to attempt to give in words anything like an adequate idea of the weird and unworldlike impression which the first view of Schloss Eltz, seen as we saw it, must inevitably produce. Our illustration shows its arrangement and its situation, and gives a fair notion of its size. But, sitting as we did at the foot of one of the little pilgrim stations which dot the path leading from the castle to the chapel, with no other building, no human being, and no cultivated field in sight, and no sound in the air, the sunshine that lay warm upon these mellow old walls seemed to wrap them about with a veil of mystery, and an old-world charm that carried it, and us,

far back to the legendary days. Had the draw-bridge fallen to give passage to a cuirassed robber-knight with his stout retainers going out for plunder, or for a raid upon the archbishop's castle of Trutz Eltz, whose ruins lie on the hill above us, we should have been prepared to accept the apparition as entirely natural, and should only have shrunk for safety into the thick-growing copse at our side. Indeed, I believe there is no spot on earth where one so entirely loses identity as a member of modern society, and drinks in so fully the real flavor of mediæval days, as on this hill-side where all that he can see is Heaven and Earth, and the wonderful Schloss Eltz.

The castle, with its accumulated relics of eight hundred years—the portraits, and the arms, and the furniture, and the household gods of the family, back to its earliest days, being still preserved—has been, until recently, freely shown to the public. We learned only too late that it is now closed save to those who are armed with an order from Count Eltz, who was absent at the time of our visit,—indeed the castle is no longer his chief residence, only a hunting lodge. We crossed the draw-bridge, passed under the gloomy portal of the doorway and pulled the rusty old iron bell-handle that hung from above. The door is a ponderous great affair, large enough for the entrance of vehicles, and is of time-worn and undecorated oak planks. Through its chinks we could see the rough roadway, covered with a black stone vaulting, which led on to the inner court. We were greeted by the mutterings and growls of hounds, and after a time by an elderly female voice. Our tones seeming peaceable, she swung the gate a little ajar to ask our errand. She would take our card to the Forstmeister, and would tell him that we had come from the other side of the great Atlantic chiefly to see the curiosities of Schloss Eltz,—but she doubted. Her mission was unsuccessful; the Count's orders were positive, and there was no hope.

The feelings with which we regarded the present scion of this ancient house, and the speech which gave form to our ideas concerning him may perhaps be safely left to the imagination. We contrasted him with the gentle Earl of Warwick, who throws the wonderful treasures of his great fortress home open to all the world, and who gives to the poorest wayfarer the wonderful delight of an hour in what is, taken all in all, the most remarkable existing combination of what an intelligent American cares most to

see in Europe. Indeed our ire almost took the form that was shown by Ingoldsby's good bishop when the raven had stolen his ring.

On calmer reflection, I saw a glimpse of justification for Count Eltz, remembering how the English edition of Baedeker speaks of his castle. As our disappointment grew older I was quite ready to acknowledge that were I the owner of this entirely unique ancestral home, I should incline to withhold my hospitality from all English-speaking persons, for Baedeker says, and this is all he says, of Schloss Eltz: "An ancient residence of the noble family of Eltz, most picturesquely situated and one of the best specimens in Germany of a mediæval château. Many of the rooms are furnished in the ponderous style of by-gone ages, and the walls are hung with family portraits, ancient armor, etc. In the Rittersaal (Knights' hall) a book is kept in which visitors may record their names, and inspect the autograph of the Prince of Wales, who, during his sojourn in Germany, visited this delightful spot."

We made the mistake of not returning to the point from which we got our first view of the building, but we had passed on down into the valley, whence it was too hard a tramp to return, and where we lounged until after the time we had appointed for our carriage to return to Moselkern. Seen from the valley, the side of the castle is imposing from its length and its great height; but it is little more than a frowning, dark stone wall, unrelieved by any ornament or irregularity. We were very glad that the rain had prevented us from taking the advice of the guide-books, and had sent us the longer way round, to get, at the outset, the best impression of the castle,—an impression which must have lost much of its charm had our first look been at this ugly blank side, and had we come around, by degrees, to the beautiful front. The view from the upper valley looking up under the arch of the bridge is hardly less fine than that from the hill-side, but nothing can equal—as nothing can ever efface—the impression of that quarter hour during which we sat gazing for the first time upon this marvel of the Rhineland.

The foot-path from the castle to the Mosel, down the winding and picturesque valley of the Eltzbach would be charming for an unencumbered pedestrian, but if one is accompanied by one's wife who is timid (and not light), and not able to furnish her own

transportation across the seven fords of the rocky stream, it may become anxious and fatiguing,—an anxiety and fatigue however not unrelieved by amusing situations. It occupied us for an hour and a half, and as its harder parts were its earlier ones, we were in a serene frame of mind by the time we struck the cultivated valley near its outlet, late in the afternoon; the peasants were returning home with their cows and goats, and the artist portion of our fellow-guests were strolling home to Deiss's with their sketch-books,—for Moselkern is a favorite head-quarters for the summer sojourn of Düsseldorf artists, and the hills, and valleys, and villages, and castles about it furnish them with capital sketching material. After supper,—with an oarsman as old and deaf as Elaine's, and as sturdy as our young peasant of Koeverich,—we were quickly pulled down the river past the white-belted tower of the ruin of Bischofstein, and along the always beautiful and thickly peopled shores to Brodenbach where we found almost the best Gasthaus we had met with. Hence we made, on the following day, a foot-trip up the charming valley which leads to Schloss Ehrenburg;—accounted the finest ruin in the Rhineland. It is ponderous and impressive and majestically placed. Its enormous round eastern tower, by which a spiral road-way is carried to the castle-yard at the top of the ramparts, is especially interesting. It was curious to me,—as another evidence of the smallness of the world in which we move,—to find that it is the property of the Count Kiemannsegg who was an officer of my Fourth Missouri Cavalry throughout our war.

Leaving Brodenbach for an afternoon row to Winningen, we passed through a valley that shows, somewhat more than that lying above it, the evidence of its nearness to the Rhine. There is more activity and the villages have a better preserved look. Ruined castles and klostern grow more frequent, and the evidences which still remain of the ecclesiastical establishments of centuries ago increase. The hill-sides have generally a somewhat more cultivated and less picturesque character, but every turn of the river—and it turns constantly—brings some new beauty or some new marvel into view, so that, although we might be supposed to have become satiated with the peculiar attractions of the Mosel, we found ourselves momentarily giving vent to expressions of fresh delight. Unfortunately our limit of time was drawing near, and although we had allowed, as we supposed, ample leisure to wander where our

fancy might dictate, it had become necessary to press forward,—passing many spots where we should gladly have lingered, and filling our note-book with suggestions for a future visit.

Indeed, it is one of the charms, or, according to one's view, one of the inconveniences, of a careful exploration of any such marvelous district as the valley of the Mosel, that however thoroughly one may have planned to investigate all of its interesting features, there must remain at the end the suggestion of hundreds of things yet to see and to do,—or of annoyance that too narrow a limit had been fixed for the expedition.

There comes, also, the longing for the day when pocket photography will be cheap and easy, and when we who write shall not have to contend against the cost of engraving. The old men and the old women of the Mosel-land, and the chubby little children, and the young men and maidens, are all clamoring for admission to my pages; but, alas! they and their picturesque old houses must await the coming of the happy day when photography and the printing-press shall be really wedded. They are betrothed now, but there are costly formalities still between them.\*

The ruins of Bischofstein, Thuron, Thurant, Bleidenberg, Cobern, and other minor castles, we saw only from the river. Thus only did we see the village and castle of Gondorf, lying on the shore, and where we should gladly have stopped for a night at its attractive Gasthaus.

High on the hill, back of Cobern, is the curious mediæval chapel of St. Matthew,—approached by a footpath dotted with Calvary stations,—which is said to offer in its interior a very unique and beautiful example of Gothic architecture. We passed our last night at the busy little village of Winningen, at a plain-looking Gasthaus ("Zum Anker"), in a narrow and crowded street. For cleanliness, comfort, and kindly attention, it gave a pleasant finish to all our experiences of German village inns.

Our last morning on the Mosel was passed between Winningen and Koblenz, a short run, and practically in a Rhineland country. Already, for some distance above Winningen,

\* In this connection I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness for the sketches of "A Mosel Kitchen" and "A Tailor on the Mosel" to Mr. Albert Howland, whose summer in the Mosel country while he was a student of Düsseldorf, filled his portfolio with charming suggestions of the quaint people and quaintest houses among which his time was passed.



we had been struck with the more formal and unpicturesque arrangement of the vineyards, whose mason-work terraces, tilting from this side and from that toward the sun, have less that is attractive than those farther up the river. The wine, too, loses its fine flavor, for the course of the river is nearly north, and Koblenz seems to lie outside of the charmed circle which produces the better wines.

On the left bank of the river, pretty nearly all the way from Kochem to the Rhine, there stand at regular distances in the meadows, in the vineyards, and in cleared spots in the woods, those warning fingers of modern fate which point to the early doom of the retired and sylvan beauty of this part of the valley. The railway engineers have set up the red and white striped sighting-poles which mark the course of the great Prussian railway, which is to go through everything in its way, and fill this peaceful valley with the screech and rattle of heavy railway trains. Practically, after another year or two, one who seeks the hidden charms of the old Mosel, must seek them mainly between Bernkastel and Kochem,—a goodly stretch, after all, to have secured, as this will be, for the railway will carry traffic almost entirely away from it.

As we approached Koblenz, the quiet Mosel village gave place to suburban beer gardens, dancing pavilions, and places of popular resort. The interest that the river presents assumes an entirely different form. Indeed, it is at one point an interest closely connected with the question of personal safety. I had remembered the rough billowy rapids, down which we had passed in the steamer several years before, and had asked in Trier whether one might safely shoot them in a small skiff. I was assured that, although a dangerous-looking rapid, it is quite safe, and we entered it without misgiving. My advice—after experience—to those rowing down the Mosel, would be to land the ladies and baggage above the run, taking them up again below. We came through safely; but every wave we struck broke over the gunwale, and it became only a question of a few painfuls more or less whether the "Nancy" sank or floated.

Having come through unscathed, we were, of course, glad to have made the experiment; but there was much baling to be done before we could go on, and we had the same after-taste of danger that had struck us at the Schweich ferry.

Rounding the last bend of the river above Koblenz, whence the stream still makes a rapid descent, we had in view, not only the tower and spires of the city and its old Roman-built bridge, but we almost looked down upon the marvelous high-perched fortress Ehrenbreitstein. We made a rapid run past the jetties to the edge of the city, and pulled steadily down past its Mosel shore to the Rhine. We were urged to land at the wharf of the Mosel steamboats, but preferred, as the "Nancy" was up for a market, to lay her up in front of our hotel, opposite the Bridge of Boats. It is not very far from the corner of the city where the two rivers join to the Anker Hotel, but to one who has drifted and rowed and been rowed with the current all the way from Metz, these few hundred feet heading against the steady torrent of Old Father Rhine, became decidedly hard pulling. I did more downright hard work from the corner of Koblenz to the Bridge of Boats (perhaps, a thousand feet), than during our whole preceding row.

The morning had been fine, but the clouds gathered as we approached the city, and we had not been housed for half an hour before a dismal rain set in, which lasted with little interruption for the succeeding ten days.

It would seem proper to put a period to this long account of a journey down the Mosel, by describing Koblenz with some minuteness. But Koblenz, although an extremely old town, is, at the same time, a busy, modern town, and any account of it must be pitched in a key that would throw the whole story of our idling along the beautiful river, among its mediæval towns, and through its outlying pastoral villages sadly into discord. Any guide-book of the Rhine will give an account of Koblenz and its history that is well worth reading,—to me, its chief interest will always lie in the fact that at the wharf above its Roman Bridge one may take steamer for Kochem or Trier.

## JOHN CHINAMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

On the 29th of March last, a telegraphic dispatch was sent from San Francisco to Hong Kong, signed by the six Chinese companies and reading as follows:

"YUNG WAH HOSPITAL, HONG KONG:

"Laws passed and measures being taken to discourage Chinese emigration. Inform the Chinese that they must not come. Danger to life and property if they do."

Two years ago a similar message was transmitted, the result being a temporary suspension of immigration and the abatement of a popular prejudice. No such effects, however, have followed this last telegram; but while the suspicion is perhaps warranted that it was nothing but a second politic move to pacify and temporize, its purport plainly and succinctly indicates the causes leading to its transmission. For many months a strong Anti-Chinese feeling had been rapidly growing in intensity. Law and Order were preached, but the fuel of heated public feeling was ready, "stacked and dried," for the torch of the incendiary. A delegation to Congress was called for, and there were some to say that should the delegation fail in its mission, the brand would not be needed to set the people ablaze, for spontaneous combustion would take place. How wrong (or how right) such hot-heads were, only time will show.

When Anson Burlingame, on the part of the United States, and Chi Kong with Sun Kia Ku, High Ministers of the Ta Tsing Dynasty, agreed in that July of 1868, to "cordially recognize the interest and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance," there must have been many of the conviction that a stroke of diplomacy had been accomplished which would prodigiously brighten the future of this "land of the free and home of the brave." But California strenuously refuses to consider the past, present or future any the brighter therefor. This paper is not written to convince the reader that San Francisco is either perverse and wrong-headed or rightfully tenacious in holding such an opinion, but to present a series of interesting facts pertaining to a question of importance.

It is somewhat a subject of complaint with these opinionated Californians that Eastern people have been accustomed to show a marked indifference on this subject, whether from a lack of interest or an absence of reli-

able information. It is the fashion in the Eastern States, say they, to look upon Chinese immigration as rather a good thing, principally on the ground that coolies make good servants; to imagine that Californians have (with characteristic impetuosity) become greatly excited over a small matter. Indeed—they assert—some go so far as to accuse California of being ungrateful, as the importation of cheap labor should be considered rather in the light of a blessing than as a curse. Against the wisdom of the East even, these Californians reply that their experience with the Orientals teaches them that if a legalized Chinese invasion be a blessing, it is most effectually disguised. It certainly is an error to attribute the present marked and growing feeling against the Chinese in California to low-class agitators; while it is from divers capitalists, employers and householders, that the cheap opposition to the removal of this plague—*quasi* or real—is to be expected.

There are at present in San Francisco 41,000 Chinese, men, women and children. Of these over 4,000 are women, and out of that number more than 3,900 are prostitutes. The proportion of male adults to the women may be set down as nine to one. In the State the Chinese number 107,000, and scattered throughout the States there are 150,000. Every steamer that comes from China brings its hundreds of coolies, the rate of Chinese immigration being from four to eleven hundred per steamer.\*

The system of Chinese emigration is at once simple and efficient. Any person can emigrate, however poor, and, as a great majority of the Chinese have a severe daily strug-

\*The "San Francisco Chronicle," the journal chiefly instrumental in bringing public opinion to its present crisis, presents the following list of coolie arrivals since 1868:

	Male.	Female.	Total.
1868 .....	10,024	256	10,280
1869 .....	11,710	1,540	13,252
1870 .....	9,666	645	10,311
1871 .....	4,864	100	4,964
1872 .....	8,812	565	9,377
1873 .....	16,605	516	17,121
1874 .....	11,743	307	12,050
1875 .....	18,090	358	18,448
1876—			
January .....	1,170	7	1,177
February .....	1,197	0	1,197
March .....	1,872	0	1,872
Totals .....	95,753	4,296	100,049

gle for a bare existence, it is but natural that the slant eyes of the half-starved Tartar should be turned to the land of plenty. There are in San Francisco six resident powerful and wealthy Chinese Immigration Companies. Each of these companies has its home agency in Canton or Hong Kong, and to the office of this agency comes the poor coolie who wishes to share in the good fortune of his brothers in the land of the Far Kee Qui or Flowery-Flag Devil. If Ah Sin is able to pay his own passage money—an infrequent occurrence—well and good; he simply enters his name on the company's books and takes his steerage corner with the proud independence of the monied man. He is not a free man, however, for the companies permit no individual emigration schemes. So poverty-stricken is the coolie, that ninety-seven per cent. of those who arrive in San Francisco, have had "assisted passages." But, Ah Wan, the poor slum-rat, has no difficulty in being drafted; all he requires, or rather all the agent requires, being personal or collateral security for a sum which would amount in American coin to about four dollars. A father can go security for his son, a son for his father, a brother for a brother, or a friend for a friend.\* Better still, a mother can become security for her son, a sister for a brother, or a black-eyed lass for her yellow-faced laddie,—always provided the woman

is under thirty-six years of age. And here is wisdom, for the agent and company really run no risk, as will hereafter be seen, and the limit set to the age of Mrs. or Miss Security, shows that the officers of the company would have no useless or unmarketable stock on hand, in case a sale of unredeemed pledges should become necessary.

John Chinaman on board ship has anything but a glorious time of it, but when the Golden Gate is neared, he draws on a clean pair of blue-footed stockings, gets his head shaved, covers himself with his red-buttoned skull-cap, gathers his Lares and Penates together—generally a bundle of bedding rolled in matting, swung on one end of a bamboo, and a box, swung on the other—and is ready to disembark. On the wharf the companies' inspectors are gathered, who divide their men into groups, and send them off packed in express-wagons to whatever billeting place may have been provided. As John has no absurd notions concerning the value of fresh air, and is in nowise prejudiced against sleeping one among twenty, or fifty, in a bed, the hundreds of newly imported Celestials disappear within the doors of some small and dirty house, and Chinatown seems none the larger or more crowded. Many white people lease houses to the companies for immigrant asylums, and as packing is allowed *ad libitum*, or rather *ad nauseum*, and as forty cents a week is paid for each lodger, some suffering San Franciscans make rather a good thing out of the incubus under which they groan. Here John rests until he finds work, which generally happens in a few weeks.

That the six companies should become wealthy and powerful is but natural. Of the six, the Ning Yang counts most men in and around San Francisco, but the Sam Yup is perhaps the most powerful organization, as it certainly is the most enterprising. Sam Yup men may be found not only in California, but in other States and Territories from Tucson to Puget Sound, and from San Francisco to the capital of Massachusetts. Sam Yup lays new railroads in the Southern counties, hews timber in the North, makes cigars in Sacramento and washes in Boston. Sam Yup is ubiquitous and all-powerful. Paternal in the care of its members and lynx-like in the watchfulness over its own interests, the internal economy of this corporate organization offers a very worthy model to many "barbarian" stockholding bodies. A very brief statement of accounts will suffice to show the financial standing of this company. In fealty to Sam Yup there are throughout

\*In the "Virginia City Enterprise" of March 30, is the report of an interview with the Hon. C. E. De Long, late Minister to China. Concerning this part of the question, he says: "These coolies are more absolute slaves than ever the negroes of the South were. They are obtained in the following manner. All through the interior of China are coolie traders. These scoundrels find a family—old people, with sons and daughters. With them it has been a constant struggle for years to get enough food to keep soul and body together. The trader proposes to buy the services of a son or daughter, he agreeing to give the old people a sum of money down, and agreeing to feed and clothe the boy or girl, and to return him or her, or his or her body, to China after the term of service has expired. In consideration for this, the young man or woman signs a contract which is absolutely frightful in its conditions. He or she agrees to give faithful service to his or her master for a term of six, eight or ten years as may be, and for a guarantee of faithful service, father, mother, brothers and sisters are mortgaged with a thousand dreadful penalties in case the service is not faithfully performed. The result is that the coolie is bound body and soul, and hence, when the inspector asks, 'Are you leaving China of your own free will?' the answer is, 'I am: ' and when here called upon to testify he knows just how to answer to please his master. The men we see drudging here are paying a debt contracted to keep their fathers and mothers from starving."

America 30,000 members, from whom annual dues are received at the average rate of fifteen dollars *per capita*, thus making the yearly revenue of the company \$450,000. The disbursements are comparatively trifling. The present President, Ah Yong Wo,—a man of culture and acumen,—receives \$3,000 a year; the book-keeper, \$2,400; the inspector, \$2,400; the bone-shipper, \$720; the assistant bone-shipper (bone-scraper), \$480; the cook, \$200; two servants, at \$120, \$240; rent and incidentals, say, \$260; bad arrears and losses, perhaps, \$2,300; total, \$12,000. This sum of expenses deducted from the company's revenue, leaves a balance on the right side of \$438,000 per annum.

Each company manages its own affairs, and weekly meetings are usually held, at which the Inspector's report is heard and discussed. As a rule, these weekly meetings are conducted with great gravity and decorum; but sometimes the devil of discord enters the board-room, and, when he does, such lively times are had as not even a Nevada Assembly can boast of. Whenever any question of importance arises, such as the date at which San Francisco is to be declared a Chinese colony, delegates from the six companies meet in solemn council. Against the decision of this body of magnates there is no appeal, and its edicts are accepted by the hundred-odd thousand aliens as unalterable. That the city now known as San Francisco has its own municipal laws, John is of course aware, but his simple mind is but little troubled on that head. Taxes and licenses have to be paid to the Red-Haired Devils, and there is the prison for thieves and murderers—when they are caught; but, outside of this, the thought of obedience to any temporal power save the six companies, doesn't enter into John's life. Hedged in and around with an incomprehensible language, reticent as the grave, and as secret as the Hindoo, the Chinese are secure in their isolation, and are practically outside and independent of the nation of which they nevertheless form an important integer.

Almost as powerful as any one of these companies is another known as the Wash-House Company. This company is as wealthy as it is strict, and its yearly revenue may safely be set down as amounting to \$160,000. This organization has control of all Chinese wash-houses, receives dues, adjudges issues, and manages the affairs of the guild of laundrymen in general. As an instance of a foresight and shrewdness at

once commendable and characteristic, one of this company's regulations is that ten numbers must intervene on every block between every two wash-houses. This arrangement has the salutary effect of spreading the laundries all over San Francisco, so that, from the Presidio to the Portrero, and from North Beach to South Park, John the wash-man is to be found ever flourishing and ever working. Madame La Lingerie with her estimable suavity, high prices and corps of neatly aproned assistants, has no possible chance of successfully competing with Wa Shing and his tireless fellows. What though Wa Shing's mode of sprinkling the bosom of your shirt be to fill his mouth with water and then blow it over the front in spray; or, that he mark your linen with certain signs, cabalistic and ineffaceable; or, that by a peculiar manipulation shirts and socks attain such a remarkable degree of fragility, though both were new three weeks before; or, that, air your clean clothes as much as you will, the scent of John's wash-house will hang round them still;—what matter these few drawbacks when John has low charges, is persevering in obtaining new patronage and is everywhere to be found.

These six companies are under the immediate protection and favor of the Chinese Government, each company binding itself to return every man, woman or child, alive or dead, to the land of his or her birth. With the immigrants their relations are of a decidedly intimate character. They have not only to take care of and keep the aliens on arrival, but are bound for the first year to find employment for their men, or else board and lodge them at the company's expense for any unemployed portion of that twelve months. As the company claims and receives John's wages for the first year in liquidation of his passage debt, it will very readily be understood that his season for playing the *flâneur* is not an extended one. The year of novitiate being passed, John is then very correctly esteemed capable of taking care of himself. But for twelve years after, his company holds him a responsible and dues-paying member, John's tribute being in fair ratio to the position he holds. Thus a man in business for himself, a store-keeper, a manufacture, pays tribute at the rate of from \$60 to \$80 a year; a book-keeper pays from \$15 to \$20; a clerk or factory-hand from \$10 to \$12; menials and washermen from \$5 to \$8 per annum. Although these dues are nominally fees for the support of hospitals and aid associations

incorporated with the Society, they are actually taxes levied by a power too powerful to dispute with. As an instance of the comfortable revenue derived from this source, the case of one German-American firm of bootmakers may be given. The members of this firm have, or had until very recently, in their employ 750 Chinese, all Sam Yup men, each taxed at the rate of one dollar a month, making a yearly income of \$9,000 from the men in this establishment alone. Even after these twelve years have elapsed, the company has not done with its men, but exercises a system of friendly surveillance over their fortune which is continued up to the very last, for should John wish to return to China he has to notify the (company) powers that be, and pay them \$8 for the privilege of going home; upon which his name is posted up for three days along with those of other returning emigrants, that his creditors—if any—may have the opportunity of gaining their right and not be defrauded. And even after John's shade has gone to mingle with those of his ancestors, the poor substance is taken care of by the company. If the late lamented was wealthy, he is embalmed and taken to China by the next steamer, being technically known as a "green" body. If John when alive enjoyed but an ordinary amount of this world's blessings he is buried with but very moderate state and his bones are left "under the sod and the dew" until they (literally) are bare, when they are gathered into bundles and sent home to their sorrowing relatives. The bones of as many as six adults are frequently tied up in a compact little package that a boy could carry down to the steamer.

Owing to a strongly declared disinclination on the part of the companies' chief men to make public their numerical strength, it is rather a troublesome matter to get at the true figures, but the following may be taken as a reliable statement of the number of Chinese in California controlled by each company in March, 1876:

Ning Yang Company	.....	46,500
Hop Wo	"	24,000
Sam Yup	"	12,500
Yeong Wo	"	10,000
Kong Chow	"	10,000
Yun Wo	"	4,000
Total	.....	107,000

Every visitor to San Francisco is taken to see Chinatown. As the visitor is superficial or investigatory, so will the impression be transient or lasting. A walk through Chinatown is, to the majority of sight-seers, but a

curious panorama of dark-habited Mongolians, with pendant queues and noiseless walk; an occasional gaudily-dressed woman, in butterfly sleeves, with umbrella and red silk pocket handkerchief in hand; a long series of rather dingy-looking stores, filled with an odd collection of odd knick-knacks; an occasional restaurant resplendent with lamps, gilding and paint, and an occasional alley, gloomy, ill-smelling and uninviting. Such a visit is followed by a bath, a vigorous use of the clothes-brush, the pertinent remark, "What a strange place, what a strange people," and the packing away of an opium pipe, and a piece of crape silk for friends at home. But to the careful observer a walk through Chinatown means a great deal more than this. To such a one the following facts will be apparent. The part of San Francisco now given over to the Mongolian, must formerly have been about the pleasantest quarter of the city, as it is now the most convenient of access from the chief thoroughfares. Although Chinatown may roughly be said to lie along Dupont street, from California to Broadway, it is stealthily and steadily stretching its borders. Bustle and activity are present to a wonderful degree, and in all the multitude of alleys crossing and traversing Chinatown, John crowds and lives and thrives. A picture of life and commercial spirit is presented, the counterpart of which is to be found in no other part of San Francisco. Every branch of business has here its representative, from the broker to the butcher, from the cobbler to the commission merchant, from the tea-dealer to the thief, and from the goldsmith to the gambler. In two or three cases while the houses that bound the blocks are still inhabited by whites, the pigtailed rat has burrowed within, and made himself a home with only a thin shell to hide the extent of his nest. This outer shell will soon fall in, for Chinatown grows daily, and is the centralization of an extraordinary power.

There are two or three aspects of the case for overlooking which even the acute visitor might well be excused, since, indeed, they could only be patent to a resident. For instance: Kearny street, which runs parallel with Dupont, and which is but one block distant, is the fashionable retail business part of San Francisco. So rapid, yet so sure, have been the encroachments of Chinatown toward Kearny street, that the whole north-westerly part of this promenade will soon be in the possession of the heathen.



Consequently, this fashionable retail business of the city is drifting in a southerly direction. During the last two or three years, the number of Chinese children has wonderfully increased, and during that time, John, strive to disguise it as he may, is becoming self-assertive and conscious of his position. And in this connection, it may be put down as an example of most admirable discipline, that among these forty thousand aliens, backed as they are by four hundred millions across the water, so few instances of offensive attitude and manners occur. A movement of aggression is too utterly opposed to their present policy to be for one moment allowed. The shadow of coming events is not so strongly defined as to indicate distinctly the substance; but, undetermined though it be, it does not lack another shadowy quality—that of blackness.

Reference has been made to the filth, the juvenile element, and the business spirit of Chinatown, and these points are sufficiently salient to merit further notice.

Individually, John Chinaman is a clean human; collectively, he is a beast. Ah Stue, the cook, keeps his coppers and pans clean and bright, washes his hands in going from dish to dish, is orderly, fresh in appearance, and ever arrayed in spotless white and blue. Follow him home, and you will find this cleanly unit become one of a herd of animals living in a state of squalor and filth, at which even a Digger Indian would shudder. Fifteen Chinamen will live, sleep, and cook, in a hovel or cellar twelve feet square, having only a door as a means of admitting light and air. Clouds of rancid smoke issue continually from the common chimney, window and door, through which John and his fellows may dimly be seen crawling, cooking, smoking, and sleeping, for when Coo Lee has nothing to do, he generally crawls into his hole to sleep or smoke. The large companies' boarding-houses are no better. Every story is refloored, and made into two, and often three, the standard height of a room being a trifle over or under five feet. Clean at first, the building soon becomes grimy, and then black, and then dirt-encrusted from garret to roof. Once occupied by Chinese, a building must always remain a pest-hole or be torn down. Under the side-walks, under stair-cases, in cramped bunks, and on rickety platforms John lives, and, it is repeated, thrives. It is only to the adventurous and strong-stomached that a fair picture of Chinese life is presented in all its foulness. When a fire burns out a

hole, and lays open a section of this vile quarter, then it is that groups of the curious gather round and try to believe that they live within a block of these rookeries and slums, where there is no difference between the blackness of the charred beam and that of the sleeping-holes. Of course there are cleanly exceptions,—the restaurants, and some few of the rich merchants' stores, for instance; but there is no danger of darkening the picture overmuch; and Chinatown, lying in the heart of San Francisco, is a miracle of human uncleanness, and a wonder of filth. San Franciscans have much cause to be thankful for the long season of purging trade winds.

During the last two years, the number of Chinese children has marvelously increased. There has always been a sprinkling of these bright-eyed youngsters to enliven the streets with their gay parti-colored costumes; but now, on a sunny afternoon, the side-walks are crowded with little copper-faced toddlers. The grown-up children, the boys and girls of nine and thereabouts, are decidedly uninteresting, being nothing more than a needless addition to the hoodlum ranks of San Francisco; but the *nune-mun-chi* (baby) is quite an attractive little atom. Whether slung across its mother's back in a silk handkerchief, or hanging desperately on to its father's finger there is something quaint and striking about Young Hyson. The costume of a *knu-chi* (girl), or *nam-chi* (boy), differs in no material way, the distinctive mark being the arrangement of the head-dress, the *knu-chi* wearing all the hair Joss gave her,—and the crop at four years is very large,—plastered into some bizarre shape with gum-arabic, and decorated with wreaths of paper flowers, while the *nam-chi* is shorn as soon as there is anything to shear, his little bald head being covered with a black and crimson cap, ornamented on gala days with a fringe, a small hole in the cap allowing the exit of a diminutive, but promising, pig-tail. The prevailing dinginess of the Chinese quarter is considerably relieved by the gaudy costumes of the children. For instance, here are two—a boy and a girl, carrying a basket between them; he, in white and yellow shoes, green silk breeches, purple padded coat, maize silk paletot, copper-colored face, gold and scarlet cap; she, in green and gold shoes, loose lavender silk trowsers, crimson paletot, with flowers of every hue adorning her head. And the street has hundreds of such wonderful patches of color. The number of American-born

Chinese children in San Francisco may be set down as a trifle over five hundred, and what influence these free-born citizens are to have on the future of California is a moot question of much significance and weight. One thing, however, is certain: Chinese immigration is receiving great assistance from home-breeding.

Next, as to the business spirit of Chinatown. Everywhere there is intense activity. A question as to what the Chinese do, would not be so easily answered as that of "What don't they do?" There are 3,500 cigar-makers who flood the city with the cheap and nasty; 4,000 are engaged in boot-and-shoe-making. They have driven the French from the wash-tub and the Italians from the shrimp-net. They have the entire control of the pork market, every retail dealer in things porcine being compelled by the force of circumstances to buy from John, who is inseparable from his pig-tail. They dredge the bay for fish, nothing escaping their nets, whose meshes are as close as those of Sir Peter's butterfly-trap, and they affright the diligent and humane *pescatore*, who learned on the shores of the Mediterranean never to fish with a net through the interstices of which he could not put his thumb, and who, with trembling, sees his occupation going from him. They grade the roads that wind over our mountains, and lay the sleepers for the new railway on the levels of Los Angeles. They work in the sunny vineyards of Sonoma, and clear the snow-drifts from the great trans-continental highway at Emigrants' Gap. They polish the prismatic abalone shell at Monterey, and work on the dump-piles in the gold and silver mines of Nevada. They have established wood-yards in the city, and are engaged in the contest of pole-and-baskets against horse-and-wagon with the Italian vegetable dealers, in which the latter are getting decidedly the worst of it. They are ubiquitous and wary. That business in which John is not engaged is unheard of, and that part of Nevada or California to which John has not come may be written down as *terra incognita*.

Thus much generally. In particular, the bulk of the Chinese in San Francisco may be placed under these divisional heads of labor:

Boot-makers . . . . .	4,000
Washmen . . . . .	2,200
Domestics . . . . .	14,000
Cigar-makers . . . . .	3,500
Clothiers and wool-workers . . . . .	2,300
Total . . . . .	26,000

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, are, for the nonce, to be held accountable for the others. John in the country is too widely spread and nomadic to be reliably counted; but it only needs a drive past California's *ranchos*, orchards, and wooded hills, to know what he is about, and the multitude of the tribe. In the city, next in importance to the domestic and boot-making divisions, stands the cigar-maker. There are between eighty and ninety Chinese cigar factories, the largest being that of Bing Yon, who employs nearly a hundred men, while Ah Ching, Lee Yon, and Ah Quing, employ each from fifty to eighty; in all—as per table—three thousand five hundred. These three thousand-and-odd men (this number includes five hundred packers and strippers) turn out prodigious amounts of "the weed." In 1874, with far fewer hands than now, no less than *ninety-one millions* of cigars were made by the Chinese in San Francisco. In 1875, over one hundred millions were made, and now they are being manufactured at the rate of between nine and ten millions a month. Nearly all the home-made cigars are sold to white wholesale dealers and jobbers, some factories making specially for particular firms. It would be too severe a reflection on the educated taste of the average San Franciscan, in this year of grace and Santa Nicotina, to aver that he smokes these Regalias, Flor Finas and Pumariegas, in innocence of their origin, for the best is bad where a Chinese cigar is concerned. But, then, they are gloriously cheap, and it is rather impractical to say that the theory of a flavor is of more importance than a practice which results in the consumption of nine millions of domestic cigars a month; and, if the latter is reprehensible, the cultivation of the former is expensive, and both end in smoke.

No better illustration of the extent to which John is relied on for domestic help, could possibly be afforded than that furnished on the last Chinese New Year. At that religio-gala festival all work is nominally suspended for six days, and absolutely for three. On Friday night, John, getting up the semblance of a grin, presents his mistress with a pot of preserved ginger, and the information that "Me no wolkee to-morrow. Me come Tuesday." And, sure enough, with the exception of two minutes on Saturday morning, when John, with much solidity of face just drops in to join his two fists together, makes violent curves at you, therewith, and wish you "Goom-wah!" no more is seen of him until Tuesday. During

these three days, nearly every family in the city mourned and was disconsolate; household cares were attended to by unused deputies, to the neglect of piano-playing and promenading; cold meats were in order, visiting and invitations were suspended, the weekly bundle of soiled linen remained like Somebody's Luggage, "uncalled for," the restaurants were more than usually crowded, and for half a week society was at a standstill.

John, as a domestic, is invaluable and a nuisance, a perfect treasure and a horror. He is quick to learn, and as quick to appreciate the monetary value of his information. Coming unable "to do a thing about the house," or speak a syllable of English, he works for \$3 a week. In a month he has learned the ways of the household and asks for \$5. If kept, in three months he becomes a good cook and a capital house-servant, and asks for \$6. If sent about his business, there is all the trouble of instruction to go through with another kitchen neophyte. His temper is generally "child-like and bland," though, on occasions, he takes a fit of such exasperating impudence as no white or black help could ever possibly attain. He likes his evening out, but comes home regularly at a certain hour. He takes his bath without fail once a week—as a matter of religion—and has never any money about him, though it be ten minutes after having been paid. Asked the reason, he replies, "Me send monee to China." For his breakages, he will either offer to pay, or simply tell you "Me breakee," as the humor takes him. Healthy in appetite, he eats anything and everything,—and periodically has to visit Chinatown to be doctored. Discharged, he will either retire glumly, or else continue to be interested in the family welfare about dinner-time for some weeks to come. He is either passably honest, or steals everything he can lay hands on, according to his disposition. In fine, he would resemble Bridget or Pete in many ways, were it not for that strange, impenetrable reserve, inherent with the Oriental, which is as distinctive as his expression is immobile, and which will keep John Chinaman forever an alien.\*

To happen on a Chinaman, incapable of expressing his wants or answering your questions in comprehensible English, is a

matter of rare occurrence. They who arrived last week are, of course, tongue-tied, but the statement is ventured that any Chinaman who has been six months on shore can make himself well understood. Indeed, it is not unusual to meet with the owner of a queue who is a thorough master of our language, idioms and oaths included. The following is the *verbatim* report of an overheard conversation between a granger and a portly, middle-aged and comfortable Celestial. The farmer had come to town to engage help of John, who was a labor contractor.

"Good men, mind; I don't want no bummers," said the farmer.

"Oh, I'll send good men," said John. "No bummers in my store. Six men all you want?"

"Yes, six is enough. When will you send them?"

"Soon as schooner goes."

"Schooner! Send 'em by the next train, of course."

"No," said John, "I send them by train, and they six miles to *padde 'cross country* with bundles to pack. I send 'em by schooner, and they go right up *slue* to your ranch."

Native teachers who have made our language a study abound, and their pupils are numerous and apt. A facility to overcome lingual difficulties is not so great as a Chinaman's rendition of sound. Once tell John that a pitcher contains water, and though he will, perhaps, forever call it "*water*," he will never call it anything else, or need to be asked twice for "water."

There are a certain number of good and well-meaning people (men and women) in San Francisco, who have established a certain number of thoroughly sectarian missions, in which—according to the reports read at regular meetings or services—several Chinese (men and women) are annually turned from heathen darkness to Christian light. It would, perhaps, be a pity to discourage these worthy missionaries, but in their unworldly simplicity, they are not, perhaps, sufficiently shrewd to see that a thorough and free tuition in English is a great inducement to conversion. Moreover, they should be aware that such gentle relaxations as playing the harmonium and chanting hymns, need in no way conflict with John's consistency in the doctrines of either Tau or Con Fu See. John, in his criminal aspect, presents many points of interest. As has already been hinted, the Chinaman is not a model

\* Readers who are especially interested in the domestic phase of the Chinese question, will find it treated in detail in "California Housekeepers and Chinese Servants," SCRIBNER for September, 1876.  
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(American) law-abiding citizen. He gambles incessantly, smokes opium continuously, keeps his women in a state of sinful and abject bondage, and generally brings his quarrels to a conclusion by chopping his antagonist's head open. His favorite weapons of assault and battery are iron bars, butcher-knives and cleavers ground sharp as razors. The pistol he does not incline to much, as it is both expensive and noisy. To hack, to hew, to chop and to cleave are his greatest delights when on the war-path. Many of his murderous affrays are not brought to light, but those that are, are shown to have been bloody and cruel. Assassination is a recognized means of settling a difficulty, and such placards as the following, offering rewards for the removal of any disgreaceable individual, are common :

## WING YE TONG PROCLAMATION.

The members of the Wing Ye Tong Society offer a reward, on account of Cheung Sam's shoe factory violating our rule.

Consequently, our society discontinued work.

Unless they comply with our rules again, we will not work.

Some of our workmen secretly commenced to work for them.

We will offer \$300 to any able man for taking the life of one of those men who secretly commenced to work, and \$500 in full for the killing of Sam Lee. [Allee same Cheung Sam.]

We write this notice and seal by us for certainty.

The reign of Quong Chue, in the second year. The fourth of Chinese February.

WING YE TONG. [SEAL.]

This precious document was part of the evidence in a recent case\* of "choppery," in which a hand-to-hand fight between some two or three dozen Chinese took place in

\*The little disturbance is thus noticed in one of the local papers: "Yesterday, at four o'clock, a combined force of fifty Chinamen made an onslaught upon the merchandise store of Yee Chy Lung & Co., 810 Dupont street. There were about twelve Chinamen inside the store who were just sitting down to their afternoon meal, when the attack was made. They immediately seized all the weapons that lay at hand, including meat-axes, iron bars, hatchets and revolvers, and made a determined opposition to the invaders. A miscellaneous fight followed, and pandemonium raged for about five minutes. Fixtures were smashed, windows broken, and blows and blood rained in torrents. The streets on the outside became quickly crowded with an exciting and yelling mob. Officers Houghtaling and Peckinpah, attracted by the excitement, broke their way through the crowd into the store, and after considerable difficulty forced a cessation of hostilities. A couple of Chinamen bearing bloody hatchets in their hands were chased up to the roof and there arrested. A revolver, three iron bars, four new hatchets ground as sharp as razors, a meat-axe and a rough-looking wooden club, were captured from the fighters."

broad daylight in the midst of Chinatown. One man was killed and six were seriously wounded. Another favorite method of showing a compatriot that he is considered *de trop*, is to invite the victim to meet a friend in a certain room; when he enters, eight or nine braves lock the door and then chop the offending party to pieces. More recently, three "meek-eyed" gentlemen crept boldly up to the room of a single woman, and valiantly shot her in the head through the key-hole. Not a day passes but some such violent deed disturbs the simplicity and industry of Chinatown. Theft and lying under oath are peccadilloes which it would, perhaps, be puerile to blame John for. The present Police Judge of San Francisco (Davis Louderback, Esquire), gives it as his opinion that "in honesty and reliability, the Chinese are the lowest in the scale of humanity."

It is only lately that the bone of contention has been fought for among themselves, but now the newspapers teem with accounts of faction feuds on every part of the coast. This is the sort of item that figures now conspicuously in the "Coast News:"

A row occurred among the Chinese at San José Saturday night, in which one Chinaman had his head split open and will die, and another was shot in the leg. Two of the rioters were arrested.

The rival Chinese factions of San Diego, in settling their business difficulties have resorted to fire-arms. Oh Chung was seriously wounded.

Between the factions of Sam Sing and Hop Sing, at Virginia City there exists an irreconcilable feud. This vendetta has already led to the sacrifice of several lives, the destruction of valuable property by fire, and to other serious casualties.

Serious trouble seems imminent among the Chinese faction at Eureka and two Chinamen have already been killed and another seriously injured.

As to punishment for crimes, the majesty of the law must of course be upheld and imprisonment must be inflicted, but to suppose that John considers "six months in the county jail" or "twelve years in the State prison" a punishment, is to fall into egregious error. It only means better shelter and food and fewer hours to work a day than fall to his lot when free. The prisons are full of such happy *faincants*. The San Francisco police profess to have closed all the opium dens in the city, a profession made imperative by the undoubted fact that these frightful places were becoming frequented by white visitors, male and female. In Sacramento and Virginia City this pernicious habit continues, the proprietors of dens in the latter town, having recently confessed



the names of twenty-two white lads and girls, *habitués* of these establishments. In Sacramento there are between fifteen and twenty opium dens; in San Francisco, nearly twice that number. Private opium smoking is not prohibited, and every Chinaman uses the drug. When it was first reported that white men and women visited these places, the assertion was not credited, but conviction of several of these degraded creatures in the police court, set the doubt at rest. The passion must have been strong indeed with the poor things, for anything more horribly repellant than a Chinese opium den, can scarcely be imagined. The narrow, rickety stairs; the low black ceiling; the rotten, slimy floor of earth; the sickening, noisome air; the greasy benches for beds; the blocks of rough wood for pillows; the greasy keeper, the horrible odor, the strange distorted shapes seen dimly through the thick, acrid smoke, all make up a picture, the gloomy horror of which could scarcely be exceeded in the nightmare of an opium slave.

It has been urged as a pro-Chinese argument that John does not drink. True, but he smokes opium, and of the two vices, it is a toss-up which is the more pernicious.

While the assertion that every Chinaman is a gambler might be considered too sweeping, there is no doubt that every Chinaman in San Francisco gambles. Gambling is as strong a passion with the Celestial as with the Piute, and "Tan" is responsible for half the heartlessness, cruelty and crime of Chinatown. John, when gambling, makes everything subservient to the madness of winning by luck. White visitors to the gambling dens—"den" being the term generic for Chinese interior—are numerous and increasing in numbers, notwithstanding the incessant raids made by the police. To surprise a Chinese gambling party in *flagrante delicto* is considered the acme of police subtlety and daring. On every block are to be seen one, two, or three quiet-faced watchful old Chinamen, sitting on little stools in narrow door-ways, set some twelve feet back from the sidewalk. John passes by Cerberus unchallenged, threads the passages easily enough and finds himself in the temple of Fortune, reduced to a dirty little gambling shop. But should officers X, Y and Z (or any other unknown quantity) make a rush on any of these little, old, watchful men, there are a hundred chances to one that they will be quick enough to prevent him pulling a cord that sets a bell a-tinkling. Once let

that bell tinkle and though the invading force were fifty strong all would be in vain. For suppose they skurry past Cerberus and try the assault. Obstacle number one is a big door, three, five, six inches thick, with heavy cross-bars of wood and iron on the wrong side which would defy the whole force used collectively as a battering ram; and even were that door passed in the first sweep, the passage is found to be a maze, with a barricaded door at every angle; ingenious mechanical contrivances slip bolt and bar into their heavy sockets quick as light, while the tinkle of the bell has sent the gamblers flying by some rear exit or up to the roof. One memorable time, a certain wonderfully active and efficient officer, while hotly pressing some flying pigtailed in one of these passages, suddenly found himself hauled up to the ceiling, with his neck in a noose, and there he dangled until cut down by his brother stars.

"Tan" is a simple banking game, the fashion of playing consisting in a number of buttons being rapidly divided into three or four heaps; the betting being whether the heaps contain an odd or an even number.

Closely related to gambling are the lotteries, in which almost every Chinese storekeeper deals. On every ticket, eighty Chinese numbers are printed, the buyer having the privilege of crossing out five, or more, of these numbers, and if any or all of these numbers when drawn are found to be prizes, the money called for is paid. The prizes are five, and vary from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars, the price of the tickets being from ten cents to one dollar. The drawings take place twice a day. This much you are told. White people patronize this petty system of robbery extensively. No drawing party has yet been seized, and the whole business is intangible and shady.

It has been asserted that there are twenty virtuous women in Chinatown, but the assertion has not been fairly substantiated. There are thousands of Chinawomen in San Francisco and on the Pacific Coast, but they are *all* slaves, *all* prostitutes. Thus in a Christian country a system of utter serfdom of body and soul prevails most shameful and polluting. Strong words for strong subjects. At present the trade languishes because of a spasmodic activity on the part of the police. John Chinaman is industrious, but it is the industry of the brute. Of the delights of the family circle he knows nothing nor cares to; home he wants none; kinship is a



dismal mockery with the class of Chinese immigrants now flooding California; for John looks upon his sisters and daughters solely as so many articles of sale. The beautiful and touching stories of Chinese filial devotion may be placed on the same dusty shelf that holds those of Lo's nobility. It is known that women are sold and bought every day in San Francisco, and that sales of these poor creatures take place on the arrival of nearly every steamer. The white laborer and artisan looks forward to steady wages as a means of marrying and rearing a family. John has no such ambition. He is industrious, but is it not a retrograde movement, *à grand pas* to the civilization of a State, that a hundred thousand slave-holding, prostituting heathen should threaten to become the labor power of that State to the exclusion of so many European immigrants, who would, as fathers and brothers, become the bulwarks of its stability? "The more married men you have," said Voltaire, "the fewer crimes there will be." There are not twenty married men in Chinatown and its crimes are of that nature and frequency to be expected in a colony composed entirely of single men and prostitutes!

Twenty years ago when John Chinaman first began to emigrate to this country, he was by no means unfavorably looked upon. His stolid, yellow face, braided queue and outlandish garments, were regarded as curiosities, and their owner as a harmless and rather interesting importation. He was approvingly patted and almost petted. The prospect of his sometime becoming a mild nuisance might have been occasionally entertained, but the possibility of his ever attaining an influence in the body civil would have been ridiculed. *Tempora mutantur* and one need not suffer from the indigestion of the pessimist to see that the condition of affairs is now very much altered. The facts adduced in the foregoing portion of this paper should be sufficient to show that what is known as The Chinese Question wears too serious an aspect to be lightly dismissed. So too, it is submitted that the fault imputed to San Franciscans of being frightened at a shadow of their own casting, will be conceded to be one which they are not in this instance guilty of. John's presence here is a grave fact involving graver contingencies.

While immigration is the life-blood of young nations, there is such a thing as blood-poisoning, and this is frequently occasioned by the presence of some particular foreign

substance. John is that substance, and is, moreover, utterly devoid of any quality of assimilation. He is a heterogeneous element, and will always remain so. Unlike the Japanese, he does not follow or care to follow our customs or our costumes; in fact he regards all western rules of life with supreme contempt. Either he is a paradox, with a lightning quickness to learn all from us that will enable him to gain a living, and a thundering obtuseness to appreciate (and imitate) our social excellence and domestic superiority, or he is the victim of a self-complacency that is marvelous in its intensity; we incline to the latter opinion. When this heathen self-satisfaction tinges such able men as Li Hung Chang, it is not to be wondered at, that a baser and more obstinate phase of the same Oriental conceit should prevail in the ranks of the hundred thousand coolies in California, who are, almost to a man, Tartars of the lowest grade. But what is to be expected of the representatives of a nation where every man insures his neighbor's house, where roses have no perfume, and where the needle points southward. One result of this complete want of homogeneity is that the Chinese will always be more than competitors; they will be opposers; and James Lick, although he has laid himself open to criticism by refusing to sanction the employment of a single Chinaman in building the road to the Observatory on Mount Hamilton, has, in the opinion of very many, so gained a stronger right to the title of California's, or, perhaps, the Californian's benefactor. John is certainly gifted with unusual activity, enterprise and endurance, and the evidences of these excellent qualities are seen throughout the length and breadth of the land. But here the good ends and the ill begins. He earns largely to hold and to keep, or else to send to China for the support of his "mother" or "cousin," but does not believe in the general distribution of the current coin. He gains his living in the white man's employ, and trades solely with his copper-colored brethren. Being paid for his week's work by Messrs. Seth Jones & Co., he spends what little he does spend with Messrs. Ching Hang Hi & Co. Supported by the American, he only supports the Asiatic. Did ever such a radical and mischievous topsy-turviness of every principle of commercial economy retard the progress and afflict the commonweal of a young state? The burdened city of the West looks loyally to the Congress of the nation for helping action and is willing to

wait awhile for relief, provided that action is not persistently delayed.

Much has been preached on the text of cheap labor, and that by honorable men; but one head of the discourse has been generally ignored. For centuries, the poor classes of Chinese have been pupiled in the rough school of shifts and want until they are educated down to the miserable perfection of an economy and endurance that is startling. The infinitesimal little that John can live on when self-provisioned is as astonishing as is the gigantic much that he can consume when a cook on wages. This spirit of ultra economy, while it may have its uses, has also its decidedly injurious effects. In short, the Chinese have here a power with which white labor can by no means cope, for a white man would starve on what John thrives on. Few capitalists pay their employés more than is necessary for support, consequently, the workman who lives the more cheaply is the work-

man who is paid more cheaply; and here it is that the Chinaman has greatly the advantage. Only by degrading white labor to a bestial scale can the two compete on equal grounds; that being impossible, the outlook for the poor white man and woman in San Francisco turns but one way. A fearful mistake has already been made. Sentimentality and the growing mutter of public opinion may for a time keep Chinese cheap workers out of certain avenues of labor, but their very cheapness will tell in the long run; and if Chinese emigration is unchecked, one of these results will certainly follow: Either California will be bereft of white labor, or such an exhibition of latent hostility will occur as will somewhat startle those who pooh-pooh the possibility of a collision between races arising from a struggle for employment. Either way lies a calamity. And this is no croaking, but the strong uncolored logic of observation and facts.

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#### IN LONELINESS.

My soul is like some veiled nun  
Who looks from out her convent bars,  
All day upon the shrouded sun,  
All night upon the stars;

And stretches forth her trembling hands,  
And moans the words she dare not say,  
While hot tears stain the linen bands  
That fold her heart away.

And when the swing of mournful bell  
Glooms shadows on her clouded hair,  
She goes a curser from her cell,  
And tunes her lips to prayer.

But oh, my soul has not a task  
That bids it for a time forget;  
The wind hoards up the prayers I ask,  
And turns them to regret.

All day I look beyond my life,  
And think the night will light my years;  
When comes the night with memory rife,  
I blot it out with tears.

Oh, heart thou art so dead, so dead,  
No need to bind thee in with bars;  
Dead love, I think thy quiet bed  
Is up among the stars.

## AUTUMN TIDES.

THE season is always a little behind the sun in our climate, just as the tide is always a little behind the moon. According to the calendar, the summer ought to culminate about the 21st of June, but in reality it is some weeks later; June is a maiden month all through. It is not high noon in nature till about the first or second week in July. When the chestnut tree blooms, the meridian of the year is reached. By the first of August, it is fairly one o'clock. The luster of the season begins to dim, the foliage of the trees and woods to tarnish, the plumage of the birds to fade, and their songs to cease. The hints of approaching fall are on every hand. How suggestive this thistle-down, for instance, which, as I sit by the open window, comes in and brushes softly across my hand! The first snow-flake tells of winter not more plainly than this driving down heralds the approach of fall. Come here, my fairy, and tell me whence you come and whither you go? What brings you to port here, you frail ship sailing the great sea? How exquisitely frail and delicate! One of the lightest things in nature; so light that in the closed room here it will hardly rest in my open palm. A feather is a clod beside it. Only a spider's web will hold it; coarser objects have no power over it. Caught in the upper currents of the air and rising above the clouds, it might sail perpetually. Indeed one fancies it might almost traverse the interstellar ether and drive against the stars. And every thistle-head by the road-side holds hundreds of these sky-rovers—imprisoned, and unable to set themselves free. Their liberation may be by the shock of the wind, or the rude contact of cattle, but it is oftener the work of the gold-finch with its complaining brood. The seed of the thistle is the proper food of this bird, and in obtaining it, myriads of these winged creatures are scattered to the breeze. Each one is fraught with a seed which it exists to sow, but its wild careering and soaring does not fairly begin till its burden is dropped, and its spherical form is complete. The seeds of many plants and trees are disseminated through the agency of birds; but the thistle furnishes its own birds,—flocks of them, with wings more ethereal and tireless than were ever given to mortal creature. From the pains nature thus takes to sow the thistle broadcast over the land, it might

be expected to be one of the most troublesome and abundant of weeds. But such is not the case; the more pernicious and baffling weeds, like snap-dragon or blind-nettles, being more local and restricted in their habits, and unable to fly at all.

In the fall, the battles of the spring are fought over again, beginning at the other, or little end of the series. There is the same advance and retreat, with many feints and alarms, between the contending forces that was witnessed in April and May. The spring comes like a tide running against a strong wind; it is ever beaten back, but ever gaining ground, with now and then a mad "push upon the land" as if to overcome its antagonist at one blow. The cold from the north encroaches upon us in about the same fashion. In September or early in October it usually makes a big stride forward and blackens all the more delicate plants, and hastens the "mortal ripening" of the foliage of the trees, but it is presently beaten back again and the genial warmth re-possesses the land. Before long, however, the cold returns to the charge with augmented forces and gains much ground.

In both spring and fall, it may be likened to the damming of a stream; the current meets with a check, a reverse, is thrown back upon itself, but it accumulates, it is stored up, not dispersed, and when it breaks away again its strength and volume are just so much increased. The cold snaps we have in the fall are the cold of many days concentrated in one. The course of the seasons never do run smooth, owing to the unequal distribution of land and water, mountain and plain. So with the warm spells in spring: a week is robbed of its warmth to give a touch of May temperature to March.

An equilibrium however is usually reached in our climate in October, sometimes the most marked in November, forming the delicious Indian summer; a truce is declared and both forces, heat and cold, meet and mingle in friendly converse on the field. In the earlier season, this poise of the temperature, this slack water in nature, comes in May and June; but the October calm is most marked. Day after day, and sometimes week after week, you cannot tell which way the current is setting. Indeed there is no current, but the season seems to drift a little this way, or a little that, just as the breeze

happens to freshen a little in one quarter or the other. The fall of '74 was the most remarkable in this respect I remember ever to have seen. The equilibrium of the season lasted from the middle of October till near December, with scarcely a break. There were six weeks of Indian summer, all gold by day, and when the moon came, all silver by night. The river was so smooth at times as to be almost invisible, and in its place, was the indefinite continuation of the opposite shore down toward the nether world. One seemed to be in an enchanted land, and to breathe all day the atmosphere of fable and romance. Not a smoke, but a kind of shining nimbus filled all the spaces. The vessels would drift by as if in mid-air with all their sails set. The gypsy blood in one, as Lowell calls it, could hardly stay between four walls and see such days go by. Living in tents, in groves and on the hills, seemed the only natural life.

Late in December, we had glimpses of the same weather,—the earth had not yet passed all the golden isles. On the 27th of that month, I find I made this entry in my note book: "A soft hazy day, the year asleep and dreaming of the Indian summer again. Not a breath of air and not a ripple on the river. The sunshine is hot as it falls across my table."

But what a terrible winter followed! what a savage chief the fair Indian maiden gave birth to!

This halcyon period of our autumn will always in some way be associated with the Indian. It is red and yellow and dusky like him. The smoke of his camp-fire seems again in the air. The memory of him pervades the woods. His plumes and moccasins and blanket of skins form just the costume the season demands. It was doubtless his chosen period. The gods smiled upon him then if ever. The time of the chase, the season of the buck and the doe, and of the ripening of all forest fruits; the time when all men are incipient hunters, when the first frosts have given pungency to the air, when to be abroad on the hills or in the woods is a delight that both old and young feel,—if the red aborigine ever had his summer of fullness and contentment, it must have been at this season, and it fitly bears his name.

In how many respects fall imitates or parodies the spring; it is indeed, in some of its features, a sort of second youth of the year. Things emerge and become conspicuous again. The trees attract all eyes as in May. The birds come forth from their summer

privacy and parody their spring reunions and rivalries; some of them sing a little after a silence of months. The robins, blue-birds, meadow-larks, sparrows, crows—all sport, and call, and behave in a manner suggestive of spring. The cock grouse drums in the woods as he did in April and May. The pigeons re-appear, and the wild geese and ducks. The witch-hazel blooms. The trout spawns. The streams are again full. The air is humid, and the moisture rises in the ground. Nature is breaking camp, as in spring she was going into camp. The spring yearning and restlessness is represented in one by the increased desire to travel.

Spring is the inspiration, fall the expiration. Both seasons have their equinoxes, both their filmy, hazy air, their ruddy forest tints, their cold rains, their drenching fogs, their mystic moons; both have the same solar light and warmth, the same rays of the sun; yet, after all, how different the feelings which they inspire! One is the morning, the other the evening; one is youth, the other is age.

The difference is not merely in us; there is a subtle difference in the air and in the influences that emanate upon us from the dumb forms of nature. All the senses report a difference. The sun seems to have burned out. One recalls the notion of Herodotus, that he is grown feeble and retreats to the south, because he can no longer face the cold and the storms from north. There is a growing potency about his beams in spring; a waning splendor about them in fall. One is the kindling fire; the other the subsiding flame.

Does not the human frame yield to and sympathize with the seasons? Are there not more births in the spring and more deaths in the fall? In the spring one vegetates; his thoughts turn to sap; another kind of activity seizes him; he makes new wood which does not harden till past midsummer. For my part, I find all literary work irksome from April to August; my sympathies run in other channels; the grass grows where meditation walked. As fall approaches, the currents mount to the head again. But my thoughts do not ripen well till after there has been a frost. The burrs will not open much before that. A man's thinking, I take it, is a kind of combustion, as is the ripening of fruits and leaves, and he wants plenty of oxygen in the air.

Then the earth seems to have become a positive magnet in the fall; the forge and anvil of the sun have had their effect. In

the spring it is negative to all intellectual conditions and drains one of his lightning.

To-day, October 21st, I found the air in the bushy fields and lanes under the woods loaded with the perfume of the witch-hazel—a sweetish, sickening odor. With the blooming of this bush, nature says, "positively the last." It is a kind of birth in death, of spring in fall, that impresses one as a little uncanny. Is there no legend about it? and can none of our poets make one? All trees and shrubs form their flower buds in the fall, and keep the secret till spring. How comes the witch-hazel to be the one exception and to celebrate its floral nuptials on the funeral day of its foliage? No doubt it will be found that the spirit of some love-lorn squaw has passed into this bush, and that this is why it blooms in the Indian summer rather than in the white man's spring.

But it makes the floral series of the woods complete. Between it and the shadow of earliest spring lies the mountain of bloom; the latter at the base on one side, this at the base on the other, with the chestnut blossoms at the top in midsummer.

To return a little, September may be described as the month of tall weeds. Where they have been suffered to stand, along fences, by road-sides and in forgotten corners—red-root, pig-weed, rag-weed, vervain, golden-rod, burdock, elecampane, thistles, teasels, nettles, asters, etc.—how they lift themselves up as if not afraid to be seen now! They are all outlaws, every man's hand is against them, yet how surely they hold their own! They love the road-side because here they are comparatively safe; and ragged and dusty, like the common tramps that they are, they form one of the characteristic features of early fall.

I have often noticed in what haste certain weeds are at times to produce their seeds. Red-root will grow three or four feet high when it has the whole season before it; but let it get a late start, let it come up in August, and it scarcely gets above the ground before it heads out and apparently goes to work with all its might and main, to mature its seed. In the growth of most plants or weeds, April and May represent its root, June and July, its stalk, and August and September its flower and seed. Hence when the stalk months are stricken out as in the present case, there is only time for a shallow root and a foreshortened head. I think most weeds that get a late start show this curtailment of stalk and this solicitude to reproduce themselves. But I have not observed

that any of the cereals are so worldly wise. They have not had to think and shift for themselves as the weeds have. It does indeed look like a kind of forethought in the red-root. It is killed by the first frost, and hence knows the danger of delay.

How rich in color before the big show of the tree foliage has commenced, our road-sides are in places in early autumn,—rich to the eye that goes hurriedly by and does not look too closely,—the profusion of golden-rod and blue and purple asters, dashed in upon here and there with the crimson leaves of the dwarf sumac; and at intervals rising out of the fence-corner or crowning a ledge of rocks, behold the dark green of the cedars with the still fire of the woodbine at its heart. I wonder if the way-sides of other lands present any analogous spectacles at this season.

Then when the maples have burst out into color, showing like great bonfires along the hills, there is indeed, a feast for the eye. A maple before your windows in October, when the sun shines upon it, will make up for a good deal of the light it has excluded; it fills the room with a soft golden glow.

Thoreau, I believe, was the first to remark upon the individuality of trees of the same species with respect to their foliage,—some maples ripening their leaves early and some late, and some being of one tint and some of another; and moreover, that each tree held to the same characteristics, year after year. There is indeed as great a variety among the maples as among the trees of an apple orchard; some are harvest apples, some are fall apples, and some are winter apples, each with a tint of its own. Those late ripeners are the winter varieties—the Rhode Island greenings or swaars of their kind. The red maple is the early astrachan. Then comes the red-streak, the yellow-sweet and others. There are wind-falls among them too, as among the apples and one side or hemisphere of the leaf is usually brighter than the other.

The ash has been less noticed for its autumnal foliage than it deserves. The richest shades of plum color to be seen—becoming by and by, or, in certain lights, a deep maroon—are afforded by this tree. Then at a distance there seems to be a sort of bloom upon it as upon the grape or plum. Amid a grove of yellow maple, it makes a most pleasing contrast.

By mid-October, most of the Rip Van Winkles among our brute creatures, have laid down for their winter nap. The toads and turtles have buried themselves in the



earth. The woodchuck is in his hibernaculum, the skunk in his, the mole in his; and the black bear has his selected, and will go in when the snow comes. He does not like the looks of his big tracks in the snow. They publish his goings and comings too plainly. The coon retires about the same time. The provident wood-mice and the chipmunk are laying by a winter supply of nuts or grain, the former usually in decayed trees, the latter in the ground. I have observed that any unusual disturbance in the woods, near where the chipmunk has his den, will cause him to shift his quarters. For many successive days, one October, I saw one carrying into his hole, which was only a few rods from where we were getting out stone, buckwheat which he had stolen from a near field. But as our work progressed and the racket and uproar increased, the chipmunk became alarmed. He ceased carrying in, and after much hesitating and darting about, and some prolonged absences, he began to carry out; he had determined to move; if the mountain fell, he, at least, would be away in time. So by mouthfulls, or cheekfulls, the grain was transferred to a new place. He did not make a "bee" to get it done, but carried it all himself, occupying several days, and making a trip about every ten minutes.

The red and gray squirrels do not lay by winter stores; their cheeks are made without pockets and whatever they transport is carried in the teeth. They are more or less active all winter, but October and November are their festal months. Invade some butternut or hickory-nut grove on a frosty October morning, and hear the red squirrel beat the "juba" on a horizontal branch. It is a most lively jig, what the boys call a "regular break-down," interspersed with squeals and snickers and derisive laughter. The most noticeable peculiarity about the vocal part of it is the fact that it is a kind of duet. In other words, by some ventriloquial trick he appears to accompany himself, as if his voice split up, a part forming a low guttural sound, and a part a shrill nasal sound.

The distant bark of the more wary gray squirrel may be heard about the same time. There is a teasing and ironical tone in it

also, but the gray squirrel is not the puck the red is.

Insects also go into winter quarters by or before this time; the bumble-bee, hornet and wasp. But here only royalty escapes; the queen-mother alone foresees the night of winter coming and the morning of spring beyond. The rest of the tribe try gypsying for a while, but perish in the first frosts. The present October, I surprised the queen of the yellow-jackets in the woods looking out a suitable retreat. The royal dame was house-hunting, and on being disturbed by my inquisitive poking among the leaves, she got up and flew away with a slow, deep hum. Her body was unusually distended, whether with fat or eggs I am unable to say. In September, I took down the nest of the black hornet and found several large queens in it, but the workers had all gone. The queens were evidently weathering the first frosts and storms here, and waiting for the Indian summer to go forth and seek a permanent winter abode. If the covers could be taken off the fields and woods at this season, how many interesting facts of natural history would be revealed! The crickets, ants, bees, reptiles, animals, and for aught I know, the spiders and flies, asleep or getting ready to sleep in their winter dormitories; the fires of life banked up and burning just enough to keep the spark over till spring.

The fish all run down the stream in the fall except the trout; it runs up or stays up and spawns in November, the male becoming as brilliantly tinted as the deepest dyed maple leaf. I have often wondered why the trout spawns in the fall instead of in the spring, like other fish. Is it not because a full supply of clear spring water can be counted on at that season more than at any other? The brooks are not so liable to be suddenly muddied by heavy showers and defiled with the washings of the roads and fields as they are in spring and summer. The artificial breeder finds that absolute purity of water is necessary to hatch the spawn; also that shade and a low temperature are indispensable.

Our northern November day itself is like spring water. It is melted frost, dissolved snow. There is a chill in it and an exhilaration also. The forenoon is all morning and the afternoon all evening. The shadows seem to come forth and to revenge themselves upon the day. The sunlight is diluted with darkness. The colors fade from the landscape and only the sheen of the river lights up the gray and brown distance.

\* I never saw this word in print, but that is what the boys call it. It is a way of beating time by slapping the hands upon the thighs, together with the patting of the foot. The following are some of the words:

"Did you ebber, ebber, ebber  
See de debble, debble, debble  
Shobel, grabble, grabble, grabble  
Wid his iron-wooden shobel  
Wid his big toe nail."

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHERE SHALL SHE GO?"

"From her infant days,  
With Wisdom, mother of Retired Thoughts,  
Her soul had dwelt, and she was quick to mark  
The good and evil thing, in human lore  
Undisciplined."

COLERIDGE.

THE White Hawk dropped into her new life with a simplicity and naturalness which delighted everybody. From the beginning, Silas Perry was charmed with her. It was not that he tolerated her as he would have tolerated any person whom Eunice had thought best to introduce to his house; it was that by rapid stages he began by liking her, then was fond of her, and then loved her. She was quite mistress of the spoken English, so much so that Inez began to fear that she would lose her pretty savage idioms and fascinating blunders. Indeed there were a few Apache phrases which Inez insisted on retaining, with some slight modifications, in their daily conversation. How much French and Spanish the girl understood, nobody but herself knew. She never spoke in either language.

It would be almost fair to say that Roland taught her more than Inez did. In the first place he taught Inez a good deal which it was well for a provincial girl—a girl of two cities, as petty as Orleans and San Antonio—to learn, if she could learn it from her brother, seeing her life had been so much restricted, and her outlook so much circumscribed. Roland was quick and impulsive; so indeed was the White Hawk; but he was always patient in explaining himself to her, and he would not permit Inez, for mere love's sake, or fancy's sake, to overlook little savageries, as he called them, in the girl's habit or life, merely because they seemed pretty to her. "She is an American girl," said he; "by the grace of God you have rescued her from these devils, and she shall never be annoyed by having people call her a Red-skin." And never had teacher a quicker pupil; never had Mentor a Telemachus more willing, than the White Hawk proved to be, under the grave tutelage of Inez and her brother.

These pages, which are transparent as

truth herself, may here reveal one thing more. The present reader, also, has proved herself sharp-sighted as Lynceus, since she engaged in reading these humble annals of the past. This reader has observed, therefore, from the moment the "Fire-Fly" met the "Antoinette" in the South Pass, that the handsome young American gentleman and the beautiful girl, rescued from captivity, were placed in very near propinquity to each other, and that they remained so. The author has not for a moment veiled this fact from the reader, who is, indeed, too sharp-sighted to be trifled with.

It is now to be stated that the White Hawk observed it quite as soon as the reader has done. The White Hawk maintained a very simple, as it was a very intimate and sweet relation, with Roland Perry, whenever she and he were with Inez and Eunice or the rest of the group which daily gathered at his father's. But the White Hawk very seldom found herself alone with Roland Perry, and when she did, the interview was a very short one. Roland found himself sometimes retiring early from the counting-room, wishing that she might be in the way. But she never was in the way. He would prepare one and another expedition to the lake, to the plantation house, and the like. On such expeditions the White Hawk went freely, if the whole party went; but not for a walk, or ride out to the English Turn, did she go with him alone. Roland Perry did not know whether this was accident or no—did not even ask, perhaps. But it is as well that this reader should understand the girl, and should know it was no accident at all.

One day they had all gone together to a pretty meadow by the lake, under the pretence of seeing some races which the officers of the garrison had arranged. Roland took the occasion to try his chances in sounding Ma-ry about a matter where he had not had full success in his consultations with his aunt.

"Ma-ry," said he, "tell me about the night when Inez was lost in Texas. By the river, you know."

"Oh, poor Inez! She was so tired; she was so cold!"

"How in the world did you find her?"

"Oh, ho! Easy to find her! I went

where she went. Footstep here, footstep there, footstep all along. Leaf here and leaf there—broken leaf, torn leaf—all along. Then I heard her cry! She cried war-whoop,—hoo, hoo, hoo,—just as I taught her one day. Easy to find her."

"And you brought her in on your back?"

"No, nonsense, Mr. Perry. You know she came on foot, the same as she walks now with Mr. Lonsdale."

"And the others—were they all at home while you looked for her?"

"At home? Dear auntie was by the fire, waiting and praying to the good God. Ransom, he built up the fire, made it burn, so I saw the smoke, red smoke, high, high, above the black-jacks and the hack-berries. Black men;—some at home, some away. All the rest were gone."

"This Captain Harrod. Where was he, Ma-ry?"

"Oh, Captain Harrod? Captain Will Harrod? Captain Harrod rode,—had rode,—no, Captain Harrod had ridden back. All wrong; all wrong. Had ridden back on the trail—on the old trail; ridden fast, ridden well, ridden brave, but all wrong. Had ridden back to camp where we had lunch that same day. All wrong. Poor Captain Harrod!"

"Why did he ride back, Ma-ry, if it was all wrong?"

"Captain Harrod not know. Captain Harrod saw Inez's foot-mark. Captain Harrod saw it was moccasin mark; all the same moccasin Inez wore at breakfast this morning. Captain Harrod see moccasin mark; no, saw moccasin mark. Captain Harrod thought it Apache boy;—thought Apaches caught Inez,—carry her away,—same like they carry Ma-ry away—carry me away."

"And he went after them?"

"All men went,—all but Ransom and the black men, and Richards. All went—rode fast, fast—very fast; and found no Inez."

And the girl laughed. "Inez all happy by the fire. Inez all asleep in the tent."

"Ma-ry, was Captain Harrod very good to Inez?"

And so you think, Master Roland Perry, that because this girl is a savage, you are going to draw your sister's secrets out of her, do you? Much do you know of the loyalty of women to women, when they choose to be loyal.

"Captain Harrod very good to Inez, very good to auntie, very good to Ma-ry;" this

with the first look analagous to coquetry, that Roland had ever seen in his pupil.

"Good to everybody, eh? And who rode with Captain Harrod, or with whom, did he ride, as you traveled? Who rode with Inez? Who rode with you?"

"I rode with him; auntie rode with him," and then, correcting herself, "he rode with me; he rode with auntie. Auntie very pleasant with him. Talk, talk, talk, all morning. I not understand them. Talk, talk, talk. Inez and Ma-ry ride together."

This was a combination of pieces which Roland had not thought of. He followed out the hint.

"How old was Captain Harrod, Ma-ry?"

"Old? I do not know. He never said; I never asked."

"No! no! you never asked. But was he as old as Ransom? Was he as old as my father?"

Ma-ry laughed heartily.

"No! no!—No! no! no!"

"Was he as old as—Mr. Lonsdale there?"

"Me no know—I mean I do not know. Mr. Lonsdale never tell me." And she laughed again.

"Which was older,—Harrod or Nolan?"

"Oh, I never see; I never seed—I never saw Captain Phil. Captain Nolan all gone before I saw Inez. I saw Inez at Nacogdoches."

"And did Inez like Captain Harrod very much, Ma-ry?"

"Oh, ho! I think so. I like him very much. Auntie, oh, auntie like him very much. Oh, I think Inez like him very much. Ask her, Mr. Roland, ask her." And the girl called: "Inez, my darling, Inez, come here."

But Inez did not hear; perhaps it was not meant that she should hear.

"No, no!" said Master Roland, interrupting, but so much of a man still that he did not know that this little savage girl was playing with him. "Do not call her. She can tell me what she chooses. But, Ma-ry dear, what makes Inez unhappy? When she is alone she cries, I know she does. I see her eyes are red. When she is with us all she laughs and talks more than she wants to. She makes believe, Ma-ry. Ma-ry, what is the trouble, the sorrow of Inez?"

No, Roland, Ma-ry is very fond of Inez, and she is very fond of you. But if you want Inez's secrets you must go to Inez for them. This girl of the woods will not betray them.

"Inez very, very fond of Captain Phil Nolan. Inez very, very sorry for poor lady who is dead, and little baby boy. When Captain Phil Nolan was here, here in Orleans, Captain Phil Nolan told her,—told Inez all story,—all the story of beautiful girl who is dead. Fanny,—Fanny Lintot. Captain Phil Nolan shewed Inez picture pretty picture, oh! so pretty—of Fanny Lintot! Told her secret. Inez told no one. No, Inez not tell auntie; not tell me. Now gone! all gone! Fanny Lintot dead! Captain Nolan dead. Only little, little baby boy! Poor Fanny Lintot. Poor Inez very sorry. But, Mr. Roland, you not ask her. No, no, no; do not ask her."

"Not I," said Roland, led away by the girl's eagerness, and not aware, indeed, at the moment, that he had been foiled.

Mr. Silas Perry had soon made the same remark which the eagle-eyed reader of these pages has made, that his son and his ward were thrown into very close "propinquity," and into very near communion. He had, or thought he had, reasons, not for putting an actual stop to it, but, on the other hand, for not encouraging it; and he speculated not a little as to the best way to separate these young people a little more than in the easy circumstances of their daily life. He had consulted his sister once and again in his questionings. She had proposed a removal to the plantation. But he dreaded to take this step. The exigencies of his business required his presence in the city almost every day. He was happy in his family, and, after so long a parting, he hated to be parted long again.

Matters brought themselves to a crisis, however. He came into Eunice's room one evening in serio-comic despair.

"Eunice, you must do something with your Indian girl. She is on your hands, not on mine. What do you think? I saw something light outside the paling just now. I went out to see what it might be, in the gloaming, and there was Ma-ry, bobbing at a craw-fish hole for craw-fish, as quietly as you are mending that stocking. She might have been little Dinah, for all anxiety about her position. She never dreamed, dear child, that it was out of the way."

"What did you say?" said Eunice, laughing.

"It was not in my heart to scold her. I asked her what her luck was——"

"And then looked for another craw-fish hole, and sat down and fished by her side?"

"No," said he, "not quite so bad as that. I told her it was late, that she must not stay out late, and she gathered up her prizes prettily, and brought them in. She never resists you a moment; that is the reason why she twirls us all around her fingers. I don't know what to do. It would break Inez's heart to send her away, not to say mine. She gave Chloe the craw-fish for breakfast."

"There is Squam Bay?" said Eunice, interrogatively.

"I had thoughts of Squam Bay. Heavens, how she would upset the proprieties there! I wonder what Parson Coleman would make of her! I would almost send her to Squam Bay for the fun of seeing the explosion."

"You see," after a pause, "Squam Bay is better than the nuns here, and it is worse. The nuns will teach her to embroider and to talk French, and to keep secrets, and to hide things. The people there will teach her to tell the truth, where she needs no teaching; to work, where she needs no teaching; to wash and to iron; to make succotash, and to reconcile the five points of Calvinism with one another, and with infinite love. But this is to be considered; with the nuns she is close to us, and Squam Bay is very far off, particularly if there should be war!"

"Always war?" asked Eunice, anxiously.

What troubled Eunice was that this conversation, having come to this point, never went any farther. Forty times had her brother come about as far as this. But forty times he had put off till next week any determination, and next week never came. The girl was too dear to him; her pretty ways were becoming too necessary for him; Inez was too fond of her, and home-life, just thus and so, was too charming. At any given moment he hated to break the spell and to destroy all.

This, was, however, the last of these conferences. The next morning, immediately after family prayers, Silas Perry beckoned his sister into his own den.

"It is all settled," he said, half gayly, half dolefully.

"What is settled?"

"Ma-ry, yonder, the savage, is to go to the Ursulines."

"Who settled that?" asked Eunice, supposing that this was only the forty-first phase of the talk of which last night showed the fortieth.

"Who settled it? Why, Ma-ry settled it.

Who settles everything in this house? What is the old story? It is repeated here. Ma-ry manages Ransom; Ma-ry manages Inez; Ma-ry manages you. And you and Inez and Ransom manage me."

"We and Roland," said Eunice.

"As you will. If Ma-ry does not manage him too, I am much mistaken. Anyway, the dear child has given her directions this time, with as quiet determination as if she had been yourself, and with as distinct eye down the future as if she had been Parson Coleman. She wants to go to the Ursulines, and to the Ursulines she is to go."

The Ursulines' convent was, at this moment, the only school for girls, of any account, in Orleans, not to say in Louisiana.

"What did she say?"

"She said that all the things she knew were things of the woods, and the prairies, and the rivers. She said Inez was kind, too kind; that you were kind, too kind; that everybody was kind. But she said that she was never to go back to the woods, never to live in them. She must learn to do what women did here. If she staid in this house, I should spoil her. She did not put it in these words, but that was what she meant. If she went to the nuns, she should study all the time, and should never play. Here she said it was hard, very hard, not to play."

"What will Inez say?"

"I dare not guess. Ma-ry has gone to tell her."

"And what will Roland say?"

"I do not know, nor do I know who will tell him."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### MOTHER AND CHILD.

"Smile not my child,  
But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so, beguiled  
Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be  
So dreadful, since thou must divide it with me."

SHELLEY.

So it was settled, and settled by herself, that poor Ma-ry should go into a convent-school. The freest creature on earth was to be shut up in the most complicated system of surveillance.

Ransom was well-nigh beside himself when he found that this step had been determined on, in face of his known views, and, indeed, without even the pretence of consultation with him. For the next day, gloom was in all his movements. He would not bring Mr. Perry the claret that he liked, and pretended there was none left. He

carried off the only pair of pumps which Roland could wear to the Governor's ball, and pretended they needed mending. Inez sent him for her hat, and he would not find it, and pretended he could not. For a day the family was made to understand that Ransom was deeply displeased.

He made a moment for a conference with Ma-ry, as he strapped her trunk. The only consolation he had had was the selection of this trunk, at a little shop where they brought such things from France.

"Ma-ry," said he, "they'll want you to go on your knees before them painted eye-dolls. Don't ye do it. They can't make ye noway, and ye mus'n't do it. Say ye prayers as Miss Eunice taught ye, and don't say 'em to eye-dolls. They'll tell ye to lie and steal. Don't ye do it. Let um lie as much as they want to. But don't ye believe the fust word they tell ye. They won't give ye nothing to eat but frogs, and not enough of them. Don't ye mind. I'll send round myself a basket twice a week. They won't let me come myself, 'cause they won't have no men near um but them black-coated priests,—all beggars, all on um,—and them others with brown night-gowns. Let them come; but I shall make old Chloe go round, or Salome, that's the other one, twice a week with a basket, and sunthin' good in it, and anough for three days. An' you keep the basket, Ma-ry, and sponge it out, and give it back to her next time she comes. Don't let them nuns get the baskets, 'cause they aint any more like um. They's white-oak baskets, made in a place up behind Atkinson; they aint but one man knows how to make um, an' I make old Turner bring um down here to me. Don't ye let the nuns get the baskets."

Ma-ry promised compliance with all his directions, and the certainty of outwitting the "eye-dollaters" on the matter of her diet, threw a little gleam of comfort over the old man's sadness.

She went to the Ursulines. The Ursulines received her with the greatest tenderness, and thought they never had a more obedient pupil.

And this was the chief event in the family history of that winter. With the spring other changes came, necessitated by a removal to the plantation. Although this was by no means Silas Perry's chief interest, he had great pride in it, and he did not choose to have it in the least behind the plantations of his Creole neighbors. Roland had brought from the Polytechnic school



some pet theories of science, which he was eager to apply in the sugar mills, and he did not find it difficult to persuade Lonsdale to join him, even for weeks at a time, when he went up the coast. A longer expedition, however, called them away, both from the counting-house and from the plantation.

General Bowles had not forgotten his promise. Inez and Roland both twitted aunt Eunice with her conquest over this handsome adventurer. It was in vain that Eunice said that he was well known to have one wife, and was even said to have many. All the more they insisted that no one knew but all these savage ladies might have been scalped in some internecine or Kilkennyish brawl, and that the General might be seeking a more pacific help-meet. The truth about General Bowles was that he was one of the wildest adventurers of any time. Born in Maryland, he had enlisted in King George's army, just after Germantown and Brandywine. He had been a prosperous chief of the Creeks. He had conferred, equal with equal, with the generals who had commanded him in the English army only a few years before. He had been an artist and an actor in his checkered life; he had been in Spanish prisons and had been presented at the English court.

One day, when a very distinguished Indian embassy had brought in a letter from him to Eunice, Roland undertook to explain all this to Mr. Lonsdale.

"And now, Mr. Lonsdale," said the impudent youngster, Roland, who had chosen to give this account to him, as coolly as, on another occasion, he had cross-questioned him about the same man, "and now, Mr. Lonsdale, weary of diplomacy, he proposes to leave the throne of Creekdom. He lays his crown at Miss Perry's feet, and she has only to say one little word, and he will become a sugar planter of distinction on the Côté des Acadiens, with Miss Perry as his help-meet, to cure the diseases of his people, and with Mr. Roland Perry, *ancien élève de l'École Polytechnique*, to direct the crystallization of his sugar."

The truth was, as it must be confessed, that the General's letters had usually been made out of very slender capital. He would write to say that he was afraid his last letter had miscarried, or that he should like to know if Miss Ma-ry remembered a house with a chimney at each end; whether she had ever seen a saw-mill, or the like. For a man who had nothing to say, General Bowles certainly wrote to Miss Perry a great

many letters that winter. But on this occasion Eunice was so much absorbed, as she read, that she did not give the least attention to Roland's raillery.

"Hear this! hear this! Roland, go call your father. This really means something."

Mr. Perry came, on the summons.

Eunice began:

GENERAL BOWLES TO MISS PERRY.

Talladega, Creek Nation, April 19, 1802.

MY DEAR MISS PERRY,—I can at last send you some tidings which mean something. If you knew the regret which I have felt in sending you so little news before, you would understand my pleasure now that I really believe I may be of some use to your charming *protégée*.

"Well begun," said the irreverent Roland. "We shall come to the sugar plantation on the next page."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his father; and Eunice read on:

I have just returned from a "talk," so called, with some of the older chiefs of the Choctaw and Cherokee nations. So soon as I renewed the old confidence which these men always felt in me, I made my first inquiries as to raids from the west into the territories north of us, in the year 1785, or thereabouts. The Cherokee warriors knew nothing of our matter.

But the Choctaw chiefs, fortunately, were better informed. As to the time there can be no question. It was the year 1784, well known to all these people from some eclipse or other which specially excited them.

A party of Choctaw chiefs, embodying all that there are left of the once famous Natchez, who, as your brother tells us, have just now appeared in literature;—a party of Choctaw chiefs crossed the Mississippi and even the Red River, in quest of some lost horses. This means, I am sorry to say, that they went to take other horses to replace the lost ones. They met a large roving body of Apaches. They saw them, and they were whipped by them. They recrossed the Mississippi much faster than they went over.

These savages of the West had never, to my knowledge, crossed the Father of Waters. But, on this occasion, elated by their success, they did so, and then, fortunately for the Choctaw people, they forgot them. They were far north, and hearing of a little settlement from Carolina, low down on the Cumberland River, they pounced on it, and killed every fighting man. They burned every house and stole every horse. Then the whites above them came down on them so fast that they retired as best they might.

It is they, I am assured, who are the only Apaches who have crossed the Mississippi in this generation. It is they, as I believe, who seized your little friend and her mother.

If you have any correspondents in the new State of Tennessee, they ought to be able to inform you further regarding the outpost thus destroyed. I cannot learn that it had any name, but it was very low on the Cumberland, and the time was certainly November, 1784.

"There is more! there is more!" screamed Roland, seeing that his aunt stopped.

"There is nothing more about Ma-ry," said Eunice, who felt that she blushed, and was provoked beyond words that she did so.

"More! more!" cried the bold boy, putting out his hand for the letter. But his aunt folded it and put it in her pocket.

And a warning word from his father: "Roland, behave yourself," told the young gentleman that for once he was going too far.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### ON THE PLANTATION.

"Those sacred mysteries, for the vulgar ear Unmeet; and known, most impious to declare, Oh, let due reverence for the gods restrain Discourses rash, and check inquiries vain."

HOMERIC HYMNS.

LITTLE enough chance of finding anything by raking over the wretched ashes of that village burned eighteen years before. Still, every one would be glad to know that the last was known, and if one aching heart could be spared one throb of agony, every-one would be glad to spare it.

The wonder and the satisfaction excited by General Bowles's letter, held the little party in eager talk for five minutes, and then Mr. Lonsdale, who happened to be of the plantation party that day, filled up the gap, in the practical and definite way, by which, more than once, that man of mystery had distinguished himself.

"I do not know what friends Mr. Perry may have, or what you may have, in Tennessee State," said he, almost eagerly; "but, I hope, I trust, Miss Perry, that you will put your commission of inquiry into my hands. I have loitered here in your *dolce far niente* of Louisiana, much longer than I meant, as you know. What with this and that invitation, I have staid and staid in Capua, as if, indeed, here were the object of my life. But my measures were all taken last week. I asked Mr. Hutchings to select a padrone and boatmen for me, and he has hired a boat, which, I am told, is just what it should be. Pardon me for saying 'a boat'; I am told I must call it a *voiture*. Your arrangements are fairly Venetian, Miss Perry. Men seem to know but one carriage."

"Oh! call it a galliot," she said, "and we shall know what you mean."

"If you would only be Cleopatra," said Mr. Lonsdale, with high gallantry, and he bowed.

"I shall be late in delivering my commissions at Fort Massac, but I shall be there before any one else leaving Orleans this spring. Pray let me make your inquiries regarding this dear child's family."

Loyally said, and loyally planned, Mr. Lonsdale. If this man is a diplomatist, or whatever he be, he has twice come to the relief of Eunice by a most signal service. offered in the most simple and manly way, Even the suspicious Inez looked her gratitude, through eyes that were filled with tears.

The plan was too good not to be acceded to. Roland begged to go as a volunteer on the expedition, and Mr. Perry insisted on it, that he must see to the stores.

"Pardon me, Mr. Lonsdale, but your countryman, Mr. Hutchings, does not know as we do, what the Mississippi demands. I shall provision your galliot, or rather, Ransom will. For, if I undertook to do it without his aid, he would countermand all my directions. I may as well, from the first, confess to him that I am at his mercy."

"Take care, Mr. Perry, for I am almost as much a favorite with him as you are. That is, his pity for my ignorance, not to say his contempt for it, takes with me the place of his affection for your house. If you tell him to store the galliot for both of us, he will strip the plantation. 'Aint nothin' fit to eat, all the way up river,' he will say. 'All on 'em eats alligators and persimmons. Don' know what good cod-fish and salt pork is, none on um.'"

Everybody laughed.

"Capital—capital—Mr. Lonsdale. You have studied the language of the country at its fountain."

"We will not let Ransom starve us, Mr. Lonsdale; but, certainly, we will not let him starve you."

The reader of to-day, who embarks at New Orleans for the mouth of the Ohio in a steam-boat which is "a palace above and a warehouse below," has to take thought, in order to make real to himself a voyage, when Lonsdale and Roland could not expect, even with extra good luck, to reach their destination in two months' time. Slow as traveling was from Philadelphia or Baltimore across the mountains, many a traveler would have taken a voyage from New Orleans to an Atlantic sea-port, that he might descend the Ohio, rather than ascend the Mississippi.

In this case, every preparation was made for comfort and for speed, on a plan not

very unlike that on which Inez and her aunt started on their journey for Texas.

By a special dispensation, in which, perhaps, the Vicar-General and Bishop assisted, not to say the Pope, himself, Ma-ry was liberated from the convent school to be present at the last farewells. The evening was spent at the plantation with affected cheerfulness, as is men's custom on the evenings of departure, and with early morning the two travelers were on their way. Mr. Perry took his own boat, as they went up the river, and went down to the city to his counting-house, taking Ma-ry to a new sojourn with the Ursulines, in which her docility must show the Pope that she had not abused his gracious permission for a "retreat."

Eunice made her preparations for a quiet week with Inez. Dear little Inez, she was more lovely than ever, now that there was always a shade of care about her. How true it is, that human life never can be tempered into the true violet steel without passing through the fire! And Inez had passed through. It was the one bitter experience of life in which nobody could help her. Eunice knew that. She would have died for this child to save her sorrow; and, yet, without sorrow, nay, without bitter anguish, this lively, happy girl could never be made into a true woman. That, Eunice knew, also. And while Inez suffered, all Eunice could do, was to sit by, or stand by, and look on; to watch and to pray, as she did that night by the camp-fire.

"Now, we are rid of them all, auntie, we can go to work and get things into order. There is no end of things to be done, and you are to show me how to do them all. What in the world will come to the plantation when you go off to be Duchess of Clarence, or, may be, Queen of England, if I do not learn something this summer?"

"Could not you push the Duke of Clarence into a butt of malmsey, and be well rid of him? Then you would be free from your terrors. For me, I have not yet seen him, and I don't know how I shall like him. Go, get your apron, and come with me."

And so the two girls, as Mr. Perry still called them fondly, had what women term a "lovely time" that day. No such true joy to the well-trained housekeeping chief, as to get rid of the men occasionally, an hour or two early. Eunice and Inez resolved that they would have no regular dinner, just a cup of tea and a bit of cold meat, and that the day should be devoted

to the inner mysteries of that mysterious Eleusinian profession, which is the profession of the priestess of Ceres, or the domestic hearth.

And a field-day they had of it. The infirmary was inspected, and the nursery, the clothing rooms, the kitchen, and the store-houses. Inez filled her little head full, and her little note-book fuller. They were both in high conclave over some pieces of coarse home-woven cottonades,—a famous manufacture of their Acadian neighbors,—when a scream was heard from the shore, and Mr. Perry was seen approaching.

The ladies welcomed him with eager wonder. He was tired and evidently annoyed, but relieved them in a minute from personal anxiety about Ma-ry or any near friend.

"Still, my news is as bad as it can be. I have come back to send it up to Roland there and Mr. Lonsdale. This Morales, this idiot of an Intendant, means to cut off from the people above, the right of sending their goods to Orleans."

"Cut off the right of *dépôt*," cried both the girls in a word. They both knew that the prosperity of Orleans and the prosperity of the West alike depended on it; nay, they knew that peace or war depended upon it. They heard with the amazement with which they would have heard that the Intendant had fired the Cathedral.

"Yes! the idiot has cut off the permission for deposit. Of course, I supposed it was a blunder. I went round to my lord's office and saw the idiot myself. He is as mad as a March hare. I reminded him of the treaty. The right is sure for three years more, against all the Intendants in the world. The crazy fool rolled his eyes and said that in the high politics, treaties even must sometimes give way. High fiddlestick! I wish his Prince of Peace was higher than he has been yet, and with nothing to stand upon!"

"Did you speak of the—the secret?" said Eunice, meaning that Louisiana was really Napoleon's province, or the French Republic's at this moment, and no province of Spain.

"I just hinted at it. So absurd, that there should be this pretence of secrecy, when the 'secret' has been whispered in every paper in the land. But, indeed, the men who are most angry below, say that this is Buonaparte's plan, that he wants to try the temper of the Kentuckians. He is no such fool. It is another piece of Salcedo's madness, or of the madness which ruled Salcedo's.

Perhaps, they want at Madrid to steal all the value from their gift. Clearly enough, there is a quarrel between old Salcedo, the Governor, and this ass of a Morales. The Intendant Morales will do it, or says he will do it, all the same, and the Governor does not interfere. But it is all one business; it is that madness that sent Mesquiz after our poor friend; it is that madness which appointed Salcedo, the old fool, here. Madrid, indeed."

"What will the river people say?" asked Inez.

"I do not know what they'll say," said her exasperated father, who had by this time talked himself back into the same rage with which he had left the Intendant's apartments; "but I know what they will do. They will take their rifles on their shoulders, and their powder-horns. They will put a few barrels of pork and hard tack on John Adams's boats, which are waiting handy for them up there. They will take the first rise on the river after they hear this news, and they will come down and smoke this whole tribe of drones out of this hive, and the Intendant and the whole crew will be in Cuba in no time. Inez, mark what I say. This river and this town go together. The power that holds this town for an hour or a day against the wish of the people above, holds it to its ruin. Remember that, if you live a hundred years."

"The whole army of Cuba could be brought here in a very few weeks," said Eunice, thoughtfully.

"Never you fear the army of Cuba; the General who ever brings an army from the Gulf against New Orleans, when the sharpshooters of this valley want to hold New Orleans, comes here to his ruin. Inez! when New Orleans and the Western country shall learn to hold together, New Orleans will be one of the first cities of the world. And you, girl, are young enough to live to see it so."

All this he said, as Eunice fairly insisted on his drinking a cup of coffee and eating something after his voyage. All the time, however, the preparations were going forward, to order which, he had himself come up the river. The lightest and swiftest boat in the little navy of the plantation was hastily got ready to be sent with the bad news to Roland and to Lonsdale. Nobody knew whether the Intendant had forwarded it. Nobody knew whether he meant to. But, since Oliver Pollock and Silas Perry forwarded gunpowder to Washington thirty

years before, they knew the way to send news up the river when they chose, and he did not choose that any Intendant of them all should be ahead of him.

The boat was ready before half an hour was over. The occasion was so pressing that Ransom himself was put in charge of the expedition and the dispatches. The other party had a day the start of them. But Ransom took a double crew that he might row all night, and hoped to overhaul them at their camp of the second evening.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### THE DESOLATE HOME.

"Still, as they travel, far and wide,  
Catch they and keep they a trace here, a trace  
there,  
That puts you in mind of a place here, a place  
there."

BROWNING.

RANSOM returned a good deal earlier than anybody expected. He came in the middle of the night with as cross a crew of boatmen as ever rowed any Jason or Odysseus. He had compelled them to such labors as they did not in the least believe in.

He reported to Eunice before breakfast.

"So you caught them, Ransom?"

"Yes'm. Come up with um little this side Pointe Coupée. They was in camp. Good camp too. All right and comfortable. Mr. Roland understands things, mum."

"And you didn't see the Spaniards?"

"Yes'm—see um. Didn't see me, though—darn'd fools. See them fust night out. They was all asleep in the Green Reach. See they fires, lazy dogs! didn't go nigh um, 'n' they didn't know nothin' about us; passed right by um, t'other side of the river. That's all they's fit for. Calls um coast-guards. Much as ever they can do is to keep they own hats on."

"And what message did the gentlemen send?"

"Said they was all well, and had had very good luck; 'n' they wrote two letters—three letters here, for you and Miss Inez, 'n' Mr. Perry. I'd better take his'n down to him myself. I'm goin' down to-day."

"And did you come back in one day, Ransom?"

"Yes'm. Come down on the current. Come in no time, ef these lazy niggers knew how to row—don't know nothin'. Ought to 'a' been here at three o'clock,—didn't git here till midnight. Told um I'd git out 'n' walk, but ye can't shame um nor no-

thin'. They can't row. They don't know nothin'."

This was Ransom's modest account of a feat unsurpassed on the river for ten years,—indeed, till the achievements of steam left such feats for the future unrecorded.

"And you saw no one coming down?"

"Yes'm. See them Spanish beggars agin, and this time they stopped me. Couldn't a stopped me ef I didn't choose; but there's no use quarreling. They was gittin' ready for they siesta, 's they calls it, lazy dogs! right this side o' Mr. Le Bourgeois's place. Pootiest place on the river. We was on t'other side and they sees us, and fires a shot in the air, and I told the niggers to stop rowin'. Made the Spanishers,—them's the coast-guard, they calls um,—come out and meet us. They asked where we'd been. I told um we'd been cat-fishing. They asked where the fish was. I said we hadn't had no luck. They asked if any boats had passed me, and I said they hadn't, 'cause they hadn't. They asked me to take a note down to the Intendant, 'n' I said I would; 'n' I got it here. Guess I shall give it to him about Thanks-givin' time."

This, with a grim smile of contempt for the snares and wiles of the Spanishers.

"Oh, Ransom, you had better take it to the Intendant's to-day."

"I'll see, mum. Sartin, it's for no good, 'cause they's no good in um. They's all thieves 'n' liars. Mebbe it's for harm, 'n' ef it is, they'd better not have it."

"Well, show it to Mr. Perry, Ransom, any way."

To which the old man made no reply, but withdrew. And then the ladies undertook the business of letter-reading and breakfasting together. The letters would not tell many facts. They might show to the skillful reader something of what was in the heart of each writer, as he left for such long and solitary journey. But this story hurries to its end, and these intimations of feeling must be left to the reader's conjectures.

Whatever they said, the ladies had to satisfy themselves with these letters for months. The news which Lonsdale and Roland carried, was enough to turn back most of the downward-bound boats which would else have taken their letters. Such boats as did attempt the gauntlet, were seized or threatened at the different Spanish posts; were searched, perhaps, by *guarda costas*, so-called; and nothing so suspicious as letters, even were these the most tender-

looking of billets to the sweetest of ladies, was permitted to slip through.

It is true that some cause, either the bitter protests of the American factors, or some doubts engendered by dispatches from home, postponed until October the final proclamation of the famous interdict by which New Orleans was self-starved and self-besieged. Its effect on the upper country was none the less for the delay.

The ladies settled back into that simple and not unprofitable life, so well known to our grandmothers, so impossible to describe to their descendants, or even for these descendants to conceive. A life unpersecuted by telegrams, by letters, by express parcels; a life which knew nothing of that "stand and deliver," which bids us reply by return of post; or, while the telegraph messenger waits in the hall, to give a decision, on which may rest the happiness of a life. For Eunice and Inez, the great events were, perhaps, to see that a crew of Caddoes drifting down the river with their baskets, were properly welcomed; perhaps, to spend the day with Madame Porcher, at her plantation just below; perhaps, to prepare for the return visit when the time came; perhaps, to go out of a Saturday evening to see the Acadians dance themselves almost dead to the violin music of Michael, the old white-haired fiddler; perhaps, for Inez to keep her little school daily, in which she taught the little black folk the mysteries of letters; and, all the time, certainly, for both of them, the purely domestic cares of that independent principality which was called a plantation.

Mr. Perry came up to the plantation about once a week, but only for a day or two at a time. His stay would be shorter than Eunice had ever known it, and there was anxiety in his manner which it had never known before. Everything combined to make that an anxious year for Orleans. Though this ridiculous Intendant had pretended not to know the secret of its transfer to France, many men did know that secret early in the spring, and before summer all men knew it. That General Victor with an army of twenty-five thousand Frenchmen was on his way to take possession, was a rumor which came with almost every vessel from Philadelphia or from England. General Victor and his army did not appear. What did appear was another army, a starving army of poor Frenchmen and women, from San Domingo, driven out by a new wave of the insurrection there. It was not the first



of such arrivals. They always made care and anxiety for the little colony. Not only were the poor people to be provided for, but the cause of their coming had to be talked over in every family in Louisiana. A successful rising of slaves in San Domingo had to be discussed in the hearing and presence of slaves now well enough satisfied in Louisiana. This year, this anxiety had reached its height. The Spanish Intendant, who had precipitated war on his own head from up the river, so soon as the Western sharp-shooters could arrive, frightened himself and his people to death with terrors about insurrection within. The French began to whisper that their own countrymen were coming. The handful of Americans chafed under the unrighteous restriction on the trade for which they lived there.

"BY THE KING.

A proclamation!

In the name of the King!

Know all men:

That His Most Christian Majesty commands that the sale of all clocks bearing upon them the figure of a woman, whether sitting or standing, wearing the cap of Liberty, or bearing a banner in her hand, is henceforth, forever, absolutely prohibited in the colony of Louisiana.

Let all faithful subjects of his Majesty govern themselves accordingly.

Long live the King."

To see such a proclamation printed in the miserable "Gazette," or posted at the corner of the street, was something to laugh at; and at the old jealousies of other days between the French circle and the Spanish circle, Mr. Perry could afford to laugh again. But here, in matters much more important, was jealousy amounting to hatred, for causes, many of which were real, and every man's hand, indeed, seemed to be against his brother.

It was, therefore, at best, but a sad summer and autumn. And Miss Perry succeeded in persuading her brother to remove the little family to the city earlier than was their custom, that he might at least have in town what she called home comforts, and that, if anything did happen, they might, at least, be all together.

"We cannot be of much use," she said, "but, at least, we shall be of no harm. Besides, if we go, we shall take Ransom; I know he will be a convenience to you, and you may need him of a sudden."

Whether Ransom would be of any real service, Mr. Perry doubted. But it was very true that he was glad to have his cheerful little family together; and in the comfort of

a quiet evening to forget the intrigues, the plots, the alarms, and the absurd speculations which were discussed every day in his counting-room, now that there was little other business done there. In the old palmy days of Governor Miro, even under the later dynasties of Casa-Calvo and Gayoso, if any such complications threatened as now impended, Mr. Perry would have been among the favored counselors of the viceroy, for viceroys these governors were. He would not have hesitated himself to call and to offer advice which he knew would be well received. But times were changed, indeed. Instead of one king, there were three. Here was Morales, the Intendant, pretending that he did not care whether Governor Salcedo approved or did not approve of his doings. Here was Salcedo, himself. Was he old enough to be foolish and in his dotage, as some people thought, or, was he pretending to be a fool, and really pulling all the strings behind the curtain? And here was young Salcedo, his son, puffing about and pretending to manage everybody and everything.

One night, at a public ball, this young Salcedo set everybody by the ears. The men drew swords, and the women fainted. Just as the dance was to begin, and the band began playing a French contra-dance, the young braggart cried out, "English dances, English dances." He was a governor's son, should he not rule the ball-room? Anyway, the band-master feared and obeyed, and began on English contra-dances. The young French gallants would not stand this, and cried out, "French, French, French." There were not Spaniards enough to out-cry them. But Salcedo, and those there were, drew their swords. The Frenchmen drew theirs. The women screamed. The American and English gentlemen let the others do the fighting, while they carried the fainting women out. The captain of the guard marched in with a file of soldiers, presented bayonets, and proceeded to clear the hall. It was only this absurd extreme which brought people to terms. The women were revived, and the dancing went on. What with young Salcedo's folly, old Salcedo's jealousy, and Morales's wrong-headedness, some such bad-blooded quarrel filled people's ears every day.

Under such circumstances, the simple life of the city had all gone. Mr. Perry's counsels, once always respected at headquarters, were worthless now.

This Intendant knew his estimate among

the Americans, and with their nation, only too well. But he pretended to make that a reason for distrusting him. The absurd dread of the Americans, which first showed itself in the treachery to poor Philip Nolan, showed itself now in unwillingness to hear what even the most cautious Americans had to say.

In the midst of such anxieties, as they expected Roland from hour to hour, there came, in his place, by the way of Natchez, only this not very satisfactory letter.

ROLAND PERRY TO EUNICE PERRY.

FORT MASSAC, August 31, 1802.

MY DEAR AUNT: We have been up the Cumberland river, and I am convinced that I have seen the ruins of dear Ma-ry's home. There is not stick nor stem standing of the village,—save some wretched charred beams of the saw mill, all covered with burrs, and briars, and bushes. But, that this is the place, you may be sure. We have been up to the next settlement, which was planted only three years later,—and they know the whole sad story, just as General Bowles has told you. The bloody brutes came in on the sleeping village, just in the dead of night. The people had hardly a chance to fire a shot, none to rally in their defense. They slaughtered all the men, and, as these people said, they slaughtered all the women, but it seems dear Ma-ry and her mother were saved.

Which baby she is, from which mother of these eight or ten families, of course I cannot tell, nor can these people. But they say that, at Natchez, there is an old lady who can. An old Mrs. Willson,—all these people were Scotch-Irish from Carolina,—an old Mrs. Willson came on to join her daughter, and arrived the spring after the massacre. Poor old soul, she had no money to go back. She has loitered and loitered here, till only two years ago. Then she said there would be more chance of her hearing news of her child if she went farther south and west, and so, when somebody moved to Natchez he took with him this Mother Ann, and, if she is alive, she is there still.

She is, possibly, our Ma-ry's grandmother. If anybody knows anything of the dear child's birth, it is she.

And this is all I can tell. I am sorry it is so little; so is poor Lonsdale,—the heartiest, most loyal companion, as he is the most accomplished gentleman it was ever a young fellow's luck to travel with. You will think this is very little, but it has cost us weeks of false starts and lost clues to get at what I send you.

You will not wonder that you do not see me. You will believe me that I am well employed. Make much love for me to dear Ma-ry and to my darling Een.

Always your own boy,  
ROLAND PERRY.

This letter had been a strangely long time coming. Had it, perhaps, been held by the Spanish authorities somewhere? Eunice had another letter, a letter in Lonsdale's handwriting. But she read Roland's first, and then, grieved and surprised that her boy was not coming, she gave it to his father.

Mr. Perry read with equal surprise, and with equal grief.

"What does it mean?" said she.

"It means," said he, after a pause, "it means that he thought the chances were that the coast-guard would get that letter, and so it must tell very little." Then, after another pause: "Eunice, I am afraid it means that the boy has mixed himself up with recruiting the Kentuckians to come down here on the next rise of the river. Why they did not come on the last rise, is a wonder to me. But I suppose they were waiting for these fools to strike the last blow. They have struck it now. As I told you, Morales has published his 'Interdict.' The old fool, Salcedo, pretends to shake his head, but it is published all the same, and now they have done it, they shake at every wind. They believe, at the Government house, that twenty thousand armed men, mounted on horses or alligators, or both, are now on their way. The Intendant shakes in his shoes, as he walks from Mass to his office. 'Roland has been bred a soldier. He is an eager American. He certainly has not staid for nothing, when his heart and everything else calls him here. What does your Mr. Lonsdale say?'"

Mr. Lonsdale said very little that could be read aloud, as it proved. In briefer language than Roland's, he told substantially the same story. Mother Ann, at Natchez—if Mother Ann still lived—was the person to be consulted regarding Ma-ry's lineage.

There seemed to be more in Mr. Lonsdale's letter than was read aloud to Mr. Perry, or even to Inez. But poor Inez was growing used to secrets and to mysteries. Poor girl, she knew that of one thing she never spoke to Aunt Eunice! Who was she, to make Aunt Eunice tell everything to her! It seemed to her that the world was growing mysterious. Her lover left her—if he were her lover—and never said a word to tell her he loved her. And no man knew where his body lay! Her dear Ma-ry—her other self—was caged up on the other side of those hateful bars! Her own darling brother, lost so long, and only just back again, he had disappeared too. Nothing but these letters, months old, to tell what had become of him. And now, when Aunt Eunice had a letter from where he was—that letter was not read to Inez, as once every letter was—it was simply put away after one miserable scrap had been read

aloud, and people began discussing the situation as if this letter had never come.

But the letters were to work Inez more woe than this. For Eunice determined to follow up, as soon as might be, the clue they gave.

So was it, that some weeks after, when a change was to be made in the Spanish garrison at Concordia, opposite Natchez, she

availed herself of the escort of a friendly officer, going up the river, who was taking his wife with him, and determined for herself to make an inquiry at that village for "Mother Ann." She had never ceased to feel, that on her, first of all, rested the responsibility in determining Ma-ry's future, and in unraveling the history of her past.

(To be continued.)

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## THE TWO MYSTERIES.

In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, adding, "We don't either."

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;  
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;  
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;  
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;  
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;  
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,  
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—  
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.  
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;  
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought!  
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell ye naught;  
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—  
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent.  
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.  
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;  
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

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## IN AND ABOUT THE FAIR.

## A MORNING'S STROLL IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

By half-past six in the morning, and before, a stream of people flows toward the Exhibition gates; but they are in workmen's attire, or they are official attendants upon the Fair. The police go through the gates in squads; so do the platoons in gray, who do service with the rolling-chairs. Cartmen and carters, catalogue boys, the crowd of servitors who attend upon the various restaurants, the machinists, the railroad squadron, the gardeners, the little Italian boot-blacks, the men in uniform who cry, "The only guide to the Exhibition!" the musicians, the sweeps, the customs men—all these swell the early concourse of those who, day after day, have free entrance, and make an army of themselves. Add to these the United States post officials, the exhibitors and their representatives—counting by the thousand—and one can form some idea of the great array of those who are essential to keep the machinery in motion. The population of a considerable town would be insufficient to supply the men and women who are the invariable attendants and keepers of the great Fair, and who stream in, morning after morning, without leaving any obolus for its support.

Noticeable among the earliest arrivals at the entrance-gates are the heavily burdened wagons of the butchers and ice-dealers, who are the purveyors to the score of restaurants. Following hard upon these, are the great vans, piled high with kegs of lager, which, it would seem—out of regard to the stalwart temperance sentiment of the Commission—have orders to slip their cargoes before the multitude is fairly afoot. Very prompt, too, in his attendance at these morning hours, is the prim equipage of the mail-carrier, before whom the gates open briskly and without a query, and who has right of way through avenues where all others are debarred entrance. Equipages indeed of whatever sort are uncommon within the inclosure, and the quick paces of a well-appointed team make so unusual a sound as to centralize the attention of a crowd. At rare intervals, indeed, and at a later hour, the *coupé* of some high-placed official rolls over the great entrance square, which is the vestibule of the grounds; but this exceptional mode of locomotion is so rare as to be a curiosity in itself.

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Even the indefatigable Dom Pedro of Brazil on most occasions pushed his way in afoot with the commoners.

What the night population of the place may be, we are not able to say; but there must be no inconsiderable number to keep watch and ward. Nearly every State building is in itself a little hostelry; the Japanese are present in force, the restaurants have their night guardians, and the Exhibition buildings all have their large quota of police and private watchmen over special exhibits. Nor are these sufficient to forbid altogether petty night thefts, of which very many are reported.

By seven in the morning, or thereabout, the night occupants of the Main Building have retired, and the thousands of day attendants take their places. The rare jewels are taken from their lockers, the dusting and sprinkling of the floors, the rearrangement of lesser goods, the withdrawal of the sheeted coverings, the quick movement of belated attendants—all give a busy air to the aisles of the Main Building; but there is no crowd, and no such capital opportunity for full and careful study—to those who have the privilege of early *entrée*—as the hour just preceding the opening of the doors to the general public. It is the hour seized upon by those who are earnest in their investigation of special classes of exhibits, and by those reporters who put a conscience into their record of the great show.

At nine o'clock the doors are freely opened, and the tide of people flows in. There are companies of excursionists with their lunch baskets who have come in from the country by early trains, and whose naive exclamations of wonder and admiration are charmingly entertaining. Pressing hard upon these are the eager young clerks, or mechanics, who have but their day or two to devote to the Exhibition, and who are naturally impatient of the slightest delay or interruption. Even as they look admiringly upon what is nearest, they do it with a haunting consciousness that they are losing something better worth seeing beyond. Their hurried look, and eager, swift glances afford sharp contrast to the easy, loitering action of those who are already familiar with

the salient features of the Exhibition, or who have, fortunately, weeks before them. It is easy, too, to distinguish those whose penetrative, shrewd observation will enable them to carry away positive ideas, from the larger crowd, whose wavering, distracted glances can only make report of a mirage of disorderly prettiness.

By far the larger part of the morning crowd flows into the great building by the western entrance, and, by consequence, the national exhibits thereabout receive the first salvo of the visitors' enthusiasm. It so chanced that among the very first encountered are exhibits by two South American States—Peru and the Argentine States—which are not of a kind to provoke noisy expressions of admiration; and a great many inquisitive and sharp-spoken old ladies—of both sexes—being confronted at the start with the pack-saddles, and hides, and Inca relics, and Peruvian mummies of the first court upon the right, are not a little inclined to sniff at the Exhibition as a moldy museum; but they recover countenance in the sweet court devoted to the "Flowery Kingdom." One enters it under so true a sampler of Chinese architecture, that it might have served as an illustration of Oriental life a century ago. The first glimpse of it, and of the monstrous jars, and of the men in pig-tails and high wooden shoes beyond, brings back the flimsy engravings of the porcelain towers, and of Peking, and of Hong-Kong, which were in the school geographies—well, forty years back.

In fact there is a glamor over this exhibit—to most observers—trailing from the epoch of childhood, which, independent of all question of merit, makes it piquant and enticing. Personally, we must confess a yielding to its influence, as pleased and beguiling, and pupil-like as if Peter Parley or Malte-Brun had been our usher. Were the birds-nests and rats which these people ate—in the geographies—on shore? Probably not;\* but the attention of all intelligent observers is at once challenged by the delicate porcelain cups and vases, in which manufacture these Orientalists are easily among the first. The mammoth urns and gaunt *cloisonné* teapots of stupendous proportions do indeed provoke some wonder, and hold larger groups of the curious about

them; but their execution lacks the delicacy of treatment and finish which belong to other national exhibits in the same line of manufacture. Most wonder-provoking of all, however, among the Chinese exhibits is the extraordinary elaboration of the wood-carving. There is, for instance, a high-topped bedstead in one of the interior courts, about which a gaping multitude is always congregated, and which, as the story runs, kept some score or more of operatives diligently employed for the space of four years. The story is entirely credible; the labor upon the work is immense; it is a triumph of industry, and of mechanical adroitness, but not an artistic triumph. Neither in form or in adaptation of parts does it show those graces which captivate the artistic eye. There is curious intricacy about it, but no exuberance of fancy. It offers, indeed, but a repetition, in a stupendous way, of the amazingly involved, but inartistic, carving with which everyone is familiar upon Chinese chess-men, or fan-holders. It is inconceivable how a nation which can put such skill and art into their finer forms of porcelain—with such rare assemblage of tints, and such delicacy of execution—should treat their carved work with so little significance. Thoughtful housewives are apt to express themselves very emphatically in regard to the labor of dusting, or keeping clean such minute labyrinths of open-work as belong to this extraordinary bit of furniture, and with abundant reason; but the true place for it is in the museum, and not in a household.

A capital type of Chinese manhood is to be seen in the person of a stout middle-aged merchant, who holds position through many hours of the day in the southernmost compartment of the Chinese allotment—his queue, his shaven head, his ample, well-formed figure, his blandness, his serene content—the quick intelligence and the contagious mirthfulness which light up his features as he listens to the varying reports of his interpreter, are something as well worth seeing as the curious wares in his exhibit. His stalwart proportions, mated with an alert shrewdness, give a better intimation of those directing forces which preside over the great industries of China than we are apt to get from the sallow laundrymen so familiar to us, or from most of the subordinates in attendance upon the Fair.

Over opposite to the pagoda-like entrance to the Chinese exhibits—across the main aisle only—is the Italian Court, where a great eddy from the tide of early visitors

\* In the exhibit of some of the East India dependencies of England and of Holland, the edible birds-nests are to be seen carefully preserved in glass jars, and show an unctuous mass of mucilaginous material which explains their high repute for the table.



is sure to flow in, and where a multitude is encountered at almost any hour of the day. We find here, too, at the very outset, some Italian carvings in wood, which, without being nearly so elaborate as the Chinese, has thoroughly artistic design, and is superb in its execution. The material is the hard, dark nut-wood of Italy, which shows a variety of figures—cupids, festoons of flowers, and masks—all treated with rare skill, and admirably contributing to the decorative intent of the work. There are noticeable, moreover, in this Italian court, a large collection of majolica, very happily conceived terra-cotta figures, and, best of all, the charming but small jewelry show of Castellani, of Rome. But, it must be said, the crowd gives larger attention to the lesser and less artistic objects which crowd the show cases, and which, by special arrangement, are placed on sale. Such are the mosaic jewelry, the Genoese silver, and a world of fanciful trinkets wrought by the glass-workers of Venice. Indeed, what with the crowd, and the eager shop-like urgency of the attendants, the court has much the air of a great bazaar. We miss in it the best of those faery and many-colored glass goblets of Murano, which—as old legends tell us—would crackle in pieces under a drop of poison. This art, indeed, seems to have made little progress in recent years; and the tawdry mosaics in glass show little of that dainty elaboration which once spun its spiral milk-white threads of color through stems of tiny goblets that might have served Titania.

Immediately adjoining Italy, are the courts of Norway and Sweden; that of the former country designated by a light timber screen, prettily illustrative of the work of the Norse carpenters. Within these courts there is always a throng gathered about the life-size groups of Scandinavian peasants, which are executed with such a sturdy realism as respects ungainly pose and actual costume, and the swart color of the faces, that children who come upon them suddenly, shy away, at the first, as if they were intruding upon uncouth visitors. These figures contribute very much to make the Scandinavian countries an actual presence at the Fair; and though the Art Schools may give them no recognition, they chime in admirably with the iron trophies, the timber façades, the great porcelain stoves, the sledges, the reindeer, and the excellent topographical maps of the northern peninsula, to round out, and actualize our conceptions of Scandinavian life.

Indeed, an ideal World's Fair—to which at some future day we shall arrive—should illustrate in some more marked way than is now done, the physical aspects of the competing countries. To this end, there might be in the vestibule of each national court a carefully executed relief map of the country, exhibiting its water-courses, its harbors, its cities, its lines of railway, and its mountain ranges. Isothermal lines upon this marginal data, might indicate the climatic conditions, and the character and limitations of vegetable growths. This might be supplemented again with such admirable photographs of harbors and coast towns, as are to be seen this year in the department of New South Wales. A well worked model of the chief city might be added, with drawings or photographs of the most important buildings, and great national works of engineering. The model of an average home for the agricultural laborer, with realistic figures of those who represent the mass of the population—such as appear in the Swedish Exhibit—would pique investigation, and would make further progress through the exhibition of actual results of labor, like the walk of a friend through the domain of a neighbor.

The hint is worth consideration by the organizers of future World's Fairs. It is all very well to compare fineness of fibres, and this bit of earthenware with that other which bears likeness to a *gris de Flamande*; but with a positive presentment of the surroundings of home-life and of the conditions of climate and soil, we should enter upon examination with larger basis of decision, and new sympathies for a guide. Art, indeed, is always art; and good work, always good work. But when we take account of Progress—as it seems to us World's Fairs ought always to do—conditions count for very much: and a nation that makes good show, with a climate and soil to fight, and without traditions of good work in its history, should be counted worthier (and have the benefit of the count) than a nation that makes only good show, with traditions and actual possession of the best work, for a bolster, and with the most genial of skies overhead.

But neither Sweden nor Norway needs an apologist to speak for them. The great galleon of the latter country, in the rear court, with its iron equipments, and iron trophies, and a big Viking at the "fore," is in itself a grand triumphal song, which is secure of an approving "bravo."

And better than the galleon, with its

iron shrouds, and better than the magnificent metallurgic trophy which Sweden has massed together in her rear court, and more worthy to be noted, are some facts which appear in the neat and orderly catalogue prepared by the Swedish Commission.\*

Thus, we learn that, under the administration of the great lumber house of James Dickson & Co. (whose exhibit is in apt conjunction with the figure of an old peasant reading to his wife, who listens with a pleased intentness)—“the children of the working men receive their education in schools which are supported by the proprietors. A fund for the poor and sick, an association for furnishing provisions at cost price, circulating library, bath-house and hospitals have been established for the benefit of the working men. Moreover, the latter have free lodging, full medical attendance, and medicine.”

Again, in connection with the Skultuna Copper Works—“Sick and burial funds are established for the benefit of the employés, school instruction is provided for, conducted by three teachers, in three separate schools at the works. Besides this, the workmen assemble two evenings during the week, and attend lectures in natural philosophy, history, geography, etc., and get instruction in writing, arithmetic and drawing.” Another large corporation, the Högåns Coal Mining Co., has established for the benefit of its operatives reading rooms, a library, a hospital with free medical attendance; also a large park, in which is built a dancing-floor, where once a week a band plays for the disport of the village population. Of course, convenient strikes, and high prices for coal, which belong to the American mining method, would hardly be reconcilable with such provisions for the operatives.

Looking again at the life-like figures of the Scandinavian people, it seems no wonder that the crowd should linger by them; they are written all over with a simple, sturdy honesty, that we all cleave to when we find it. They make good illustrations—if one could find the time in this hurly-burly—for a re-reading of Miss Bremer's stories.

There needs but a little swaying of foot-

steps across the aisle from this department of the North, to bring the crowd into the presence of the wonders from Japan. And we are at once impressed by the alertness and intelligence of those in charge, as contrasted with the average class of attendants upon the Chinese department adjoining—these latter having the half-weary and wholly contented air of those who repose upon the laurels of the past; and the Japanese showing the keen, eager, searching glances that betoken progress, and challenge rivalry. And their work shows, not merely a fabulous industry and persistence in crude and inartistic elaboration, but a wonderful exhibit of skilled execution, directed throughout by a most eager, artistic sense.

A characteristic bit of Japanese decoration work for the garden, is observable at the very entrance of the court. A circular area of some twelve feet diameter is inclosed by rough boulders, which retain a circlet of earth carrying ferns, callas, coleus, and a pretty tribe of plants, showing in relief against a mass of rock-like bronze; this last, rising behind the circular garden-plot, two feet or more, spreads and blends into the graceful proportions of a dark bronze vase, some four feet in diameter, whose polished surface is decorated all around with deeply incised figures of flying cranes. From the centre of this somewhat shallow but exquisitely wrought vase, rises a mass of dingy metal, figuring an old tree crag, from which a green-bronze winged dragon lifts up his gorgon head, and snorts the water-jets which fall into the basin and drenches with spray the rim of flowers below. It puts the cast-iron water-nymphs of too many of our fine gardens to a damaging contrast.

On the left of this charming fountain, is a display of all that is best in the porcelain of Japan; and on the right a corresponding, but far more marvelous display, of all that is best from the metal-workers of Japan. Beyond them, in the rear, are cabinets upon cabinets, and courts on courts filled with such material as would task and reward the most assiduous and keenest examination of an entire day. It would be idle to attempt a minute specification of those objects which are deserving of careful study. It is enough to say that in *cloisonné* wares, and in inlaid work of both wood and metal, Japan makes exhibits which may be studied with wholesome profit by the artisans of every competing nation.

The quiet little court of Denmark does not command the attention of the crowd;

\* The catalogue is in two parts: first, statistics; second, list of exhibits. With quick trade shrewdness, the first is sold at fifty cents, and the second presented to purchasers of the first. Visitors who would derive the largest advantage from the exhibit should make the purchase. No gazetteer, and no guide book, will supply the facts which are so methodically presented in the “Statistics.”

but always there is a little company of interested observers of its Etruscan-shaped pottery, carrying Thorwaldsen's figures; and always somebody coveting the richly wrought silver-ware of Christesen. It is pleasant to see with what freshness and love the art-workers among the Danes keep alive the name and the fame of Thorwaldsen. It would have been pleasant too, to find somewhat commemorative of their charming child-story-teller, Hans Christian Andersen; there may be such which escaped notice; but surely many an American child, well-grown, will have wandered into that quiet court—over whose doorway hang portrait busts of King and Queen—with the good, kind, old, garrulous, Danish story-teller at the top of their thought. It is all very well to hang up portraits of kings and queens; but the real kings and queens that come to memory when we see the legend of "Denmark," are quite other than those in the Almanac of Gotha. These are well enough in their way, and the pretty Princess of Wales a most estimable person, but they cannot close our thought to the larger memories of Hamlet and Ophelia, and Elsinore, and Thorwaldsen.

The exhibit of Egypt, even with its wooden hint of Karnak, does not bring up very vividly the Ptolemies or Pharaohs or Moses. Here too, in the foreground of the court, is a little fountain with its *entourage* of flowers; but it is not specially artistic. If, indeed, they had planted the papyrus and bulrushes under the spray, there would have been a significance that does not attach to the plant-growth, of which there is plenty by every door. A model of the pyramid, and of the sphinxes, attract many—as does a stuffed crocodile of gigantic proportions.

But what is really best worth seeing are some rare inlaid doors from old Cairo temples, and curious arabesque bits of ornamentation. There are, besides, tufted rugs in abundance, and crude old pottery, and emblazoned camel-trappings. We should have been glad to see a good model of the Suez Canal works, which would bring vividly to mind that great engineering enterprise; but we looked for it in vain.

Turkey, which sidles against Egypt, confronts one—oddly enough—with two beautiful, meek-looking Angora goats; and the stuffs woven from their flossy, silken wool, are to be found in the court. So, also, are ponderous Turkey carpetings, gorgeous saddles, and a rich variety of oriental fabrics. But poor belabored Turkey has little to teach

the nations of Western Europe, except it be the twist of a hookah, or the distillation of attar.

Whether it be from the near neighborhood of that plague spot, Cuba, or from the bad political rash which breaks out periodically over the face of the mother country, it is certain that most Americans think of the Spanish as a decrepit nation, incapable of any positive industrial activities. To all such, the exhibit of Spain will be a great surprise; the very portal of approach is portentous in magnitude, and carries semblance of a triumphal arch. Fabrics and wares, representative of the most wholesome everyday industries, are as abundant as in the courts of the most matter-of-fact nations; beside which there are most royal tapestries, and pistols so curiously and wonderfully crusted with gold, that they might have belonged worthily to any Cid of history, or of romance.

There is also a show of lock-smiths' work—not cast and stamped, but forged and fine—which is worthy of the best workshops of Europe; and there are inlaid metal vases and caskets of Zuloaga which rival, if they do not surpass, the best show in their classes of the entire Exhibition. Indeed, we must take off our hats to this young King for the much that he has done in the Fair to make us believe still in Spain, and to revive the traditions of its old splendors.

The largest popular interest in the Russian exhibition, which flanks that of Spain, centers about the malachite, the furs, and the gold-smiths' work. This latter is cause of amazement to those who think of Russia only as a land of weary steppes, of birch forests, of ice palaces, and of bearish manners. It piques your curiosity, too, when you perceive a superbly wrought vase, carefully overlaid with a pearly damask napkin. Is it some jar of Caspian honey, from which the flies are to be kept away? On closer inspection you discover that the snowy napkin is an exquisitely wrought deceit in virgin silver. One would think there might be higher aims in this beautiful decorative art than to copy the web, woof, and border of a damask napkin; but if the work is to be done at all, of a surety, these Muscovite silversmiths have proved their capacity for it beyond all the world. If it does not remind of the triumphs of Benvenuto Cellini (and it certainly does not), it tells us of a hand as steady, and of a patience as unwearied, as his.

Another noticeable thing in this exhibit is the barbaric splendor of coloring in the

enameled ware, which is immensely gratifying to the crowd, and which probably wins noisier plaudits than any other goldsmiths' show of the Exhibition. This is more due, we fancy, to the novel orientalism of its colors, and to a certain barbaric splendor, than to fineness of lines, graces of form, or any carefully considered harmonies of tint. The splendid blazonry cheats one into admiration; but it will not bear study, or reward it so well, as the kindred exhibits of Western Europe. It shows ingenious, bizarre, stolid work; but nothing so richly imaginative, and so poetic in treatment, as may be found in the best of the Japanese, or in that of Elkington, or in *les émaux* of the first Paris artificers.

One would think there might be fatigue, languor, and abatement of appetite in the crowd of sight-seers after strolling through the courts thus far named, whose salient features we have indicated in the barest way; but no; the crowd swirls away by twos, by tens, by twenties, and is presently engrossed, finding new expletives for a new exultation of feeling, before the glittering wilderness of Austria's show of crystal. It is crystalline; it is opaque; it is gorgeous with every hue; it is engraved; it is enameled; it is light, and almost gossamer; it is ponderous, and carries wealth of imagery; it is in sets, and in pairs, and in shapely and costly singleness. It comes from Bohemia, and from the Tyrol, and it will go—as it has for many years past—to decorate sideboards, and *étagères*, and to be the terror of servant-maids all over the world. It makes the meager show of Murano look more than ever like the show of a dead city. Yet, there have been times—such is the Moeran play of the ages—when a wine goblet from the little town of Murano that swims in the Venetian lagoon would have been coveted vainly by the proudest of Bohemians, and its price would have been a generous *dot* for any daughter of the Tyrol.

The smoking veteran may hereabout regale himself with a sight of such amber-furnished pipes as it would be hard to match elsewhere; and his consort—not sharing in this enthusiasm—can delight herself in the interval with a passing study of such artificial flowers as, out of doors, would toll all the bees. Then, sated,—each one in his way,—they can stroll through courts laden with porcelain, dashed with silks, flaming with chromos, sobered with church images (always in Austria), to a little fountain that splashes among flowers, and rest there upon the

"bent chairs" of Vienna at a far cheaper rate than they can do the same at the Vienna bakery.

Germany, the younger sister of Austria, but who now plays the lioness among the Continental nations, fills up the gap between Austria and the central rotunda of the building, and crowns it worthily by a lavish magnificence of porcelain that covers one of the curved angles where nave and transept join. This is mostly from the Imperial Works, and its arrangement is intended to be Imperial in its effect. If it fail of this (and we think it does), it is not by reason of any lack in the individual objects of the display, but because it is quite impossible to array an immense assemblage of diverse forms and tints, and styles in porcelain against a common background of color without the sacrifice of some for the benefit of others, and without a motley of effects that is destructive of any integral harmony. The Japanese and English exhibitors of porcelain have acted more wisely in assembling their trophies in groups, and in aiming at no effect of background.

A show of antique forms of German pottery in one of the rear courts will richly reward examination, and the comparatively low prices and quaint shapes, have won a crowd of purchasers. There are besides, to be specially noted, the lavish display of the German book-making craft—the most interesting and the best arranged of the Exhibition. Nor must we forget, nor must the visitor fail to see, the multitudinous clocks of the Schwarzwald where bird notes may be heard at all hours, and whose chanticleers crow at mid-day; nor the famous Faber pencils and crayons of Nuremberg; nor the gorgeous brocaded silks of Elberfeld.

Now, observe,—(and this is for the benefit of our country friends, who cannot spare a visit),—we have kept thus far, mainly, upon one side only of the central aisle, and have passed over only half its length. A little dash over the way we have made, (near to the western entrance) to have a glimpse of Italy and of the Scandinavian countries. But there still remain upon this other, and northern side of the main aisle, in the first half of its length, all the dependencies of Great Britain, and the exhibit of England itself.

Nor are the dependencies of Great Britain without their interest. There is New South Wales, with its rare-plumaged birds, its magnificent ores, its aboriginal implements of war, and its wools; Tasmania, with its



woods that rival mahogany; Jamaica, with its unique lace-bark; Victoria, with its kangaroo skins and its golden nuggets, around which a crowd is gathered at all hours; Cape Town, with its Constantia wine; and Queensland, with a reach of coast line equal to our own from Maine to Louisiana, showing an immense collection of woods, of ores, of minerals, and what is unrivaled in its way among all the exhibits and of special interest to the scientific observer—a series of colored photographic views, illustrative of the different geological formations of the country, and beneath each photograph—in specimen case—the natural product of the formation represented. Such methods of illustrating the physical features of a country—in connection with good relief maps—must, and will, before many years, put an end to the old modes of geographic study.

In the list of the dependencies of Great Britain, we must not forget the two which give most brilliant exhibit of all—to wit, India and Canada: the former distinguished by its elaborately carved work in wood, and its rich barbaric fabrics; and the latter by a profusion of miscellaneous products, showing close relationship to her sisters of the "States."

Arrived in the domain of Great Britain proper, you can enter a jeweler's shop—as if you were in Cockspur street, Charing Cross; you can there price chronometers of all grades, and see the bearing of a London tradesman—alike removed from the easy suavity of the Frenchman, the unctuous servility of the Italian, and the unmitigated bearishness of the Russian. You can see the rich *papeterie* that has piqued your envy when you have received letters from friends in Sackville street, Dublin. You can study the best grades of Sheffield cutlery, under the old brand of the Wostenholms (though we miss that old pocket-knife friend of boyhood—Joseph Rodgers). You can fix the type, for always, in your mind, of what Nottingham lace should be. You may make pleasant hunt for Honiton too; but we cannot positively say if you will find it. Certainly you will find Irish poplins of the richest and starchiest-looking, and all the Huddersfield and Coventry silks. There are Greener guns, and Belfast linens of microscopic fineness.\*

These things, however, are of course all

\* The very finest of all the fabrics on exhibition is, I am assured by a Judge in that class, a bit of pino cloth from one of the Philippine Islands, on show in Agricultural Hall.

outshone by the court of Daniell (an establishment in itself), where a company of the covetous is always lingering, and whereabouts you may see, at almost any hour of the day, that mingled look of despair and admiration which fine porcelain of a certain value is apt to call up to the faces of impecunious, art-loving women. The sign of "Doulton & Co." will meet one, in this neighborhood, in a half score of places; and whatever this firm shows is worthy of study, from the modest terra cotta to the tenderest of *faience*. Most of all, is the Doulton work admirable in its suggested adaptation to the decoration of homes and firesides. In one little court it redeems a plain iron grate with its quiet bandlet of foliage; in another place it illuminates a wainscot; in another, it makes fire-place and mantel together. But it is happiest of all, as it seems to us, where it has set its exquisite *plaques* (illustrative of some Shaksperian tale) into a huge dark, simple, oaken mantel. There is no special ornamentation save these exquisite bits of *faience*; and these few; each telling its story, and each having its simple environment of heavy oak—darkened, as if the smoke of fire-lighting from Shakspeare's time down had contributed to its expression of age: a chimney opening broad and high as any at Charlecote—a better fireside to sit by, ten times over, than the grand one of Marchand, of Paris, just across the rotunda. The latter is magnificent with its marbles and bronzes—*éblouissant* with its golden trimmings; but only fit for a ceremonial hall and a palace. Its splendor would suffer with fire-light, and its sumptuous elegance kill kindly familiarity.

Of a similar character is the gorgeous circular seat, with its surmounting candelabra, exposed by Marchand at Vienna in 1873, and again enlisting the admiration of thousands at the Centennial, by its sheen of green satin and the exquisitely elaborated metal work of its frame. It would make a fitting *triclinium* for the barge of some new Cleopatra—

"Purple the sails, and so perfumed,  
The winds were love-sick with them."

But it gives no suggestion of a comfort that is not starched, and "barbered ten times o'er."

In contrast with this, it is noticeable to what a large degree the English domesticity of feeling has overlaid and colored all her artistic work, which has any relation to house decoration. The furniture is, first of all, adapted to hard, home service; it



invites it by its simple forms and its subdued and unpretentious colors. The same tendency is illustrated by the frequency and fondness and care with which the chimney-piece and all the home regalia of the fire-side have been placed on exhibit. The skill in forging or delicate castings, which in the English show goes to the paraphernalia of the chimney corner (as illustrated in the exhibit of Feetham, of London), would, in the case of France, be lavished upon the elaborate intricacy of an exterior window balcony; or in the case of Italy, upon some over wrought bracket—to carry a banner.

So, among the charms of Lambeth *faience*, we find—not the ever-recurring repetitions of Guido, of the Bacchantes and Satyrs of the Italian majolica, nor the nymphs and cupids, and Rubens's figures of the (amazingly beautiful) Belgian *faience*, but—a delicious spray of apple-blossoms, a sparrow and a dragon-fly, a robin-redbreast, a chanticleer, or that lovely bit, the babes in the wood.

In the stained-glass, the same tendency is observable to get away from the schools of gridironed saints, and cupids, and scholastic enrobing, and to give color to the poetic aspects of every day life. A pretty instance of this is to be seen in a hall-window exhibited by Heaton, Butler & Bayne, of Covent Garden, in which the borders are—on one side a rampant bramble bush in lush bloom and fruitage, and, on the other, an eglantine in full floral blush; while, in the large compartment between, two gracefully drawn young figures in subdued translucent tints, make good the story of some old homely legend, and convert the whole window into a painted ballad.

Returning now to the general British exhibit at the south-western angle of the nave and transept, we are brought to pause—and a wondering crowd with us—before the great iron pagoda of Barnard, Bishop & Barnard, which only in mid-July received its final touches. It is an admirable exhibit of what may be done by adroit forge-work and delicate, sharp castings, out of so intractable a material. Its effect, however, is sadly weakened, and its imposing character shaken by its absurd coloring—its prevailing tint being a bright yellow. Under the murk of a British sky, and in the shadow of dense foliage, it might be tolerable; but, in the brazen light and torrid heat of Philadelphia, its color is simply appalling. Underneath it, amid an assemblage of various objects showing graceful design, and wondrous casting, is a life-size figure of Thomas Carlyle brooding in his

chair. By what law of association he is placed under that yellow pagoda, we cannot tell, except it be that his later views of life are somewhat jaundiced.

Near by, there are various exhibits of London firms, in iron and brass work, showing how these homely materials may be so wrought upon, as to bring the products into the domain of art. Here too, is the interesting exhibit of Cox & Son—a medley of beautiful objects: a marble mantel with tiled hearth and fire-place; delicately painted panels above; vases of *faience*; *plaques* of porcelain; stained-glass screens; desks and cabinets; both with decorative panels in golden ground; forged fire-dogs, which, by reversing their decorated tops, are made the carriers of flower-vases; rare metal goblets;—all pointing more or less toward good ways of house decoration.

It should be remembered—and remembered for the lesson taught by it—that all these British products in this art neighborhood, whether in wood, in glass, in metal, or in pottery, have come to their present range, and into their present lines of development within a half score of years, and largely through the influence of the Kensington School of Art.

Even now, we have said nothing of the magnificent show of the Messrs. Elkington, upon the immediate angle by the rotunda, and making a glittering and solid climax to all the adjacent exhibits. Inlaid suits of armor; tall damasked golden vases of Persia; the richest *cloisonné* ware of China and Japan duplicated; *repoussé* work, and inlaid work, and sculptured work, all joined to complete triumphs of the silversmith's art; enamels that are something more than barbaric assemblage of colors; embossed figures that challenge closest scrutiny of their drawing and the delicacy of their lines, with groups and processional array of figures which pique and charm by their poetic suggestiveness;—all this is to be seen in the little Elkington court, where two good hours may be spent most worthily.

Speaking of hours, reminds us that we came in upon our stroll at eight of the morning; and, surely, what we have seen, and given hint of seeing, will have abundantly and redundantly filled up the time, until high noon and past. Still, we have not yet passed over one-half of the building, nor examined one-tenth of what is worthy to be seen in this half. Judge then, what work one day's observation will do, in measuring all the details of the Exhibition!

One week there is the least limit of time which will compass any intelligent comprehension of the Fair; three days may make basis for garrulous report, in which certitude and doubt will be about evenly mingled; but, one day there is like studying New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Yet, no intelligent boy or girl, past twelve, can fail to receive more benefit from

a week's careful study of the Fair, under an experienced eye, than from any three months of ordinary schooling.

And now, our promenade of the morning being ended, we stroll out of the northern doors of the transept, and turning sharply to the west, wend our way for lunch and rest to the establishment of the much maligned *Trois Frères Provençaux*.

## THE FLOWN BIRD.

### A JAPANESE SONG.

THE maple leaves are whirled away,  
The depths of the great pines are stirred;  
Night settles on the sullen day,  
As in its nest the mountain bird.  
My wandering feet go up and down,  
And back and forth, from town to town,  
Through the lone woods; and by the sea,  
To find the bird that fled from me;  
I followed, and I follow yet—  
I have forgotten to forget!

My heart goes back, but I go on,  
Through summer heat and winter snow;  
Poor heart! we are no longer one,  
We are divided by our woe!  
Go to the nest I built, and call,—  
She may be hiding, after all,—  
The empty nest, if that remains,  
And leave me in the long, long rains;  
My sleeves with tears are always wet—  
I have forgotten to forget!

Men know my story, but not me,—  
For such fidelity, they say,  
Exists not—such a man as he  
Exists not in the world to-day!  
If his light bird has flown the nest,  
She is no worse than all the rest;  
Constant they are not—only good  
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood;  
He has but one thing to regret—  
He has forgotten to forget!

All day I see the ravens fly,  
I hear the sea-birds scream all night;  
The moon goes up and down the sky,  
And the sun comes in ghostly light:  
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—  
Are they spring blossoms, or the snow?  
Only my hair! Good-bye, my heart,  
The time has come for us to part;  
Be still! you will be happy yet—  
For death remembers to forget!

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

**The Civil Service.**

If we were called upon to name the axiom, or the adage, that contains the greatest possible amount of political mischief, we should quote the sentence attributed to General Jackson: "To the victors belong the spoils." If he ever uttered it, or was in any way responsible for the doctrine which it conveys, his memory deserves to be everlastingly execrated. There is hardly a political evil from which the nation is suffering to-day that has not grown directly from practice naturally based in that doctrine. The rule of second and third-rate men, the retirement of good men from participation in public affairs, the undignified and unprincipled struggle of parties for power, the corruption in high places and low, the wretched character of our foreign ministerial and consular service, the disgraceful jobbery that seems to be inseparably connected with all government expenditures of money,—all these grow directly out of the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils." The civil service must necessarily be bad, as a rule, and only exceptionally good, by accident, when appointments are made, not on account of fitness in the men appointed, but only on account of party service. The evil has become abominable and unbearable, and the only possible way out of our troubles that we can see is through a thorough civil service reform.

The moment that the declared and fixed purpose and policy of this nation make eminent fitness for office a prerequisite for official position and responsibility, that moment the interest of second and third-rate men, and of first-rate rascals, will die out of party politics. If nothing is to be had for party service but the public good; if they are to win no power, get no contracts, have no office, as a reward for that service, leaving out altogether the consideration of fitness, these men will find other means for keeping their bodies and souls together, and leave the politics of the country in hands that are both capable and honest. Now, the President, the Senator, the member of Congress, who have been placed in power, must turn around and pay off in collectorships, and postmasterships, and assessorships, and consulships, and all other political ships that can carry a coffer or a purse, the leaders of the gangs of voters who have served them. It is a matter of bargain and sale, of work and pay. A new administration comes in, and out go all the old public servants—no matter how valuable they may be—to make room for a greedy rabble, who are to be paid for personal and party work. The public interests of this great nation, of more than forty millions of people, are made entirely subordinate to the personal and party interests of a few thousand politicians who live by politics. It is all a trade with these wretched fellows, or, more properly, a gambler's game. They work for their parties for what their parties can give

to them of patronage and perquisites, and the public good is sacrificed that they may live. Is it any wonder that we have corruption in high places and low? Is it any wonder that we are disgraced at home and abroad? Is it any wonder that we have loafers and drunkards, and ignorant and incompetent men in the highest offices as well as the lowest?

There is but one way out of all this disgrace, we say. Good men must be placed in office and kept there, in the civil service as well as in the military. Indeed, there is no greater or better apology for the placing of incompetent men in civil service, in consideration of their usefulness in party work, than there would be for appointing military men to service in the army for the same work. We tried a little of that business in the late civil war, and the results were what might have been expected. There is but one way of bringing good men into politics again, and keeping them at the front. The present party rule of spoil as the reward of victory—spoil as the return for party service, is a rule which places good men in disgrace—a rule which ignores or contemns character. Can we blame men of high character and superlative fitness for office for declining to go into squabbles which, to them, are either meaningless or disgraceful? The rule of their country is against them. The policy of their country is against them. Whatever claim they may have to be honored is discriminated against. They are counted out, and only he who can serve the party to which he belongs, by fair means or foul, is appointed to serve the country. It is not necessarily an honor to be elected to Congress now. It is a doubtful compliment to be placed even in the presidential chair. It is even a suspicious matter to be appointed postmaster or consul. A man who, in the present condition of the civil service, holds his head higher in consequence of being appointed to a place under the American government, betrays a lack of sensibility, which makes him a legitimate object of pity, for he is not honored by his trust; he is degraded.

In dealing with this subject, we are dealing with the root of more evils than we can count. The fruit of the tree which grows from it is all poisonous or rotten; and if we could cut it up, root and branch, a very large majority of the political evils which, as a nation, we profoundly deplore, would disappear. It is planted in a political lie, and every leaf and flower and fruit is base. It poisons, through and through, the nation's life. We cannot grow any better while it stands.

The candidates which have been presented for the popular vote by the representatives of the two great parties in convention, seem to be all fairly good men. Under the spur of popular clamor, there has apparently been an honest effort to present honest men, and men of good morals. Governor Hayes is not a drunkard. Governor Tilden is not a drunkard.

Neither of them is addicted to stealing. Let us thank God for all this, and take courage. The issues between the two parties are so insignificant that the ordinary mind will be most affected by the personalities of the canvass. They are so insignificant, indeed, that we have very little hesitation, as a non-partisan magazine, in saying that every American who does not get his bread and butter by politics should vote for that candidate whose election will do most for a reformation of the civil service. This first and uppermost. There is nothing in the canvass of equal importance. Numberless evils, concomitant or collateral, whose relations to this are not readily apprehended by the masses, would die naturally with it. Good, competent men in office everywhere would give us wise legislation, pure administration, efficient and loyal execution. To elect a man in this Centennial year, whose every effort should be given to a reform in the civil service, and a restoration of the government to that class of men to which the framers of the republic belonged, would be a fitting crown to the glories of the great anniversary. Let every patriot lay aside his partisan politics for this end.

#### Suspected Duties.

THERE is a large number of conscientious men and women in all society who suspect, with a considerable degree of pain, that they are not performing the duties which are incumbent upon them. They see duties to be done that somebody ought to do. They do not understand the reason why these duties do not belong to them, and yet they do not discover any motives, or any fitness in themselves, to engage in them; and they blame themselves, in a weak way, for the fact. They see the duties distinctly; they apprehend the necessities of society; and finding themselves competent to judge, and capable of a great many things, it seems to them that these duties are theirs. Rather, perhaps, they do not discover any reasons why they are not theirs. The consequence is a vague feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction with themselves. Somebody ought to lead in some political, or social, or religious movement. Should they do it, or should they leave it to somebody else? Perhaps they are called upon to lead, and they shrink from the work with a dread of which they are ashamed, but which they feel quite incompetent to overcome. They are called upon to speak publicly, to pray publicly, to put themselves forward as leaders, to assume responsibility, yet their whole nature rebels, and they are not only disgusted with themselves, but they become most unhappy self-accusers. There are multitudes of men and women upon whom the burdens of suspected duties are heavier than the real ones, which they are only too glad to bear at any cost.

Now we believe there has been a great deal of wrong teaching upon this matter, especially in the churches. Modest, retiring men, and more modest and retiring women, have been forced to their feet or their knees, and to public utterance, by the unjust assurance that it was their duty to testify publicly to the faith that was in them. Church-going

people have all heard men pray and speak who had no gift of utterance, who could neither help themselves nor edify others, in the performance of what they suspected, and what they were assured, was their duty. Their work was an unspeakable pain to themselves, and a distress to others. The stereotyped phrases of prayer, and the common-places of exhortation, uttered with embarrassment, and listened to with sympathetic pain, have made the conference meeting, in numberless instances, a dismal gathering,—unattractive, in every respect, and unrefreshing. The man who suspects his duty, goes there with dread, and sits through all with distressing apprehension.

Politics go wrong. The politics of a neighborhood or a district are in bad hands. A true man, seeing this, begins at once to question his own duty in the premises. He feels that something ought to be done by somebody, but he feels no impulse or ability to lead in the work of reform, and blames himself for what he unmistakably regards as his own cowardice. A social evil arises, which somebody ought to suppress, and the good citizen feels himself incompetent or unmoved to grapple with it, and condemns himself for his own apathy. He suspects himself of shirking a duty, and is unhappy over it. He cannot rise in a public gathering and denounce wrong. He cannot meet and dispute with vicious or wrong-headed men. He dreads a personal collision of conviction and will as he would a street-fight.

Now, all these unhappy people, who live constantly in the presence of suspected duties, deserve the profoundest sympathy, no less than the wisest instruction. They are usually people who, by the purity of their personal character, and their sensitive conscientiousness, have a right to a comfortable mind, and a peaceful life. Duty goes hand-in-hand with ability. Men are to give in charity each "according to his ability," in money not only, but in all benevolent effort. The man who has one talent is not required to return the interest on ten. The eye is not the hand, and can never do the service of the hand. The hand is not the eye, or the ear, or the foot, and can only work in its own way. The eye may see a stone to be lifted, or kicked out of the road, but it needs to take no blame to itself because it feels no ability to remove the obstacle. Men are not like each other; they are most unlike. One delights in public speech, and is moved by all the powers of his nature to engage in it. One is at home only with his pen, but he goes into the battles of society bravely with that. One is a peacemaker, and finds his most grateful office in reconciling differences in families and social organizations. One is limited in power to his own family, or those bound to him by the ties of nature; yet, in thousands of instances, these men are living with the painful suspicion that they are neglecting duties that actually lie far outside of the sphere of their abilities.

We suppose that when Mr. Moody was preaching in the Hippodrome there were hundreds who suspected that they ought to imitate his life and labor.

Perhaps some of them ought to do so; and the chances are that such of them as ought to do so will do so. They will be moved to it irresistibly, because the powers in them, corresponding to his, will clamor for their natural expression. But a man who is not moved to do this, is not convicted of being a poorer Christian than Mr. Moody by that fact. Mr. Moody has a gift for preaching,—a gift for approaching men personally, and directing them wisely,—a gift that has been greatly improved by use, of course, but still a gift, without which he could never have begun his mission. Most men have no gift for public speech, and therefore public speech is no part of their duty. They need not suspect themselves on this account, or blame themselves, or in any way make themselves unhappy over it.

There are a great many kinds of work to be done in the world, and just as many varieties of men who are made to do it. No one man can do the work of another. The business of each is to find exactly, or as nearly as he can, the work he is best fitted to do, and to do it with all his might. This entire, overshadowing burden of suspected duties ought to be lifted, and the great world of dissatisfaction and self-condemnation that lies under it opened to the sunlight of peace. Our social and our religious teachers, especially the latter, have a duty in this matter toward their disciples which they need not suspect for a moment. They have no right to set a man to doing that which he can never do with profit to himself or others, or instill the feeling among those who listen to their instructions that their duty lies in lines outside of their conscious or proved abilities. The man who does his duty where he stands, with such implements as God has given him, has a right to the enjoyment of peace and satisfaction; and to make him suspect that he ought to do something more and something else, is to do him a life-long injury and a great wrong. It is to make a pitiful slave of one who has the right to be free.

#### English and American Copyright.

To enforce what we have said in previous articles upon English and American copyright, it is proper to state that Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy" has been published in England as a three-volume novel at the price of thirty shillings, or more than eight dollars of our money. The book published here, in the ordinary line of trade, would have brought just about one-quarter of the sum—less, rather than more. This high price was commanded by copyright alone. To manufacture those three loosely printed volumes in England would cost hardly more than a dollar. In other words, the first consideration is to defray the cost of the manuscript—the cost of writing. The rich man buys his novel, and pays the price. The poor man reads more cheaply than he does here, for he hires of the library, while the author gets pay for his work in ready money, and is ready to go on with other enterprises. For one thousand copies sold, the publisher receives \$8,000, minus his discount to

the trade, and the book, even with that small sale, pays both author and publisher. For this number of copies sold in America, the author, if he should get anything, would get \$200 at the end of six months, in a four-months' note, and the publisher would be out of pocket more than that amount.

Now it is all very well for the readers of books to say that an author ought not to think of money as an object of literary production; but the author is obliged to think of it. He is to live, and, if he has a family, it is to be supported. To work with good will, he should feel that the great company for which he writes is dealing justly by him. To work well, or to work at his best, he should not be distracted by debts and wants, and mean economies. He should be a free, well-paid man, as much so as a clergyman should be, and paid in some degree according to the value of his work.

The results of copyright upon authorship in England and America are noteworthy. We have in America some good authors—men and women, who, in history, poetry and fiction, have achieved true eminence. As a rule, however, we shall find that our eminent writers are those who, through circumstances, have been able to pursue literature independent, in various degrees, of literary incomes. Men who have written books all their lives have inherited money, or held office, or been interested in business affairs that gave them an income outside of authorship. "Who reads an American book?" is not so pertinent a question in England as it was a few years ago; but it is hardly impertinent yet. It is not to be denied that American authorship has made but little impression in England. We have only three or four writers well known, or popularly received there. What is the reason? Is the American a degenerate Englishman? Is it impossible for him to write? Is our soil—are our own institutions—barren in the production of genius? Can our universal common-school system and our multitudinous colleges bear no literary fruit worth the world's attention? In a nation of forty millions of freemen, are there no literary kings and queens?—no men and women who can add to the permanent treasures of the English tongue? Are we to be children always, living upon the wealth of the British mother that bore us?

It is humiliating to any man who has the cause of American literature at heart to see how utterly America is overshadowed by Great Britain in literary production. It is not sufficient to say that America is young, as an apology for this. Even an oyster improves by being transplanted, and there is no reason why an Englishman should not be improved by the same process. Americans belong to the human race, and the human race is not young. American life did not begin in barbarism; it began in a thousand Christian heroisms, and in the best light, and among the best people of the seventeenth century; yet whom have we had to compare with Addison and Pope, and Dryden, and Scott, and Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Tennyson, and Browning, and George Eliot? Leave



ing out these names, we can find no satisfaction in recounting the smaller ones. Even they shame us. We cannot point to a Charles Reade, or a Wilkie Collins among our own active writers, or a Swinburne, or a Rossetti, or a Morris. Naming these, we do not name half of that great army of English contemporary writers whom Americans are reading for lack of work, equally interesting, produced on this side of the water.

Now we must conclude, either that the American is the inferior man, or that there is some cause, or combination of causes, which hinders the development of literary genius and literary production in America. Is there any lack of business ability in America? Not at all. Our business men will compare, in the respects of enterprise, boldness, skill, and grasp, with any in the world; for the rewards of business ability are great. In oratorical facility and power, America is in advance of Great Britain. We have ten orators in senate and pulpit to her one. Under popular institutions, oratory "pays." In mechanical invention, we lead the world, and our labor-saving machinery is used everywhere. Invention "pays." There is not a field of human activity that is profitable to men in which the American has not demonstrated his native equality with the representatives of any other nationality.

The simple reason why we have no great authors, or why we have next to none, is, that authorship does not pay, and cannot be made to pay. We do not mean by this that authors are greedy for wealth in the way that business men or inventors are, or that they expect or desire to get rich. What they want is a livelihood, like other men, by which they may be comfortably clothed and fed and housed, with the privilege of rearing and educating children. That is all; and because they cannot get this livelihood, they are absolutely obliged to go into other employments, and to die without doing anything like the best that is in them. If Shakspeare had not been an actor, with the power of profitably using the plays he produced, the probability is that we should have had no Shakspeare; and we are not

aware that his work was any poorer from the fact that he was a thrifty man, and knew how to turn his honest pennies to the best advantage. All this talk about the mercenariness of authors is wretched drivel. Honest and valuable work, in any department of effort, is worthy of a reward in money, and the doer of that work and the recipient of its fruits are both better for the discharge of the obligation. England was younger in culture when Shakspeare was produced than America is to-day, and there is nothing in the youth of this country to account for the almost immeasurable superiority of Great Britain as a literary producer.

This is not a fresh topic, and we have not found much that is fresh to say upon it; but the subject of international copyright is one of such profound importance in connection with the literary future of America, that we deem it our duty to come back to it again and again. Just so long as the American author is compelled to compete in the market with books that pay no copyright, or next to none, he cannot live by his work; and just so long as he cannot live by his work, England will hold her present position as the producer of the greatest and best books that America reads. She will have her great historians, and America her small ones; her great poets, and America her little ones; her great story-tellers, who will write a library during a lifetime, and America her boys who, after one or two promising essays in the art, drift upon a salary, and die hacks.

In the universal call during this Centennial year for honesty in public dealing, we submit that we cannot do better than to institute honest dealings, not only with our own authorship, but with the authorship of the world. We can conceive of no moral difference between robbing an author—even if he happens to be an Englishman—of his copyright and robbing a hen-roost; and when that robbery tends directly to the suppression of the national genius and the impoverishment of the national literature, we have in hand a case of crime so sad and so far-reaching in its results that we ought to make short work with it.

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#### THE OLD CABINET.

THERE are some young people of parts who write novels and poems which other people think are ridiculous, and which their authors defend on the ground that they are written with thought, seriousness, and purpose. But to this defence, the objectors reply that, to themselves, at least, silliness which is the result of reasoning and theory, is more unpleasant, if anything, than the ordinary silliness of ordinary people.

WE HAVE sometimes seen an extraordinarily bright person, whose family were so commonplace and uninteresting, that we could account for the solitary exception only on the supposition that he or she had

been forced into existence by the very intensity of the surrounding dullness. We think one has the same feeling in reading certain famous authors, a large part of whose writing is of a perfunctory character.

To those whose minds are always on the alert for every hint or indication, either in the realm of matter or of mind, that the hopes of humanity, with relation to a future and more satisfactory spiritual existence, are not altogether illusive,—to such minds, no subject is more interesting than that of the moral growth of individuals. For, certainly, if we can see actual and favorable results upon character of this human experience,—if we discern a spiritual growth,—

the hope revives that the same tendency—the same design, possibly—may continue in force; that this growth may be nurtured hereafter, under conditions of which we have now no knowledge.

It is a trial to the faith, therefore, when one detects indications in persons of middle or old age, who have been widely known for their probity, of a subtle, gradual hardening of moral sensitiveness. Perhaps this is a greater trial to the faith of the thoughtful than notable instances of complete moral overthrow. Such cases as the latter it may be possible to explain by the individual circumstances,—inherited tendencies, the force of temptation. But the inconspicuous loosening of the bonds of conscience, the almost imperceptible step downward toward deceit or selfishness on the part of persons of advanced years, and supposed purity and strength of character—this is something appalling.

On the other hand, no one person's knowledge is wide enough for the compilation of thoroughly reliable moral statistics—and to the most discouraged observer will occur gracious and re-assuring examples. Doubtless, it is in the time of the greatest discouragement that we are most surprised at instances of moral sweetness, thriving under what would seem to be the worst possible conditions. Who, indeed, is not being constantly surprised at the goodness of mankind?

WE BEGAN once to make a list of human beings with a special view to their moral qualities. The census was not carried beyond the first entry,—a woman who kept a small "hotel" on the southern coast of Long Island, and who seemed to be both honest and good-hearted. We suspected, however, after leaving her house, that she had stolen a little red volume of Shakspeare which we had carried with us. Fortunately for the entry opposite her name, the suspicion proved unfounded. Whether or not this temporary uncertainty at the outset caused the relinquishment of the census, we do not know. But it must be acknowledged that all such statistics would prove individually inexact, as well as of very limited scope.

APROPOS of the remarks last month on the criticism of the first volumes of famous poets, we quote the following, on the other side, from a recent book-notice in the New York "Evening Post":

"It is always a delicate thing to do to sit in judgment upon a poet's first volume. It is pretty sure to hold many things written in youth which the poet would not write at the time of publishing, but which, being written already, he admits to maturer company because his fondness for them, and for the memories they call up, blinds him to their positive and negative faults. A more serious difficulty is, that the poetic faculty exists in some measure in nearly all youthful minds, and it may grow rapidly as the youth matures into manhood, or it may die out entirely as the enthusiasm of youth passes away. First volumes of verse, therefore, must be, of necessity, unsafe guides in any effort to discover what

promise their authors give of future excellence; the promise we discover in them may prove to be wholly delusive, or it may fail to indicate at all adequately what the future power of the poet is to be."

This is honest and sensible. The best modern literature, either in its immaturity, or, if matured, then before it has gained its proper position in public esteem, has generally, we suppose, been underestimated by the most prominent contemporaneous critical authorities. This is not so remarkable as is the almost unvarying judicial assumption of the critic. It is not quite so bad as it used to be; but it is more than likely that the very next Keats or Tennyson who shows his head will have it hit by the "Quarterly," or the "Blackwood," of his day. Nor has the stupid or impatient critic a right to defend himself on any theory of utility, or of the survival of the fittest. A criticism which is ill-tempered, insincere, and unappreciative, printed in an influential journal, and having a depressing effect upon an author, and tending to keep his audience from him,—such a criticism is an absolute evil. If by the working of certain obscure, beneficent laws this evil seems eventually to result in good, a kind Providence is to be thanked, and not a blundering critic.

WE notice, by the way, that Mr. Bryant—in his introduction to a little book, by Dr. Joseph Alden, entitled, "Studies in Bryant"—re-affirms the maxim that, "in judging of poetry, the main office of criticism is to discover beauties, for it is these only which reward the search." On the other hand, Poe declared that "excellence, in a poem especially, may be considered in the light of an axiom, which need only be properly put to become self-evident. It is *not* excellence if it requires to be demonstrated as such; and thus, to point out too particularly the merits of a work of art is to admit that they are *not* merits altogether."

THERE is a tone in the criticism of the press which is, we fear, responsible for a great deal of harm. We mean the way that critics have of saying that *this* is very well, but now the author should go on and do so and so, if he wants to take rank with this one or that one, or *be* one thing or another. It must be very difficult for the young person thus exhorted to resist the conviction that he has only to *do* something in order to *be* something. It is hard for him to remember that he can only be what he is. It would be better if the critic should call upon the youth, for his soul's sake, and his art's sake, to forget his "career" altogether; to keep silent until artistic expression should be as necessary and as natural as breathing.

But what can be more damaging in this respect than the talk among literary people themselves? They are forever goading one another on to perfunctory performances, which fill the air with sound and fury, signifying nothing.

IN Mr. Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne,"\* occurs the following passage: "A singular prerogative this, which every one who writes about Hawthorne lays claim to, that he may be construed as a man who, at bottom, had no other motive in life than to make himself uneasy by withdrawing from hearty communion with people, in order to pry upon them intellectually! He speaks of 'that quality of the intellect and the heart which impelled me (often against my own will, and to the detriment of my own comfort) to live in other lives, and to endeavor, by generous sympathies, by delicate intuitions, by taking note of things too slight for record, and by bringing my human spirit into manifold accordance with the companions God had assigned me—to learn the secret which was hidden even from themselves;' and this is cited as evidence of 'his cold insensitiveness, his incredulity, his determination to worm out the inmost secrets of all associated with him.' Such distortion is amazing. The few poets who search constantly for truth are certainly impelled to get at the inmost of everything. But what, in Heaven's name, is the motive? Does any one seriously suppose it to be for the amusement of making stories out of it? The holding up to one's self the stern and secret realities of life is no such pleasing pursuit. These men are driven to it by the divine impulse which has made them seers and recorders."

A little farther on we find this, concerning Hawthorne's use of real persons in his romances: "The Priscilla of Blithedale was evidently founded upon the little seamstress whom he describes in the Note-Books as coming out to the farm, and Old Moodie's specter can be discerned in a brief memorandum of a man seen (at Parker's old bar-room in Court Square) in 1850. It has been thought that Zenobia was drawn from Margaret Fuller, or from a lady at Brook Farm, or perhaps from both; a gentleman who was there says that he traces in her a partial likeness to several women. It is as well to remember that Hawthorne distinctly negated the idea that he wrote with anyone that he knew before his mind; and he illustrated it to one of his intimate friends, by saying that sometimes in the course of composition it would suddenly occur to him, that the character he was describing resembled in some point one or more persons of his acquaintance.

"Thus, I suppose, that when the character of Priscilla had developed itself in his imagination, he found he could give her a greater reality by associating her with the seamstress alluded to; and that the plaintive old man at Parker's offered himself as a good figure to prop up the web-work of pure invention which was the history of Zenobia's and Priscilla's father. There is a conviction in the minds of all readers, dearer to them than truth, that novelists simply sit down and describe their own

acquaintances, using a few clumsy disguises to make the thing tolerable. When they do take a hint from real persons, the character becomes quite a different thing to them from the actual prototype. It was not even so definite as this with Hawthorne. Yet no doubt, his own atmosphere being peculiar, the contrast between that and the atmosphere of those he met stimulated his imagination; so that, without his actually seeing a given trait in another person, the meeting might have the effect of *suggesting* it. Then he would brood over this suggestion till it became a reality, a person, to his mind; and thus his characters were conceived independently in a region somewhere between himself and the people who had awakened speculation in his mind."

DOUBTLESS, to a number of readers, it will be a surprise to discover so much evidence as there is in this book of the fact that Hawthorne was by no means a gloomy, morbid or morose man. But it seems strange that his own writings should not be sufficient proof of the strength, buoyancy and hopefulness of his nature. That a mind with such extraordinary sensitiveness to the evil and wrong of life, should have found in itself so great a power of resistance as not only to hold its own balance, but to push the man forward and upward into the company of those who hope, and who teach hope to mankind,—this is the thing which might well astonish us. "There is a certain tragic phase of humanity," wrote Herman Melville, "which, in our opinion, was never more powerfully embodied than by Hawthorne: we mean the tragicallness of human thought in its own unbiased, native and profound workings. We think that into no recorded mind has the intense feeling of the whole truth ever entered more deeply than into this man's. By whole truth, we mean the apprehension of the absolute condition of present things as they strike the eye of the man who fears them not, though they do their worst to him."

We cannot but think that inasmuch as Mrs. Hawthorne had taken the responsibility of publishing the Note-Books (parts of which at least should never have been put into print), and because passages in Hawthorne's career had been obscured by false rumor and false published opinion,—some such statement and study as this by Mr. Lathrop was, in a sense, needed. No presentment of an author who has moved men so profoundly can ever hope to find complete acceptance by its best audience. But while many persons may find faults of style, or even more serious errors in this "study," we think there are many, also, who will be, as we are, extremely grateful for it; and few who will deny that the author has shown unusual sympathetic insight, a reasoned and warrantable enthusiasm, and rare discretion in matters of peculiar delicacy. Hawthorne's position, so far as it could possibly be affected by any such means, is better and not worse by reason of Mr. Lathrop's book.

\* A Study of Hawthorne. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

## Paris Fashions.

WHAT I have to say this month is chiefly about the hair. When ladies wore their hair in plain Grecian bands, as was the fashion up to about the time of Louis Philippe's fall from the French throne, false hair was rarely required, if ever; and if an elderly spinster were still coquettish enough to add a stray curl to her thinning twists, she endeavored that none should discover her secret; for, woe to her, if her frailty were found out by a younger damsel! Our mothers can still remember the days when girls had such an abundance of hair that it used to be periodically thinned, for fear of its weight becoming too great for the head to bear without injuring the health. Fancy thinning our girls' hair now!

Strange as the fact may seem, ladies began to lose their hair with the commencement of the late empire—and in this way. Everything in those fairy days was carried to excess and extravagance. No woman could be more lovely than the Empress Eugénie; and, because she was beautiful, those about her tried all they could to make her appear more beautiful still. She had lovely hair, the hair-dressers increased its apparent bulk by padding it with frizettes! This was the beginning of the evil. Of course, every lady at the fair Empress' Court, and every other lady in the empire soon followed the example, and we then began to see those puffed-plaits and braids, which made the head look like a gigantic melon. So far, only frizettes and pads were used. No one dared, as yet, attempt false hair. But, even those pads did their work of evil, they heated the head and kept the air from reaching the roots of the hair. The roots began to decay, and the hair gradually to break and die for want of air. Thinning hair already began to be talked of as a by-gone. People laughed at the idea of having too much hair; and they frizzed out their own hair so that each one should come to the surface, and lend its unity to the general effect.

When a fashion once begins, it continues to increase in one tendency, until the utmost limits are reached. So that, when the side *bandeaux* grew to be double the width of the face, and could scarcely be made wider, the hair-dressers changed tactics, and, from width, they brought the hair to a pyramid of height. The youngest of us remember the chignon. It has scarcely yet disappeared from fashion. It has changed in style, a little, but that is all.

Curls and catogans have been the last invented chignons. With each of these, the ladies (who know the fatal result of false hair on the head) hoped that they would be able to dispense with dead women's locks. But, in vain; false curls, false catogans, false twists, false plaits, false fronts, false backs, false everything continued to be worn, to the detriment of the women's own hair. Young girls of seventeen years of age were compelled to wear false hair so soon as they entered society, in order to look

like everybody else. And, year by year, a "good head of hair" became of rarer and rarer occurrence.

But a climax has been reached. The ~~girls~~ girls who used once to sell their hair, in order to have a little dowry with which to begin house-keeping on their marriage, now refuse to part with their treasure. They, too, buy false hair, instead of selling their own! There is thus no more false hair in the market. The Duchess can no longer buy from the village girl, because the village girl seeks to be as fine as the Duchess.

However, the evil being at its climax, the remedy begins. It is true, the remedy is sharp; but, it is necessary; and, there are but very few women who will not, sooner or later, try it. The same remedy had to be resorted to during the first years of this century, in order to restore health and vigor to the hair, which had then been spoiled by wigs and powder. In a word, as there is no more false hair to be bought, and, as ladies have not sufficient hair to dress it naturally, fashion has come to the rescue, and has re-introduced short crops *à la Titus*! Do you understand? The hair is cut quite short to the head all round, except in front, where it is left long enough to form round ring-curls. If you desire an illustration of this fashion, look at the pictures of Madame Récamier, and of Ninon de l'Enclos. You may copy either. Nay, I *advise* you to copy this fashion. It is young-looking, pretty, becoming, and advantageous to the hair. When all ladies, or most of them, consent to cut their hair short, according to this fashion, there will be no more rivalry about length and thickness, and, in the meantime, young girls will be enabled to dress their own hair, and every one will be better pleased, when the natural hair begins to grow naturally and luxuriantly once more. It is an American lady who has first had the courage to cut the hair short *à la Ninon*. If you could but see how pretty she looks!

With this style of hair-dressing, the large Louis XIII. hat looks the most elegant. It is trimmed with a long feather, and is worn on one side. It is very large. It is, in fact, a *mousquetaire* hat. For the evening, a wreath of natural flowers is placed on the head, or a diadem of pearls, or precious stones; heavy ornaments suit it, in fact. It is also in project to introduce the riding-habit costume for winter, to match this style of head-dress. This will be very becoming.

For the present month, loose blouse-tunics, with a band round the waist, are worn; also, half-fitting short pelisses over plain skirts. Trains are becoming longer and longer, and skirts narrower and narrower in front. So that the wearer can get inside her skirt—that is all that is required. Length, not width, must be studied in our present fashions. Stripes, therefore, continue to be much worn, and

striped stockings to match the dresses, and shoes, again, to match one of the stripes of the stockings, generally the dark stripe. Large sailor collars are worn with blouse-tunics, and coachmen's capes will be worn with the newly projected riding-habit costumes, if they come into fashion, as it is expected they will.

A hid ~~dark~~ mixture of pink and dark red is now worn. ~~Let~~ <sup>Let</sup> not copy this, I pray.

CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

#### Rural Topics.

**FALL PLANTING.**—Fruit-bearing trees, shrubs, vines and brambles may be transplanted in the fall, and very often under more favorable conditions, and with better prospects of success, than if set out in the spring. There are some well known objections raised against fall planting, especially of fruit-trees, such as the long exposure to the swaying of the winds before growth commences. But the injury or displacement of the roots from swaying at the tops amounts to little compared to the many striking advantages gained in planting at a season of the year when there is comparative leisure, when the ground is usually dry and in good condition, and when the necessary preparatory stirring of the soil can be made without any extra expense. These are points that tell in the growth and productiveness of fruit-trees, either in the garden or the orchard. If planted in the fall, the soil settles closely around the roots and fibers by the time the spring opens, and an earlier growth is started than with spring setting, which is often pushed back until the season is well advanced, from causes over which the planter has no control. The spring may be backward enough to hinder planting of trees in a way in which they should be set out to insure success. All other things being equal, there is no doubt that spring would be the better time to plant trees. But this does not often happen to be the case, as every practical fruit-grower well knows. It is therefore wise to transplant in the fall if the trees and the ground are in readiness.

In a very wide range of the country, October and the early part of November is the time to transplant fruit-trees and vines,—such kinds as are named below. Fruit-trees should not be dug out of the nursery-row until they shed their leaves naturally. With mild and warm weather in September, young trees will look green and hold their leaves until the middle of October. Some nurserymen get impatient at this delay, and in order to lengthen their selling season, dig the young trees while in full leaf, and then have them "stripped" by hand,—a practice that seriously injures the young trees. Another, and even worse practice, in some nurseries, is digging young trees in a careless way, pulling them out by brute force, tearing off and breaking from a half to two-thirds of the feeding roots, and giving the purchaser a smooth fine-looking top, with few or no roots to support the demands of so much top. Buyers should inquire into these matters before contracting for fruit or ornamental trees.

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**APPLES.**—The apple may be transplanted into permanent place in October and November, until such time as the frost hinders the working of the ground. For very late planting, it is well to cover the surface, as far as the roots extend, with a light mulch of straw or other litter, to prevent alternate freezing and thawing during the winter or early spring. Apple-trees will grow and bear on almost any character of soil that is in good heart, but they only reach full perfection on a clay loam, with a clay subsoil which is at all seasons of the year free from stagnant water. There is a very general impression afloat that the apple and the pear need very rich soil and high culture. This is certainly not the case, for ground that with ordinary treatment will yield 40 or 50 bushels of corn (shelled) will be found strong enough to produce a satisfactory growth of wood and fruit of either the apple or the pear. Before setting out young apple-trees, the roots should be carefully looked over, and all broken or badly injured roots cut off with a sharp-edged pruning-knife or shears. No harm will arise from cutting back the top freely when the tree is once in place, if the principal object is always kept in sight, viz.: to encourage an upward and outward growth. A young apple orchard will always do better if the ground on which the trees are standing is kept under the plow; and if crops are raised between the trees, enough of manure should be given for both, which is not often the case. Old trees may get along in grass, but with young trees it will be found a serious drawback to their health and growth.

**PEARS.**—What has been said about fall planting of the apple will apply with equal force to the pear. Both dwarfs and standards may be set out in the fall, with quite as good chances of success as if planted under the most favorable conditions in the spring. When set out in either season, the young wood should be cut back from one-half to two-thirds, and may be cut even more severely without injury. On stunted trees, the pruning-knife will often start a growth of wood where manure and cultivation have failed.

**PEACHES AND CHERRIES.**—Fruit-growers plant the bulk of their peaches and cherries in the spring, although there is no reason why they may not be set in the fall just as well, provided one is ready to plant.

**CURRENTS.**—The currant ripens its wood in August, and may be planted any time from the first of September until the close of the season. All the varieties are propagated from cuttings, and if these are put in the ground any time before the middle of September, they will form roots before cold weather, and in a year from the time of planting be as large and well-rooted as spring-planted two-year-olds. The cuttings are made six or eight inches long; they are cut square on the lower end and slanting on top, and when planted are all covered but one eye. The bushes for bearing may be set 4 × 4, and the tops kept open by annual pruning. The four best varieties for home use are "Cherry,"



"La Versaillaise," "Red Dutch," and "White Grape."

**BLACKBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.**—The fall I have found the best time for making new beds of blackberries and raspberries. For garden use, they should be set about seven feet between the rows and four in the rows, and the tops should be cut off within twelve inches of the surface.

**GRAPES.**—The cultivated varieties of native hardy grapes ripen their wood before the tenth of October, and may be dug up and planted in place at any time from then until cold weather checks outdoor work. In selecting grapes for planting, the important point is to get young vines with plenty of fibrous roots. Large tops mean nothing, for when the vines are set, the wood should always be cut back, leaving only two eyes.

**SHRUBS.**—All kinds of deciduous shrubs can be moved to better advantage in the fall than the spring, and the time for doing this is during October and November.

**FIELD-MICE.**—These pests of the fruit-garden and orchard commit their depredations by "girdling" the trees during the winter, where snow is banked up around the bodies. The damage is always done on fruit-trees standing in grass. I have never known of an instance of "girdling" when the tree was in plowed ground. To guard against the danger of losing bearing fruit-trees from such a cause, the best and cheapest thing to do is to turn over the ground for a distance of about six or eight feet in diameter, and at the same time clear away and burn any weeds and rubbish that may be in the vicinity of such trees. To do this in a fruit-garden calls for only a small outlay, and it will be found a sure preventive of the ravages of these destructive pests.

**TREE-PEDDLERS, AGAIN.**—An enthusiastic correspondent from Binghamton, New York, writes us an article of five pages in the defense of tree-peddlers. He says in his opening sentence—"I have read the article in the April number, so severely criticising tree-peddlers, also the one in July, and I earnestly desire to say a word in behalf of this much-abused class of men." Here his defense comes to an abrupt ending. In the balance of what this correspondent has to say there is not a word uttered which the writer of the articles referred to does not fully indorse, for instead of defending irresponsible tree-venders, who are constantly swindling farmers and others, his whole argument consists in reciting what responsible and honest nurserymen have done, and are doing for the advancement of fruit culture in every part of this country. He closes his article with these words: "In the name of Downing and Thomas, I protest against the abuse of a business which is as legitimate as man can follow." The writer has never to his knowledge abused the legitimate nursery business, but on the contrary holds in the highest esteem those engaged in such a noble calling.

**HYACINTHS.**—A lady reader, at Easton, Pa., writes to know the best kind of soil for hyacinths and the time to plant them. The soil should be loose, mellow, rich, and well drained, with plenty of well-rotted cow manure mixed with the surface soil before putting out the bulbs, which should be done in October or November. Before cold weather sets in, the bed should be covered over with a couple of inches in thickness of yard manure, that may be raked off in the spring. P. T. Q.

## The Rules of Croquet. II.

BY UNCLE CHARLEY.

IN our first article (SCRIBNER for August), we gave a sketch of the English code entitled "The Laws of Croquet,"\* and recommended its adoption. Several correspondents send queries, which we take pleasure in answering and deciding by the light of the English, or, as we may now say, the standard rules.

**QUESTION,** by W. R. T. "A, B and C compose the game. A represents one side, playing two balls against B and C, each playing one ball. B and C, as partners, claim the right to prompt each other in playing, and to suggest to each other the best play to be made. A contends that each player should play in turn without consultation [because], having but one ball to play, B and C are less liable to get confused, which gives them the advantage in the game, all parties being equally good players."

**ANSWER.** Our verdict is against A. *In law:* there is nothing to prevent free speech in the game. Talk as much as you please, and say what you like. *In equity:* A has the advantage in the supposed game. His "side" consults and always is unanimous, and his consultations are in secret session, while B and C may divulge their strategy to his ears.

**QUESTION,** by Minnie. "Must I tell my adversary what wicket I am for, or may I politely refuse to assist his memory?"

**ANSWER.** Minnie does not wish to win the game through her adversary's forgetting her wicket, does she? Isn't a game one has lost by the other side's superior play better than one won by deceiving them? Besides, here is Rule 30. "Every player is entitled to be informed which is the next point of any ball."

**QUESTION.** "Doesn't 'Uncle Charley' think it a mean play to put one of the opposite side out against the stake?"

**ANSWER.** Not at all, unless winning the game is "mean." By the way, I should have mentioned in the August number the English rule about "Pegging Out," which is as follows: "If a rover, except when in hand, be caused to hit the winning peg by any stroke of the same side, not foul, the rover is out of the game, and must be removed from the ground. A rover may similarly be pegged out by an adverse rover." That is, an adversary who has not yet reached rovership may not peg you out; this is just, because he does not run the risk of self-pegging, or of being pegged out, in case of failure, by this same rover.

\* The English rules may be obtained of Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, 743 Broadway, New York, at a cost of 95 cents.

Before replying to the next question, we quote the English rule respecting the boundary; although, if you have plenty of room, it is better to have no boundaries at all: "A ball sent off the ground must at once be replaced three feet within the boundary, measured from the spot where it went off, and at right angles with the margins." "If, in taking croquet, the striker send his own ball, or the ball croqueted, off the ground, he loses the remainder of his turn; but, if by the same stroke he make a roquet, his ball, being in hand, may pass the boundary with impunity."

QUESTION, by W. R. T., on parlor croquet. "B, in playing, strikes one of A's balls and jumps the table [goes over the fence] to the floor [among the flower-beds]. Is B's ball still *in the game*, or should it be spotted, and, if to be spotted, where should it be placed?"

ANSWER. The principle is the same as in field croquet, the edge of the table being the boundary. B's ball is still in the game and his turn continues, because the ball was *in hand* when it passed the boundary. It must be placed at once in contact with A and croquet taken. But, if it had *missed* A and gone off the ground or table, it must be placed three feet (or inches) from the boundary, at right angles opposite the place where it went off. A must be similarly placed, if the roquet-stroke bumped him off. But, again, if B is croqueting A, let him moderate his thirst for revenge by the extent of the ground, for, if he sends A off, his turn is finished.

A HINT ABOUT HOOPS.—When you are in "Hide-and-Seek Town," during the summer, look around behind the barn, and you will find some long pieces of half-inch iron which your host says are the old lightning-rod which the eloquent agent persuaded him to replace by the patent Fulminium-tipped. Drag these behind the farm-wagon to the village blacksmith, and have him cut them into lengths of forty-two inches, point both ends of each piece, and bend it twice at right angles eighteen inches from each end. Then you will have hoops that *are* hoops, of the following description: a horizontal crown of six inches straight across, two up-rights standing twelve inches above ground, and six inches driven into the earth. You can then paint the crown bright red, and the up-rights white, and tell your envious friends these are the new English regulation hoops, just imported. You will never again want to play with the twisting, bending, crooked, flimsy wires ordinarily sold.

THE Mallet.—Every good player has his own mallet. Select one with a pretty heavy head, and a very thick handle. The handle should be flat, so as to be thicker lengthwise of the head than crosswise. If the handle of your mallet is round, whittle off some of the lower side, just where your fingers close on it. Stand so that the line of your shoulders is in the direction your ball ought to go. Do not stand erect when you are striking. Remember, above all, that a swift blow is not produced by drawing back the arm a long distance, but by the speed which the mallet has at the very instant of touching the ball.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### "Animals and Plants under Domestication."\*

In the introduction to his "Origin of Species," published seventeen years ago, Mr. Darwin says, "This Abstract which I now publish must necessarily be imperfect \* \* \* I can here give only the general conclusions at which I have arrived, with a few facts in illustration, but which I hope in most cases will suffice. No one can feel more sensible than I do of the necessity of hereafter publishing in detail all the facts, with references, on which my conclusions have been grounded, and I hope in a future work to do this." The present volume, first given to the world in 1868, and now appearing in a revised form, modified by the corrections, and enriched by the observations of the intervening years, is the fulfillment of the hope then expressed.

There is, perhaps, no name in the English language better known, or more frequently and ignorantly cited, than that of Darwin. Darwinism has come to be, with a large class of controversialists, hardly more than the man of straw against which their hap-hazard thrusts are directed. His name

answers excellently well to "point a moral or adorn a tale;" but a very hasty glance at what each man has to say is sufficient to show that at least nine-tenths of his critics have followed Sydney Smith's sage advice,—never to read a book before reviewing it, for fear of prejudicing the mind. On the other hand there is a scarcely less numerous, or less ignorant class of advocates who use him as a mere peg upon which they may hang their absurd conceptions of his real theory. It is easy to understand that such ignorant criticism is scarcely so hard to bear as is that quite as "ignorant praise which," in George Eliot's words, "misses every valid quality." But Darwin has become a real force in the world of thought, and is not to be so lightly accepted or dismissed.

As an observer, he has few equals, and probably no superior; as a writer, he possesses a style direct, graphic and lucid. His style, it is true, lacks the delicate, poetic beauty of Tyndall's, and the incisive wit and graphic picturesqueness of Huxley's, and yet for scientific purposes, it is perhaps the most perfect of the three; for it is an absolutely transparent medium. The facts which he gives confront the reader with such distinctness of outline that it is only by a mental effort the attention is diverted

\* The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Second Edition, revised. Fourth Thousand. In Two Vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

from the thoughts, and fixed upon the medium through which they are transmitted. Perhaps the most notable quality in our author's literary manner is his effective arrangement of his material. His facts are minutely recorded, and so arranged, one after another, that the mind of his reader is led along in the direction of his own, till it has gained sufficient impetus to leap, without further guidance, to his conclusion. Then, with a certain judicial fairness he stands apart, offers contradictory or irreconcilable facts, which almost make him appear to demur to the conclusion. This is manifestly no trickery used to produce an effect; but such facts as he finds harmonious seem to have crystallized about a thread of theory, which gives to them continuity and logical sequence, while those that are not, his honesty demands shall be stated, and they are, thus, huddled together at the end.

The present work, being rather a record of observation than an expression of theory, gives ample scope for a display of Darwin's peculiar merits of style. His facts are given, whether for or against his theory, with a sturdy integrity which wins our instant admiration. It is not to his observations, or his record of them, that we would take exception. It is curious to observe, with all the strong opposition and even rancor he has aroused, how seldom his facts are challenged. It is the magnitude and extent of his inferences to which exception should be made. Unless he is met there, and confronted by facts as well observed and as honestly recorded as his own, there is small hope that the scale will turn in the favor of his opponents. The Duke of Argyll, in his "*Reign of Law*,"—in the chapter upon humming-birds especially,—has adopted this ground and method, and nowhere else do we think has Darwin been met in a more dignified and Christian way.

In Darwin's own words, the object of the present work is "not to describe all the many races of animals which have been domesticated by man, and of the plants which have been cultivated by him," but it is "to give under the head of each species only such facts as I have been able to collect or observe, showing the amount and nature of the changes which animals and plants have undergone whilst under man's dominion, or which bear on the general principles of variation." This most startling of all the developments of modern thought,—Darwinism,—was suggested to its author, during his voyage on H. M. S. "*Beagle*," by his observation of certain curious groups of facts. When in the Galapagos Archipelago,—which lies in the Pacific Ocean, about 500 miles from America,—he found himself surrounded by species of plants and animals nowhere else to be seen; which, nevertheless, bore more or less resemblance to the American types. Still more remarkable was the fact that, in most cases, the inhabitants of each one of these separate islands were specifically different from one another, though closely related. The natural solution to this strange problem was that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from the same stock, only undergoing modification in descent. How the modification was

effected, Malthus's work on "*Population*" first suggested; this theory Mr. Darwin denominates "*natural selection*," and Mr. Herbert Spencer, "*the survival of the fittest*." The views really held by these men have been so travestied that it would, perhaps, be worth while to give some notion of what they are. Selection of one kind or another,—natural, sexual, or intentional selection,—is the fundamental idea of Darwinism, and, of course, comes out with especial distinctness in "*The Origin of Species*," "*The Descent of Man*," and "*Animals and Plants under Domestication*." It is, briefly, as follows. The conditions to which plants and animals are subjected, both in a wild and domesticated state, are continually varying; as they vary, certain changes take place in the organisms subjected to them. As a great many more individuals of each species come into existence than can possibly survive, there will be among them a never-ceasing struggle for existence, in which the weakest will perish. If any one of these organisms varies, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, this organism, under the difficult conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving than its competitors, and is said to be "*naturally selected*." As the same result is here brought about by natural agencies which might be effected by intelligent choice of those forms of life best suited to the conditions, this process is called "*natural selection*." From the strong principle of inheritance, a variety thus selected (naturally by circumstances, or artificially by man) will tend to propagate itself. Any one among its offspring, with the same variation, only more pronounced than its fellows, will, in its turn, win the right to live. In thousands of generations, a variety or even species may be thus formed.

As a matter of fact such cases of variation are known to have occurred. The several varieties of the domestic pigeon, for instance, may be traced back to one common ancestor. All the varieties, including the monstrous pouter, the curious tumbler, and the beautiful fan-tail, have been derived from the wild rock-pigeon. Occasionally, as if this fact was not to be dropped out of mind, by crossing, or in some other way, certain individuals will revert, in a measure, to the primitive type. This reversion (or atavism, as it is called) is evidently subject to fixed laws, for it is found that the progeny of a pair,—taken from certain varieties, neither of which possesses a touch of resemblance either in color or marking to its common ancestor,—will show the characteristic blue color and barred wings of the rock-pigeon, whereas other varieties do not. The chapters upon the pigeon are, perhaps, at the same time, the most, and the least, interesting in these two volumes,—the most so because they are more exhaustive and the subject is better known; the least so, because the facts are less anomalous and striking than in other groups.

Not the least interesting of the records here found are those which illustrate the marvelous correlations which exist in organic nature. We find everywhere this curious linking together of facts, of qualities, of properties. Isolated physical facts

are, day by day, gathering themselves in orderly array about some unseen thread of purpose. Some occult force seems ever bringing the scattered fragments of truth into truer and truer relations.

Many of the correlations of which Darwin speaks are very curious and inexplicable. There seems to be no possible reason why blue eyes, for instance, should be invariably associated with deafness in cats; why this association is so strong that kittens, so long as the iris remains blue, after birth, should be unable to hear; why all tortoise-shell cats should be of the female sex; why, when from domestication the bristles of the wild boar are diminished, his tusks should also be reduced in size; why, when sheep acquire, as they sometimes do, a multiplicity of horns, there should be a correlative lengthening and coarsening of the wool. We see no meaning in such correlations as these, but it is evidently the fixedness of an underlying purpose; and this inflexible relation, in connection with variable facts, it is which enables man to use them with certainty, and so reach definite and calculable results.

After citing, with the utmost minuteness of detail, thousands of observed facts bearing upon the subject, Mr. Darwin weighs them with his usual candor and fairness. In the opening paragraph of the twenty-seventh chapter, he says: "In the previous chapters large classes of facts, such as those bearing on bud-variation, the various forms of inheritance, the causes and laws of variation, have been discussed; and it is obvious that these subjects, as well as the several modes of reproduction, stand in some sort of relation to one another. I have been led, or rather forced, to form a view which, to a certain extent, connects these facts by a tangible method." This method, which he calls the "provisional hypothesis of Pangenesis," may be best stated in his own words:

"It is universally admitted that the cells or units of the body increase by self-division or proliferation, retaining the same nature, and that they ultimately become converted into the various tissues and substances of the body. But besides this means of increase, I assume that the units throw off minute granules, which are dispersed throughout the whole system; that these, when supplied with proper nutriment, multiply by self-division, and are ultimately developed into units like those from which they were originally derived. These granules may be called gemmules. They are collected from all parts of the system to constitute the sexual elements, and their development in the next generation forms a new being; but they are likewise capable of transmission in a dormant state to future generations, and may then be developed. Their development depends on their union with other partially developed, or nascent cells, which precede them in the regular course of growth. \* \* \* \*

Gemmules are supposed to be thrown off by every unit, not only during the adult state, but during each stage of development of every organism; but not necessarily during the continued existence of the same unit. Lastly, I assume, that the gemmules in their dormant state have a mutual affinity

for each other, leading to their aggregation into buds, or into the sexual elements. Hence it is not the reproductive organs, or buds, which generate new organisms, but the units of which each individual is composed. The assumptions constitute the provisional hypothesis which I have called Pangenesis." [Vol. ii., pp. 369-70.]

This quotation is given partly to insure a perfectly accurate representation of Mr. Darwin's theory, and partly to illustrate his weakest point. Any theory, on such a subject as this, with our present knowledge, must seem inadequate, and almost absurd. It is much easier to laugh at a given hypothesis than to construct a better one; and yet there are objections which seem fatal to his theory which Mr. Darwin frankly states; such as a failure to transmit a mutilation, common to both parents, even where this mutilation has not been confined to a single pair of ancestors, but has been effected for several generations. Instances, it is true, are recorded of inherited mutilation, but they are very rare, unless the amputated member left disease behind it.

The very modest title given by Mr. Darwin to his theory hardly challenges to any very bitter warfare, even if we were so disposed. However the verdict may be, when these vexed questions shall have been settled,—as many another has been settled before,—we feel assured that we will learn *not* that the world is without a personal God; but only how this God has been working throughout the past ages of eternity and is working still.

#### "The Pilot and his Wife."\*

SCANDINAVIAN novelists show a peculiar fondness for what we might call (not in the painter's sense, however) a "still life" literature,—a quiet, undramatic recital, full of feeling and pathos, with a singular depth of color, and a strange absence of motion. At all events, in all our reading of Scandinavian literature, we never chanced to get hold of a single dramatic novel; that is to say, dramatic, measured by the French, American, or English standard.

The epic, it is said, is the most primitive form of poetry: Homer preceded Æschylus. So, also, the placid objectivity of the epic is necessarily predominant in the novel of a comparatively primitive nation; its life has a certain slow sculpturesque grandeur, which does not readily adapt itself to the quickened tempo of the nineteenth century.

No one can read "The Pilot and His Wife" without feeling the breath of a civilization that is simpler and purer than ours. And still, we would not have it inferred that the chief attraction of this beautiful tale lies in its strangeness. Those touches which make the world akin are sufficiently abundant to render the emotions of the principal actors not only intelligible, but by very reason of their kinship to our own, most absorbingly interesting.

\* The Pilot and his Wife. A Norse Love Story. By Jonas Lie. Translated by Mrs. Ole Bull. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company.

If it is true that a brilliant gem requires a dull setting, the author has shown a fine calculation of effect, in throwing this exquisite psychological study into relief against the bleak and barren coast scenery of Southern Norway. The interest properly centers in the two characters who give the title to the book, but we cannot help thinking that the history of their courtship would have been artistically more complete, if its result had not been anticipated in the initial chapter. It weakens the dramatic force of the *dénouement* to have the reader thus privately informed that, after all, the affair is not quite so serious as it may look. To be sure, it is the married life of the pilot rather than his courtship upon which the plot really depends, but no one who is familiar with the life from which the Scandinavian novelist draws his material would believe (with the hint conveyed in the first chapter) that a tragic end were possible.

In realism, picturesqueness and psychological insight, "The Pilot and His Wife" leaves very little to be desired. Every one of the *dramatis personæ* is boldly conceived and elaborated with great skill. We have none of the stale repetitions of the usual well-worn characters of fiction,—which is, indeed, no mean praise.

The translator, to whom we are indebted for the first introduction of this gifted novelist to the American public, has done her work conscientiously, and the result is, as a whole, very satisfactory. In the more difficult passages, as for instance, in the paraphrasing of the nautical expressions with which the book abounds, it appears to us that she has been singularly happy, while, in rendering a few easier idioms, she has failed to find the exact equivalent. We might mention the phrase *Under alle Omstændig heder* (p. 39), which she has translated literally: "under all circumstances," instead of "at all events;" "quite otherwise than comfortable" (p. 47), for, "anything but comfortable," "thick," for "stout," etc. But these minor errors are not of sufficient weight to detract from Mrs. Bull's merit in having discovered and made accessible to her countrymen a delightful and entertaining book.

#### Dr. Taylor's "Ministry of the Word."

DR. TAYLOR stands between his two predecessors in the course of lectures on preaching at Yale College. Mr. Beecher is the most progressive, as he is the most brilliant, of preachers—the born antagonist of convention and of bondage to traditional form. Dr. Hall is in every fiber a conservative,—not negatively, but aggressively conservative. Depending much upon a large-hearted pathos and a simple and child-like persuasiveness for the success of his own preaching, he sturdily opposes all novelty of manner and all enlargement of aim. His own rich and simple eloquence flows best in the well-worn channels. Dr. Taylor stands between

the two. A Scotchman by birth, an old-countryman in all his formative years, his methods could not but seem to Americans old-fashioned in some regards. But Dr. Taylor is also a man of originality and of great force of conviction. While holding to old methods where he can, he has everywhere made loop-holes for the outshining of his own personal quality. His lectures are likely to prove of more practical service than those of either of the other eminent lecturers in the courses at Yale. This book is not the revelation of the development and methods of a marvelous genius, as was Mr. Beecher's, nor the protest of a large-minded, sweet-spirited and reverent preacher against innovation as was Dr. Hall's. It is a practical handling of the every-day difficulties of the preacher. Dr. Taylor is a shrewd and entirely practical man, holding in the main to the traditions of the elders, but resolutely opening a new path now and then. His own dominant quality as a preacher is a deep and energetic moral purpose which makes all his sermons stimulant, and which now and then rises into a fiery eloquence. Such a man is one of the very best instructors of the great mass of young preachers. Since Dr. James Alexander's posthumous "Thoughts on Preaching" there has not appeared a book on homiletics so full of wise advice. Golden maxims are everywhere: "It is in the purpose, first and always, that the earnestness must lie. It is not a manner that can be put on from without, but an influence, say, rather an effluence, from within. It cannot be acquired by any practice, or successfully imitated from any model. Neither can it be simulated by any process. It is part of the man." "It is the irrepressible in a man that makes him in earnest." "John the Baptist was popular just because he was pungent." "He who is saying nothing cannot have done too soon. He who is saying something will always say that best in the fewest words. When the nail is driven home all after-hammering is superfluous; but if we stop before we have driven it home, we might as well never have begun to drive it." "Do not set yourself to shock the feelings of hearers by your wanton defiance of all their prepossessions, or, if you will, their prejudices." "A mountebank may be in his place in the ring of the circus, but he has no business in the pulpit." The last two quotations are sarcastic, and a suspicious person might imagine that they pointed to some noted contemporaries, who certainly "set themselves to shock the feelings of their hearers."

Like almost all other writers on homiletics, Dr. Taylor is narrow in that he does not make allowance for personal differences. He can commit to memory easily, therefore others can do the same. The vexed question of the relative advantage of written and spoken sermons, of extempore and memoriter delivery, will never be settled while it is treated in this fashion.

#### "The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court."

It is delightful to see a novel presented to the public with so much care for its outward seeming,

\* The Ministry of the Word. By W. M. Taylor, D.D., Minister of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.



as Mr. Scudder's story\* has had bestowed upon it. The colored decorative stiff-paper covers, and the bird-and-berry bordered title-page, give the book such an inviting air, that we may fairly hope to see a new fashion of binding applied to our American novels, which have been apt to wear an almost monumental solemnity. The contents, in the present case, accord well with the outward physiognomy. The tale is a cheerful, healthy one, likely to encourage good feeling, and carries throughout the mark of a cultivated mind. This is Mr. Scudder's first appearance in extended fiction for mature readers, however, and it is not surprising that he should fall short in some respects. The latter part of the story does not go off with the same gusto that the beginning excites, and many readers will be likely to complain of certain aesthetic conversations which interrupt the course of events, without materially enlarging our perception of the different characters. Still, the volume ought to serve as a good foundation for further efforts from the author in similar directions.

#### French and German Books.

*Les Français en Amérique.* Léon Chotteau.—The author of numerous brochures on America and American history, M. Chotteau does not write for the first time on an unknown subject; nor is he a person whose views of the United States have suffered that curious refraction which generally affects the view of Frenchmen when they gaze across the Atlantic at our shores. He is master of the facts of our history, and gives several proofs of having been in the United States since the late war. Taken in connection with the statue to be erected on an island in the harbor of New York, these American books assume the appearance of one link in a great plan, whereby the French are not only to be instructed in the history of other peoples, and their own historical relations with them, but the ties between France and certain foreign countries are to be drawn closer. This wise and innocent policy will not be ill served by M. Chotteau. He can point out to Frenchmen the good example the United States affords as a successful republic, and the points in which France has hitherto failed to solidly establish that form of government. It is true that he has not made much of this point, but it cannot fail to be deduced from his sketch. What he brings out most clearly is a consideration which every American ought to understand, and that is the immense service rendered during the Revolution by the mere presence of French

\* The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court. By H. E. Scudder. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

troops on our soil. M. Chotteau explains very clearly the even greater services of Lafayette, whose brilliant conduct sprang from conviction and not from policy or a hatred such as the French Court very naturally bore to England, the tyrant of every other maritime nation. A preface from M. Edouard Laboulaye, the steadfast friend of the United States, contains these words:

"It is to refresh these memories (of the celebrated American and French Generals of the Revolution); it is to recall that glorious past; it is to give to the union of two peoples a speaking symbol, that we thought of erecting at the entrance of the bay of New York a colossal statue which should hand down to the remotest posterity the remembrance of the eternal friendship of France and America."

*Walther von der Vogelweide. Schul-Ausgabe.* Karl Bartsch. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.—This cheap selection from the works of one of Germany's oldest and greatest poets, the Minnesinger Walther, has been made by a specialist in old German literature in order to supply schools with a convenient text-book. The Nibelungen song and that of Gudrun have been issued in the same form. The cost in Leipzig is two and a half marks for each volume. Those who cannot afford the expensive editions of Walther von der Vogelweide would do well to use this selection. It will give a full and sufficient idea of the poet's quaintness, directness, and beauty, especially in love-songs and poems on the excellent qualities and virtues of women.

*Heinrich Heine's Sämmtliche Werke.* New York: L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.—Following the practice of installment publications, Hoffmann & Campe of Hamburg announce the first of thirty-six *Lieferungen* to comprise the complete works of Heine. Each *Lieferung* has about one hundred pages, and can be had in New York for twenty-five cents. The entire set will cost \$7.50. The print is small, but clear, and the paper good for German paper. First comes the "Hartreise und Norderney," with a part of the "Buch Le Grand." Germany never stood in greater need of Heine's bitter wit than just at present, when the irresolution of a divided country has given way to blind obedience to a crushing centralization. Now, if ever, Heine's taunts ought to ring in German ears, while *Unser Fritz* and Bismarck so fill Teutonic minds that they can send nothing to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia but statues of them. Not till the tenth book of this *Volksausgabe* do we reach the burlesque poem "Atta Troll" in which Germany figures as a dancing bear. It would be well for the editors to issue it in advance as a timely pamphlet.

#### THE WORLD'S WORK.

##### Artificial Production of Sheet Ice.

THE "glaciarium," or ice-rink, grew out of a demand for a sheet of ice suitable for skating at all seasons of the year, and is worthy of notice, as

illustrating the latest methods used in making ice in large quantities. The ice is made in the form of a hard, dry, and transparent sheet, 12.30 meters long, by 7.32 meters wide (40 × 24 feet), and varying from 3 to 8 centimeters in thickness. It is laid in a build-

ing of brick, and makes the floor of a hall, in which the average temperature of the air is about 50° Fahrenheit. The rink includes a shallow basin, or tank, protected from the heat of the soil on which it rests; and the pumps, engine, and refrigerating apparatus used in freezing the water held in this tank. The room in which this basin is placed is lofty, and lighted only from the top, while the doors are closed with heavy woolen curtains. To still further protect the ice from the influence of the air, it is also covered with canvas at night, and when not in use. The surface of the ice is hard and dry, and if it becomes cut or roughened by the skaters, the dust is swept off, and water is sprinkled upon it from a watering-pot. This film of water immediately freezes, and the sheet of ice is quickly made hard and smooth again. The machinery required to maintain the rink in good condition consists of a 20 horse-power engine, a set of air-pumps, a refrigerating apparatus, and a series of copper pipes for conveying the chilling compound to the tank. In a house adjoining the glaciarium is a pump designed to condense sulphurous acid to a pressure of two or three atmospheres. This pump, surrounded by a water-jacket to keep it cool, delivers the liquid acid to the refrigerator. This is a large metallic tank, containing a multitude of small pipes, fitted in pairs, one within the other, after the manner of a steam-condenser. The acid is allowed to expand in the annular spaces between these pipes to its natural tension. In the smaller pipes is a mixture of one-half glycerine and one-half water, a compound that resists freezing readily. The expansion of the acid absorbs heat from everything in reach, and the liquid in the pipes being nearest, is reduced to about 8° Fahrenheit, or 24° below freezing. The chilled mixture is slowly pumped through the refrigerator, and lifted to an elevated tank, where it is stored and protected from heat till wanted. The sulphurous acid is at the same time removed by pumping, and sent back to the condenser, where it repeats its journey, and is thus alternately condensed and released indefinitely at very little loss, and at no appreciable harm to the working parts of the machinery with which it comes in contact. The floor of the shallow basin in the rink is covered with copper pipes, 63 millimeters wide, by 19 millimeters deep ( $2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$  inches), placed side by side, and joined end to end, so as to make a continuous piece of work. The chilled glycerine and water flows by gravitation from the storage-tank through these pipes, and on its journey it absorbs the heat of the water in which the pipes are submerged, and it is frozen into a solid, dry mass of ice. The freezing mixture, after passing through these pipes, is drawn again through the refrigerator, and is again chilled as before. In this manner the process is repeated continuously as long as the engine is kept in motion; and as long as the mixture moves through the pipes, the ice remains frozen. In the event of stoppage of the engine, the freezing mixture stored on hand will keep on flowing for several hours, so that repairs are readily made without causing the ice to melt. A total stoppage, or a failure of the supply of glycerine

and water, merely results in allowing the ice to slowly melt; and to re-congeal the ice, it is only necessary to start the engine again, when the rink becomes completely frozen in the course of a few hours. The glaciarium, though designed for a mere pleasure-ground, is interesting, as showing the practical results of the new application of sulphurous acid, and the mixture of glycerine and water in equal proportions in the manufacture of ice in large quantities, and at a cheap rate. In place of a permanent sheet of ice, the same apparatus produces ice in blocks at the rate of several tons a day.

#### Sheep-Shearing Machine.

MANY attempts have been made to produce a sheep-shearing machine that would be at once cheap, effective, and pliable. The most recent effort in this direction employs compressed air as a motive power, and a cutting apparatus, constructed on the general plan of the common mowing-machine. It consists essentially of three parts,—the cutter, a simple condenser, and a flexible pipe to unite the two. The cutting device is formed of steel plates, finely serrated on one edge, and placed one over the other. One of these has a slight lateral motion, given to it by a vibrating bar of steel, to which it is affixed. The other plate is fixed, and, in practice, the movement of one past the other gives a shearing motion to the teeth. The two plates are mounted on a brass box, or casing, designed to fit the hand, and to carry a pair of small geared wheels, just fitting into each other, and made to turn freely in either direction. One of these wheels carries a pin that engages the vibrating bar, and imparts the motion of the wheel to it. At the side of the casing, and opposite the junction of the two wheels, is a small pipe designed to receive the rubber tube that conveys the compressed air from the compressor, and on the opposite side is an escape to the exhaust. When ready for use, air under a pressure of about 5 kilos for 25 square millimeters (10 lbs. per square inch) is delivered to the cutter, and, entering the casing between the two wheels, tends to push them apart in opposite directions, and they impart to the cutter a speed of about 1,500 strokes a minute, a speed sufficient to shear a sheep in five or six minutes. The cutting-tool is about 15 centimeters long and 5 thick, and may be conveniently held in the hand. The compressor, designed to accompany the shearing-tool, will, with steam or water-power, drive twenty-five cutters at once, and, worked by hand, will supply two or more. The flexible tube, used to convey the air, makes the cutter available in any position, and at any convenient distance; and it would seem as if the apparatus might prove of great value in shearing sheep, clipping horses, and in removing the wool from pelts. With some slight alterations, the same device may be used as a boring-machine for making the pin-holes in piano-forte work, or in cabinet work, or as a drill in drilling holes in piano-forte plates, and in light riveted work. In the latter classes of work, it would save the moving of the plates, as the apparatus is portable, and takes its power through a flexible pipe.

**Toughened Glass.**

THE new process for making a tough or unbreakable glass, already noticed in this department, has been greatly improved since its first announcement, and the material, in the form of lamp-chimneys, tumblers, etc., is now offered in commercial quantities. The success attending the experiments already made have inspired further research in the same field, and a number of new processes, of more or less value, are reported. In the original process, glassware, raised to a red, or melting heat, is plunged into a bath of oily and fatty matter, and the result is to give the glass an entirely new character. Instead of breaking with a star-like fracture under a slight blow, it resists serious blows, and, besides a certain amount of elasticity above that it had before, displays a toughness and cohesion many times in excess of its ordinary character. If broken at all, it disintegrates and flies into a great number of minute particles, resembling quartz sand. In place of the oil-bath, one of the later processes employs molds of various materials,—cast-iron, copper, pottery, etc., in which the glass is placed at a melting temperature, and then submitted to great pressure. The materials of these molds, the temperature at which they must be kept when in use, some new forms of muffles in which the glass to be treated is heated, and a number of minor technical details in the process, are reported, and the glass produced is said to resemble closely the toughened glass made by the original method. It is not yet offered in the market in any quantity. Another process claims to use a bath of superheated steam in hardening the glass, but no details are yet given. The other processes all vary more or less from the first, or oil-bath method, and have not yet shown any marked improvement upon it.

**New Leveling Instrument.**

A NOVEL and inexpensive leveling instrument that readily adapts itself to irregular surfaces, and varying distances and angles, may be made of two pieces of glass pipe of any convenient length and size, say 1 meter long, and 3 or 4 centimeters in diameter ( $39 \times \frac{1}{2}$  inches), and a piece of common rubber tubing. The two pipes are each supported upright (by means of a tripod or other device), and the rubber tube is used to unite them at the bottom. Water poured into one finds its level in both, and gives the level between the two, however rough the surface, or whatever the distance between them. The chief merits of this instrument are its cheapness and simplicity, and the fact that it admits of taking levels past the projecting angles of buildings, or other objects that might obstruct the direct line of vision.

**An Oxygenated Blast.**

THE design of this novel and interesting form of blast for forges and furnaces is to supply the fires with oxygen in such quantities as may be desired, and to secure, not only a greatly improved flame, but to materially assist all the classes of work performed at these fires, both by changing the char-

acter of the iron and in economizing time and fuel. The apparatus, as now employed in a number of iron-working plants in this city, consists of a small metal box, about 61 centimeters wide and deep, and 100 long ( $24 \times 24 \times 39$  inches), and inclosed in a casing of wood. In this box are placed certain chemicals, designed to give a constant supply of oxygen. The exact nature of the compound used is subject to patent, and is not yet made public; but for many months it has given good results at an expense of only \$5 per week for five blacksmiths' forges. The blast from a common blower is led through this box, and is there saturated with the oxygen, and then led by pipes to the fires on the forges. This is all the apparatus needed, and the chemicals used only require renewal once in three weeks. Simple as this seems, the results given appear to be eminently satisfactory. In the forge-fire, this oxygenated blast gives a flame free from sulphurous gas and smoke, and a greater percentage of heat for the fuel used. The oxygen combining with the sulphur, also assists in forming a good weld. In cupolas, not only is there a decided economy of fuel, but a superior metal is produced, that when cast is said to be remarkably free from sulphur and carbon, and showing, in a measure, the characteristics of malleability. This interesting contribution to the smoke question is at once simple, cheap, and easily applied to any class of furnace, and in all iron-working plants will, undoubtedly, prove of value. So far, it has been mainly used in open forges, and experiments are now in progress to test it in connection with other branches of iron making and working. The final results of these efforts will be presented as soon as obtained.

**Machine for Removing Wool from Skins.**

BY a new apparatus for pulling or shearing wool from sheep-skins, a great gain is reported in the time required to sort the wool into its various trade qualities. The skins are first washed on the back with a chemical solvent, designed to loosen the wool, and are then piled in pairs, back to back, till the wool will part from the skin readily. They are then fastened on large rubber-covered cylinders, and slowly revolved before a cutting cylinder, shaped somewhat like the twisted knife of a hay-cutter, and driven at high speed. This shears off the wool, and spreads it out on an endless traveling web in the exact position in which it lay on the skin. The attendant may then sort the wool with facility and precision. This device is the chief point of interest in this machine.

From the American News Co., New York, we have received: "The History of the Silk Industry in America," by L. P. Brocket, M. D. This is designed to be a history of the American silk trade and manufacture, and was prepared under the sanction of "The Silk Association of America."

From the American Iron and Steel Association we have: "The American Iron Trade in 1876, Politically, Historically, and Statistically Considered," by James M. Swank, Secretary of the Association.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## The Old Time Religion.

*Brother Simon.*—I say, brover Horace, I hearn you give Meriky de terriblest beating las' nite. What you and she hab a fallin' out about?

*Brother Horace.*—Well, brover Simon, you knows yourse'f, I never has no dejection to splanifying how I rules my folks at home, and stablishes order dar when it's p'intedly needed, and 'fore gracious! I leab you to say dis time ef 'twa'n't needed, and dat pow'ful bad.

You see, I'se allers been a plain, straight-sided nigger, an' haint never had no use for new fandangles, let it be what it mout; 'ligion, polytix, bisness,—don't keer what,—Ole Horace say: De ole way am de bes' way, an' you niggers dat's all runnin' teetoteleum crazy 'bout ebery new jim-crack dat's started, better jes' stay whar you is, and let them things alone. But dey wont do it, no 'mount of preaching wont sarve um. And dat is jes' at this partickeler p'int dat Meriky got dat dressin'. She done been off to Richmun Town a livin' in sarvice dar dis las' winter, and Saturday a week ago, she camed home ter make a visit. Well, dat was all good enough. Course we was all glad to see our darter. But you b'l'leve dat gal hadn't turned stark bodily naked fool? Yes, sir; she wa'n't no more like de Meriky dat went away jes' a few munts ago, dan chalk's like cheese. Dar she come in, wid her close pinned tight enuff to hinder her from squattin', and her ha'r a-danglin' right in her eyes, jes' for all de worl' like a ram a-looking fru a brush-pile, and you think dat nigger haint forgot how to talk? She jes' rolled up



her eyes ebery oder word and fanned and talked like she spected to die de nex bref. She'd toss dat mush-head ob hern and talk proper as two dixunarys. 'Stead ob she callin' ob me "Daddy," and her mudder, "Mammy," she say, "Par and Mar, how can



you bear to live in sech a one-hoss town as this? Oh! I think I should die," and right about dar she hab all de actions ob an ole drake in a thunder-storm. I jes' stared at dat gal tell I make her out, an' says I to myself, "It's got to come," but I don't say nothin' to nobody 'bout it,—all de same I knowed it had to come fus' as las'. Well, I jes' let her hab more rope, as de sayin' is, tell she got whar I 'cluded was 'bout de end ob her tedder. Dat war on last Sunday mornin', whin she went to meetin' in sich a rig, a-puttin' on a'rs, tell she couldn't keep a straight track. Whin she camed home, she brung kumpny wid her, and, ob course, I couldn't do nuthin then; but, I jes' kept my ears open, an' ef dat gal didn't disquollify me dat day, you ken hab my hat. Bime-by, dey all gits to talkin' 'bout 'ligion and de chu'ches, and den one young buck, he step up, an' says he: "Miss Meriky, give us your 'pinion

maroles o' stuff, tell my head fa'rly buzzed, and I were dat mad at de gal I jes' couldn't see nuffin in dat room. Well, I jes' waited tell the kumpny riz to go, and den I steps up, and, says I, "Young folks, you needn't let what Meriky told you 'bout dat chu'ch, put no change inter you. She's sorter out ob her right mine now, but de nex' time you comes, she'll be all right on dat and seberal oder subjicks;" and den dey stared at Meriky mighty hard, and goes away.

Well, I jes' walks up to her and I says, "Darter," says I, "what chu'ch are dat you say you gwine to jine?"—and, says she, very prompt like, "De Pisclopian, Pa," and says I, "Meriky, I 'se mighty conarned 'bout you, kase I knows your mine aint right, and I shall jis' hab to bring you roun' de shortest way possible." So I retch me a fine bunch of hick-ries I done prepared for dat 'casion. And den she jumped up and say she, "What make you think I loss my senses?" "Bekase, darter, you done forgot how to walk, and to talk, and dem is sure signs," and wid dat I jes' let in on her, tell I 'stonished her 'siderably. 'Fore I were done wid her she got ober dem dyin' a'rs and jumped as high as a hopper-grass. Bime-by she 'gins to holler, "Oh, Lordy, daddy! daddy! don't give me no more!" And says I, "You're improvin', dat's a fac',—done got your nat'ral voice back. What chu'ch does you 'long to, Meriky?" And says she, a-cryin', "I don't 'long to none, Par."

Well, I gib her anodder lettie tetch, and says I, "What chu'ch does you 'long to, darter?" and, says she, all choked like, "I doesn't 'long to none." Den I jes' make dem hick'ries ring for 'bout five minutes, and den I say, "What chu'ch you 'longs to *now*, Meriky?" And says she, fa'rly shoutin', "Baptiss, I's a deep-water Baptiss." "Bery good," says I, "You don't 'spect to hab your name tuck offen dem chu'ch books?" And says she, "No, sar; I allus did despise dem stuck-up Pisclopeans; dey aint got no 'ligion nohow."

Brover Simon, you never see a gal so holpen by a good genteel thrashin' in all your days. I boun' she wont never stick her nose in dem new fandangle chu'ches no more. Why, she jes' walks as straight dis morning, and looks as peart as a sunflower. I'll lay a ten-pence she'll be a-singin' before night dat good ole hyme she usened to be so fond ob. You knows, brover Simon, how de words run:

"Baptis', Baptis' is my name,  
My name's written on high;  
'Spects to lib an' die de same,  
My name's written on high."

*Brother Simon.*—Yes, dat she will, I be boun'; ef I does say it, brover Horace, you beats any man on church gubement an' family displanement ob any body I ever has seen.

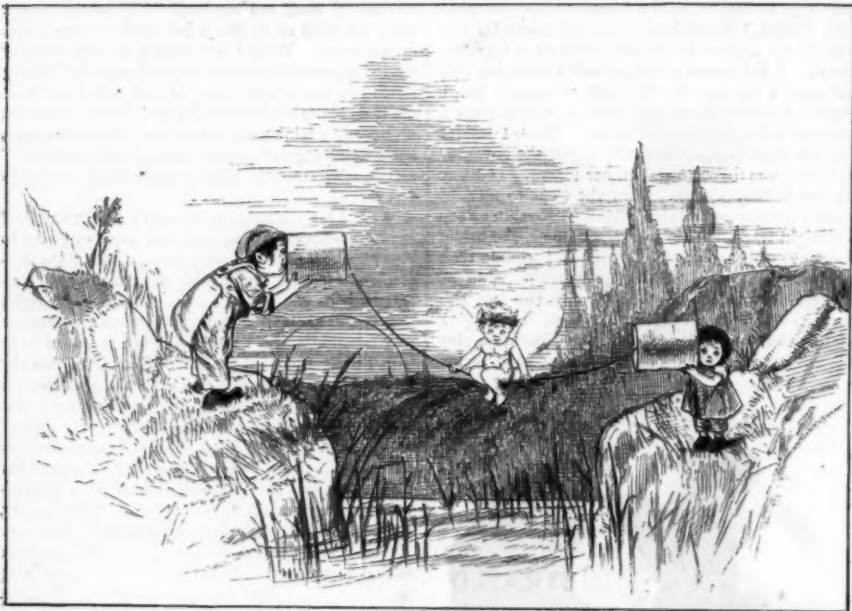
*Brother Horace.*—Well, brover, I does my bes'. You mus' pray for me, so dat my han's may be strengthened, Dey feels mighty weak after dat conversion I give dat Meriky las' night.

JULIA PICKERING.



'bout de matter?" Wid dat she slung up her head proud as de Queen Victoria, an' says she, "I takes no intelligence in sich matters; dey is all too common for *me*. Bap'tisses is a foot or two below *my* grade. I tends de Pisclopian chu'ch whar I resides, an' spects to jine dat one de nex' anniversary ob de bishop. Oh! dey does ebery thing so lovely, and in so much style. I declar', nobody but common folks in de city goes to de Bap'tiss chu'ch. It made me sick nt my stomick to see so much shoutin' and groanin' dis mornin', 'tis so ungenteel wid us to make so much sarcumlocutions in meetin'." And thar she went on a giratin' 'bout de preacher a-comin' out in a white shirt, and den a-runnin' back and gittin' on a black one, and de people a-jumpin' up and a-jawin' ob de preacher outen a book, and a-bowin' ob dey heads and a-saying ob long riga-





THE LOVERS' TELEGRAPH.

Kree.

BY A. C. GORDON.

My boy Kree?  
 He played wid you when you was a chile?  
 You an' he  
 Grewed up together? Wait! lemme see!  
 Closer! so I kin look in yer face.  
 Mas' George's smile!  
 Lord love you, Marster!  
 Dar 'neath dat cypress is whar Kree lays.  
 Sunburnt an' grown!  
 Mas' George, I shudden ha' knowed you, son,  
 'Count o' de beard dat yer face has on,  
 But for dat ole-time smile o' yourn.  
 "An' Kree?" you say—  
 Hadn't you heerd, Marster,  
 He 'ceasded de year dat you went away?

Kree an' you,—  
 How de ole times comes back onst mo'.  
 Moonlight fishin's, an' hyars in de snow,—  
 Squirrels an' jay-birds up overhead  
 In de oak-trees dat de sun shined through.  
 Look at me, Marster!  
 Here is me livin', an Kree, he's dead!

'Pears to me strange,  
 Now when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years.  
 Mas' George, sometimes de b'ilin' tears  
 Fills up my eyes  
 'Count o' de misery now, an' de change.  
 De sun dims, Marster,  
 To an ole man when his one boy dies.

Did you say "How?"  
 Out in de dug-out one moonshine night  
 Fishin' wid your baby brother,—he  
 Wid de curls o' yaller-like streaks o' light  
 An de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead, now.  
 Kree died for him,—  
 An' yearnin' for Kree,  
 De Lord tuk him, Marster;  
 De green grass kivers 'em both from sight.

Heerd o' de tale?  
 Didn't know Kree was de one dat drowned  
 Savin' Mas' Charley? Well, 'twere he.  
 De chile waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,  
 Arter de corpse o' poor Kree were found;  
 Two months later he went, you see.  
 God bless you, Marster,  
 Nine years has rolled over both onderground.

Worn out an' gray,  
 Here I sits waitin', Mas' George, alone.  
 All on 'em's gone,—  
 Marster an' Mistis, an' Charley an' he.  
 You an' me only is lef'. Some day,  
 When you've gone back to yer ship on de sea,  
 I'll hear him say,  
 Jes as he used ter, a-fishin', ter me:  
 "Daddy, come over!" An' passin' away  
 Dat side de river, again I'll be  
 Wid my boy Kree.

